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THE

Consecrated life and
" "

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

EDITORS :

DR. W. C. AND MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.

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INDEX TO VOLUME LV.

FROM JANUARY, 1863, TO JULY, 1869.

- A Bible Experience. Mary H. Mosman.. 20
A Garden of Spices. Rev. J. S. Inskip... 60
Abiding Faith. Rev. Charles W. Swartz. 101
Alpha and Omega. W. W. Wiggins.... 109
All Christ's. Mrs. S. J. Stoddard..... 111
A Lost Hour. G. H. W. 113
A Voice from Canton. Rev. E. Ball.... 124
A Witness for Jesus. Mrs. L. A. Weeks. 126
Avalanche of Love. Mrs. John P. Noyes. 189
A Clean Heart. Ella S. Griswold.. 191
Advantages of Romanism..... 192
Bishop Hamline. Rev. H. Bannister, D.D. 5
Birth-Day Resolves and Reflections. M.
 A. Sparling..... 32
Book Notices..... 35, 130, 163, 194
Blessed Bible. Rev. R. H. Howard..... 45
Believers Never Die. Rev. J. Buffum.... 73
Bishop Hamline's Life and Letters. Rev.
 G. W. Mitchell..... 03
Be of a Cheerful Spirit. Dr. T. C. Upham 116
Blessing Lost and Regained. J. C. Veak. 147
Child a Hundred Years Old. Editorial... 11
Church at Manheim. Rev. J. S. Inskip.. 31
Can a Child come to Christ..... 34
Consecration Entire. David Tatum.... 37
Christ Within. Prof. T. C. Upham..... 43
Confession and Cleansing. Rev. C. P. Hard. 80
Christ, the Way. Prof. T. C. Upham.... 85
Consecration. Rev. Dr. T. C. Upham.... 145
Christian Persecution. Rev. S. N. Marsh. 146
Christian Purity. Rev. R. S. Foster.... 149
Cleansed. Rev. S. B. Torrey..... 172
Comprehended by God. Fletcher..... 177
Dr. Barnes on Entire Sanctification. Rev.
 J. Buffum..... 107
Death to Self. Rev. Dr. T. C. Upham.... 145
Do it Now..... 169
Difficulties Overcome. Rev. D. Johnson. 176
Experience of a Minister's Wife. Mrs.
 C. Ball..... 12
Experience of an Itinerant's Wife. H.
 A. W..... 31
Exodus, Chapter 33. Jerome Rowe..... 66
Extract from a Letter. Rev. D. Nash... 76
Fruits of the Spirit. Rev. W. H. Poole.
 S. 38, 70, 102, 134, 166
Faith Displayed. Rev. W. H. Poole.... 109
Food for Converts..... 125
Faith Victorious. Rev. J. A. Brooks.... 165
First Lesson of Trust. Anna Shipton.... 166
Green Pastures. James J. Maxwell.... 49
Gather Them In..... 67
God's Way of Working. Mary J. Green. 112
God is Love. Mrs. Mary A. Warriner... 147
Glorious Life..... 190
History of a Hymn. Mrs. P. Palmer.... 46
How I gave up Smoking without an Effort. 64
How to Live by Faith. Rev. J. S. Inskip. 77
Holiness in the Ministry. Rev. Dr. Roberts. 170
Heaven within Us. Rev. Dr. Upham.... 180
I am the Good Shepherd. G. Collamore. 103
Inspiring Testimony from an Invalid. M.
 Evans..... 140
Just Behind the Curtain. Annie A. Clark. 81
Justification vs. Condemnation. Editorial. 129
Local Preacher's Experience. Rev. E. Ball. 16
Lean Hard..... 39
Light Among the Shadows. Mrs. M. H.
 Twogood..... 48
Lord, and what shall this man do? W. J.
 Gladwin..... 61
Lines on the North Star. Rev. C. D. Bat-
 telle..... 53
Leisure Thoughts. S. D. Carter..... 111
Lord, I am Thine. S. G. Sharp..... 170
Leaf from my Diary. Mrs. L. B. Swartz. 188
Morning Meditations. Rev. James Mudge. 75
My Christian Experience. D. Feelemeyer. 82
My Experience. Sadie J. Hart..... 114
My Sun and Shield. J. W. Osborn. 138
Minister's Experience. Rev. J. T. Cooper. 160
Meeting for Holiness. Carrie..... 161
Not Pure in Heart. Mrs. M. E. Stuck.... 115

From Exchange

78958

National Camp Meeting.....	117	Ye know not what ye Ask. S. Jennie Leach. 22	
Obedience. Mrs. H. Holbrook.....	40	Zion's Mission. Rev. R. Hargrave.....	10
Our Need Supplied in Jesus. Mrs. Mary D. James.....	141	LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.	
Ornaments.....	180	Our Mother at Rest. Mrs. E. Newhouse. 22	
Perfected in Love. Lizzie B.....	43	Mother in Heaven. Rev. J. Weeber.....	23
Preaching Holiness. Rev. U. Warrington. 65		Mrs. Alford.....	23
Put the Stamp On. M. Bottome.....	94	John E. Picknell. S. A. F. P.....	54
Publisher's Corner.....	131	Miss Julia A. Braden.....	54
Patient Faith. H. S. A.....	178	Early Called. G. L. Gayde.....	54
Remarkable Preservation. Rev. A. Long. 40		Jane Barton. S. L. Hagen.....	55
Rejoicing in Hope. P. J. Owens.....	78	Delia L. Dwight. Susan S. Sharp.....	85
Reminiscences of Ann Herbert. Mary D. James.....	78, 107, 143, 172	Mrs. Abigail Tedrow. E. Thomas.....	86
Recruiting Agencies.....	145	A Martyr's Crown. M. Annesley.....	118
Present Experience. Rev. J. C. Harryman. 189		Death of a Brother. A. C.....	121
Post Office Corruption.....	192	Only Going Home. E. L. S.....	121
Realizing Faith. Rev. C. Brooks.....	190	James E. Barringer. Rev. W. C. Smith.....	121
Spiritual Slothfulness. A. T. Allis.....	16	Louisa M. Tracey. Mrs. S. A. T.....	154
Step on the Platform. Rev. C. D. Battelle. 82		Gilbert Whetmore. D. J. Ward.....	155
Saved.....	97	Miss Emma Shectar. Mrs. S. A. Cook.....	155
Sanctification a Searching Power. M. Annesley.....	115	Miss Mary Rea Spence. H. H.....	182
Sanctification and Conversion. H. L. Flower.....	142	Franklin Jenkins. Mrs. S. Jenkins.....	183
Source of Strength. Albert Veeder.....	175	On the Death of Little Mary Cousin Libbey.....	183
The Power Received and How. Rev. C. D. Battelle.....	7	EDITORIAL.	
The Intermediate State. Rev. D. Nash.....	14, 74, 104	New Year's Greeting.....	24
The New Passover. Rev. Isaac M. See.....	18	Letters from Editors.....	25
The Dying Daughter. Mrs. H. M. Bradley. 20		Ways and Work for Jesus.....	55, 86
Thoughts of Heaven. A. A. Hobart.....	22	Right to Enter.....	81
The Tuesday Meeting.....	33, 67, 96, 162, 193	Write Plainly.....	90
The Drop and the Ocean. Pro. T. C. Upham. 43		Secretaries in Revivals.....	90
The Heavenly Guide. Rev. F. H. Wheeler. 52		The Work of God in Utica, N. Y.....	122
The Right of Faith.....	62	The Grace of God, Robby's Idea.....	180
The Crown of Life. S. H. C.....	84	A New Power.....	141
The Fire of Love. Pro. T. C. Upham.....	86	The National Camp Meeting.....	153
The Sinner's Prayer. Mrs. H. M. Bradley.....	106	Words and Work for Jesus.....	156
The Master's Touch.....	113	What a Mistake.....	171
The Life Power of the Blood. Rev. Dr. Upham.....	116	Sacred Hour.....	173
The Child who Loved to do Good. M. Annesley.....	129	Marked People.....	183
Testimony of a Congregational Minister. Rev. S. R. Wells.....	133	REVIVAL MISCELLANY.	
The Gospel Fullness. Rev. E. Warriner.....	138	Home Camp Meeting, Geddes, N. Y.....	28
Teach Me. Mrs. B. P. Sands.....	177	South of the Potomac. Rev. E. W. Pierce. 29	
The Sceptre of Love. Rev. Dr. Upham.....	180	West Virginia. Rev. A. Arthur.....	29
The New Battle Ground. Rev. G. Hughes.....	181	Centre Sandwich. Rev. T. M. Cilley.....	29
The Record of Sin.....	188	Southport. Rev. D. Nash.....	30
Thank Offering.....	191	Revival Items.....	30, 60, 92, 128, 185
The Dumb Speak.....	191	Home Camp Meeting, Protracted. Rev. C. D. Battelle.....	59
Thrilling Incident.....	192	Converts at Work. Rev. J. B. Foote.....	59
Unbelief Conquered. Robert Gillis.....	51	Revival of Holiness. Rev. A. Arthur.....	59
Union of Prayer for Missions.....	65	Virginia. Rev. John T. James.....	60
Verbal Consecration. Rev. S. P. Bailey.....	69	The wrath of man shall praise Him.....	60
Victory or Death. Mrs. M. H. Twogood.....	177	New Castle, Delaware. Rev. L. Dobson.....	60
What One Dollar Can Do?.....	31	Home Camp Meeting. Rev. T. Comstock.....	127
Words of Cheer. Rev. A. Orr.....	65	Glorious News. Rev. C. D. Battelle.....	128
Work in my Vineyard. Rev. B. S. Taylor. 73		Martin's Ferry. Rev. W. H. Morton.....	128
Will a Man Rob God? Rev. J. H. H.....	83	Buffalo. Rev. C. H. Muller.....	129
What School shall we Choose?.....	98	Glorious Tidings from India. M. Annesley.....	158
What Holiness has done for me. Rev. C. Blakeslee.....	137	MUSIC.	
Why am I not Saved. S. R. Herrick.....	179	Our Pilgrim Home. Rev. L. Hartsough.....	36
Women in the Church.....	191	Blessed Bible.....	68
		The Beautiful Side. Rev. L. Hartsough.....	99
		Departed Friends. Rev. S. P. Heath.....	322
		The Valley of Blessing. Wm G. Fischer.....	116

INDEX TO VOLUME LVI.

FROM JULY, 1863, TO JANUARY, 1870.

Appropriating Faith. Mrs. S. J. Watts..	8	Faith. Rev. T. M. Hartley.....	10
A Voice from Missouri. Mrs. M. H. Weller.....	11	Funeral Supper. Rev. A. B. McElfresh.	20
An Hour with God. Robert Newman...	12	Faith and its Effects. Rev. J. T. James.	48
A Pastor's Work. Rev. S. B. Torrey....	46	Faith. R. T. Greenly.....	51
A Farmer's Experience. S. M. Robertson.	84	Faith Lives in Darkness. A. A. H.....	77
A Word for Jesus. E. A. Case.....	95	Forewarning. Ed.....	87
All for Jesus. Carrie.....	95	Faith Produces Fruit. Rev. Charles Blakeslee.....	104
A Sunday Failure.....	97	Father Freeborn. R. R. Sterling.....	114
A Prayer. Prof. T. C. Upham.....	105	Faith as a Motive Power. Rev. B. W. Gorham.....	135
An Original Letter. Rev. D. Nash.....	107	Flowers after Storms. Carrie.....	173
All the Heart. Rev. W. J. Gill.....	112	Final Triumph. J. N. Kanaga.....	178
A Glorious Conquest.....	12	Going on Duty.....	32
A Holy Life. Mrs. M. A. Holt.....	143	Good News from Baltimore.....	34
Attention.....	150	God's Residue. Annie A. Clark.....	78
A Sweet Souvenir. W. J. G.....	159	Growing in Grace. R. Ashley Cake....	80
A Quiet Mind. E. R. Sterling.....	177	God's Order. Rev. F. Ball.....	124
A Hallowed Spot. Mary D. James.....	188	How to Do It. Mrs. O. M. Fitzgerald....	16
Blessed Hour. Rev. L. N. Scarlet.....	12	Heavenly Attractions. Rev. C. D. Battelle.....	19
Bible Burned. Ed.....	25	How to Secure a Right. Mrs. P. Palmer.	23
Book Notices.....	67-100-131-192	House to House Visitation.....	34
"Beulah." Fannie K.....	116	Holiness. Mrs. M. A. Holt.....	71
Blessings for India.....	154	Heaven a Continent.....	74
Brighter and Brighter. Mrs. S. J. Stoddard.....	174	How Jesus made Me Whole. William Alkinson.....	108
Behold how great a Matter a Little Fire Kindled.....	183	Holy Priesthood. Rev. William Punshon	116
Crown, Harp and Robe. J. M. Cavaness.	8	Holiness the Specialty and Power of Methodism. Mrs. P. Palmer.....	147
Christian Maturity. Rev. James H. White.....	13	Heaven in the Soul. Mrs. J. Sandford	170
Can Apostates be Restored. Rev. R. Gilbert.....	45	In Season Out of Season. Mrs. C. H. Purdy.....	19
Conquering Grace. Lottie.....	76	It Costs Too Much. Mrs. P. Palmer....	23
Christian Charity. C.....	83	I do Believe. Mrs. Lucy E. Prescott....	31
Consecration.....	88	It don't Suit the Latitude. Mrs. P. Palmer.....	74
Camp-Meeting in India.....	91	Important Movement Among the Jews.	162
Central Illinois. George L. Bailey.....	92	Indian Camp-Meetings.....	154
Christ's Life Guards. Rev. G. Hughes..	101	In me ye shall have Peace. Mary.....	178
Camp-Meeting Reports. Rev. E. Davies.	126	Jesus our Burden-Bearer. E.....	83
Consecration. I. H. G.....	143	Love Making a Visit Professor T. C. Upham.....	78
Distinction between Temptation and Sin. Mary D. James.....	42	Leaving All with God. Professor T. C. Upham.....	78
Divine Guidance. Prof. T. C. Upham..	105	Letters from Editors.....	120
Experience of a Romanist. M. M. C.....	39	Local Preachers Experience. Rev. John B. Lewis.....	137
Experience of a Minister's Wife. Mrs. E. Clement.....	72	Letter from Dr. Richie.....	146
Editorial Letters.....	88	Lynden, Vermont, Camp-meeting.....	153
Experience of Perfect Love. Lydia R. Bradley.....	113	Leaves from my Journal. V. B.....	179
Experience of an Aged Brother. William McLelland.....	114	Letter from Editors.....	181
Echo from the Prison.....	158	Letter from Philadelphia. Rev. John Thompson.....	186
Encouragement.....	158	Little Mary.....	162-191
Entire Sanctification. Mrs. P. Palmer..	167		
Fruits of the Spirit. Rev. W. H. Poole.	6		

- My Place in the Vineyard. E. R. Sterling. 18
 My Experience. Rev. Alonzo Whitcomb. 5
 Millennial Streaks. Rev. G. Hughes. 38
 My Experience. Rev. L. S. Crone. 69
 My Mother's Picture. H. L. F. 77
 Memorable Night. Julia A. Sellars. 95
 Never Ceasing. A. Mills. 15
 Notice. 21
 No Night in Heaven. Harry N. Lane. 42
 National Camp-Meeting. 129
 No Separation. Prof. T. C. Upham. 149
 No Sorrow in Heaven. Mrs. N. A. Holt. 174
 Norwalk, Conn., Rev. I. S. 186
 Over With. Ed. 24
 Our New Name. S. H. Cooper. 46
 Old Trusty. Mary D. James. 111
 One Result of the Round Lake Camp-Meeting. E. W. Virgin. 189
 Purchased Liberty. Rev. O. Hicks. 15
 Perfect Love. 31
 Perfecting Holiness. Rev. C. L. James. 37
 Private Reflections. Rev. E. Ball. 64
 Penuel; or, Face to Face with God. 111
 Pure in Thy Sight. Mrs. Helen M. Bradley. 137
 Personal Recollections of Bishop Hamline. Rev. Wm. M. Osborn, M. A. 144
 Perfect Victory. Mary S. Malitte. 176
 Remarkable Conversion. Rev. D. Nash. 79
 Round Lake Camp-Meeting. Rev. G. Hughes. 58
 Reportings from Iowa. 157
 Remarkable Conversion. C. J. Gillingham. 142
 Redemption through Christ. S. A. 172
 Results of the Sunday Morning Meetings E. G. W. Hall. 188
 Sad Bereavement. 33
 Sound Logic. Mrs. P. Palmer. 47
 Shall See God. Martha Jane Briggs. 47
 Sabbath Travel. Q. Q. 49
 Six O'Clock Meetings. J. G. W. Hall. 63
 Syracuse Letter. Rev. S. M. Pierce. 128
 Sanctification Practical. Mrs. P. Palmer. 138
 Sought and Found. Professor T. C. Upham. 149
 Syracuse Letter. 155
 Small Things. 179
 The Whole Heart. Anna Shipton. 7
 The Ministry of Grief. Lizzie S. Clark. 11
 The Closet. A. T. Allis. 13
 The Mystical Mountain. Rev. R. Gilbert. 16
 The Inward Light. Professor T. C. Upham. 18
 The Promise of the Lord. Professor T. C. Upham. 18
 Testimony of Carlos Drown. 23
 The Isles Redemed. 34
 The Tuesday Meeting 34-65-97-129-160-189
 The Pure in Heart see God. Rev. J. Scarlett. 44
 The Promised Seal. Mrs. T. J. Owens. 44
 The Early Friends. Ed. 50
 Trust in Jesus. M. A. Hawkins. 50
 Test Questions. Mrs. P. Palmer. 55
 The Richmond Revival. 61
 Terms Accepted. John W. Forsyth. 65
 Testimony for Jesus. M. A. 73
 The Last Sabbath at Round Lake. Rev. J. T. James. 94
 The Witnesses Rise. 96
 Testimony. Rev. G. W. Bates. 101
 Twilight Meditations. Rev. A. A. Dunton. 103
 The Report Believed. A Mills. 110
 The Open Fountain. Mary E. Munson. 112
 Two Life Texts. J. Smith. 116
 Times of Refreshing. 128
 Testimony. Rev. William Day. 134
 The Land of Beulah. 160
 The Power of Three Cyphers. 162
 Testimony for Jesus. Rev. L. H. Carhart. 165
 The Plunge. Chislon. 167
 Trust. Lizzie S. Clark. 172
 Teach me Thy Way, oh God. 178
 LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.
 Asleep in Jesus. J. Lee Gamble. 20
 Maggie J. Hawkins. Rev. W. C. Stockton. 21
 Mrs. R. B. Duncan. 22
 Maria Carter. Jennie Sandford. 22
 The Freedman's Teacher. 53
 Miss Maria L. Jacobs. 53
 Freeman Burnie Hamlin. Mrs. J. Harris. 53
 Rev. John Thatcher. M. E. Lacey. 54
 Mrs. M. E. Pierce. Mrs. Y. P. Hill. 55
 Asleep in Jesus. L. H. 84
 Mrs. Elizabeth D. Pettit. M. E. Watson. 85
 J. Edgar Downer. D. B. 85
 Safe, Safe at Home. Belinda Vail. 86
 Miss Etta A. M. Titus. M. H. A. E. 86
 Rev. Alfred A. Matthews. M. H. S. 117
 Lizzie M. Clark. L. P. B. 118
 Alice May Tuttle. J. T. Gaskill. 119
 Voice from Baltimore. S. C. 82
 Visit to Paradise. Rev. J. B. Finley. 149
 Witnesses. Editorial. 8
 Work in the Vineyard. Rev. Charles Blakeslee. 10
 Ways and Works for Jesus. Ed. 25
 With You Alway. Rev. Bishop Simpson. 70
 Wesley Grove Encampment. Mrs. S. J. Stoddard. 72
 Waiting by the Cross. Mrs. E. J. Knowles. 75
 Witness of Perfect Love. William B. Frankenburg. 88
 Work of Holiness. Mrs. S. A. S. Youngs. 93
 What will You say Then? 96
 What Fuses Hearts? 97
 Walking with God. Rev. L. Simmons. 102
 What is Your Testimony? Phoebe Palmer. 106
 Works and Ways for Jesus. Ed. 151
 Waste Places in Zion. Q. Q. 175
 MUSIC.
 Confidence in Jesus. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. 36
 Consecration. Mrs. J. F. Knapp. 68
 Home of the Soul. Philip Phillips. 132
 Entire Devotion. Rev. L. Hartsough. 164

Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1869.

For the Guide.

BISHOP HAMLINE.

REV. H. BANNISTER, D. D.

THE Frontispiece engraving presents the external aspect of the mature Christian life of the late Bishop Hamline. The background indications in it are those of a strong native personal power or character, with traces, at the same time, of natural self distrust. Opening out from these on the features as a whole are signs of lowliness, submissiveness and meekness as complete, perhaps, as the mortal face may exhibit, and of a joyous yet expectant repose. The countenance is aglow with the light which comes from uninterrupted spiritual communion, and the knowledge of the deep things of God.

Comprehensively this slight description may be said to express the religious character of this holy man. He was humble and submissive as a child; and in meekness and gentleness few, if any, persons excelled him. Nor were these qualities plants that grew up of themselves in his nature. Far from it. Like the rest of human kind he was called to struggle against natural tendencies the most opposite to these, and with a desperation almost exactly like that pictured in the 7th of Romans. Who that reads his own masterly description of this struggle in his "Life and Letters" does not see this? And when the change came, the great high-souled, proud man was a tender, humble child; the lion became a lamb, retaining this changed nature in its remarkably ripening course to the last.

Immediately after his conversion to God in 1828, Bishop Hamline became

an exhorter and licensed preacher in quick succession, and gave up at once all high prospects before him, in a lucrative legal practice, for the unhonored position of an itinerant minister. Such a consecration brought to him its quick reward in the joy of saving hundreds of souls converted through his preaching. He was not vehement as a preacher and pastor, but fervid and effectively earnest. His zeal to save souls scarcely knew any bounds; he was untiring and self-sacrificing to the utmost in ministerial labors, still he was not entirely satisfied with his own spiritual condition.

After several years of such service, his craving for entire freedom from a life of mixed motives and defilement amounted almost to an agony, and he sought and obtained the witness of sanctification and complete purity. At this time he was editor of the *Ladies' Repository*—being the first elected thereto—yet scarcely did he diminish his ministerial work, preaching almost daily somewhere, and spreading the flame of that love the unusual power of which he was now realizing. His piety was seraphic, and most happy effects of it were imparted through him from the pulpit, by the press, and in conversations among all with whom he was in social contact.

The journal he edited suffered not a jot from outside labors so numerous, for his facile, powerful pen during the whole was at work in all spare intervening hours and moments, and the *Repository* showed a supervision so faithful, and productions (large numbers of which were his own) so versatile, that it was greeted with warm welcome everywhere.

By a Providence most unexpected to him he was made, at the General Conference of 1844, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He handled the trust thus committed to him in that trying crisis of the Church with dexterity and thoroughness. A Church statesman—so to call him—he had proved himself by his masterly speech at the aforesaid Conference, and now to all intricate emergencies he addressed himself as a competent Church Executive. Conferences favored with his presence felt the power of his holy life, and were swayed by it. The tumult of heated discussion seldom arose in his administration; the first signs of it were easily quelled by his gentle, suasive word. His Sabbath sermons, marked by compact logical discrimination, and by splendor of diction, were more marked by the glow of a soul all burning with the ardor of perfect love, and by melting pleadings for all to come into its full possession.

In the course of a few short years of laborious episcopal service and cares, disease and premature infirmities compelled his retirement from further active public work. A mysterious Providence had designated him as one of the Church's great office bearers. He accepted the designation as the sanction of the important principle he contended for in his celebrated speech before mentioned, viz., that the office of a Bishop is simply an office, not an order; and now he sees a call of Providence to illustrate the same principle by laying aside the office as publicly and under the same authority, as he had assumed it. He resigns. The General Conference accepts with reluctance, and accepts only to settle forever the doctrine of which Bishop Hamline had been the champion.

The residue of the Bishop's days on earth was spent, for the most part, in physical pain, in a constant battle with disease; but the same ever glowing, incandescent fervor of interest for souls and of love for the Saviour characterizes him to the last.

It was his lot to inherit a sensitive temperament, and naturally enough sad hours would occasionally come unbidden.

So a Brainard, so a Cowper, so a Payson had suffered—all of them holy men. Disease, of course, aggravated any such tendency, and hard battles were often fought with depression of spirits, but never with distrust in God. The habit of faith was so confirmed that herein Bishop Hamline was rarely moved from his foundation. His soul perpetually revelled in the themes of Christian purity, entire sanctification, perfect love, &c., and his witness to the possession of them was unabated as long as he lived. He lived on a plane of Christian life so much above the ordinary experience of professed Christians, that he was ill understood by some, and in respect of these he often felt, as did the Saviour when on earth, the sadness of being alone—in solitude. But to the numerous witnesses of perfect love he uttered no strange language. To them he was deeply endeared and very useful. By his loving exemplification of the doctrine of holiness, as well as by his great store of profound thoughts and fact of Christian experience, he was a spiritual teacher of an exalted character.

Remarkable also was Bishop H. as a faithful steward of the property which Providence committed to him, without his care or seeking. His life was one of retrenchment, that he might give to the needy. And he did give in his life-time more than \$100,000.

The Church of Christ with difficulty can make adequate returns of gratitude to God for the recent heritage of such a holy example. Spots and defects in it there may have been, as in the best things human there always are. But these, though the result of sin, are not themselves sinful necessarily; and so just, under the rule of a gracious Providence in this world, do men at length become, that the defects common to good men are soon forgotten, but the salutary remembrance of their goodness never dies. The descendants of the enemies of the holy John Wesley are now canonizing the man whom their fathers blasted as a pest unfit for earth.

The Methodist Episcopal Church cherishes the savor of holy lives among her

saints, as ointment poured forth. The name of Hamline will go down among her generations in the list with Fletcher, and Wesley and Fisk and Olin, as the champion of her crowning tenet, the doctrine of Christian Perfection—a doctrine always too little enforced, because too little exemplified in the lives of her ministers and members. No doubt, however, largely as the result of examples so eminent, the power of this precious doctrine is growing and spreading. Souls by the thousands over our broad Zion are being penetrated and quickened and thrilled by the living fire of the Sanctifier. Hallelujah! hallelujah!

For the Guide.

THE POWER RECEIVED AND HOW.

EXPERIENCE OF REV. C. D. BATTELE.

In accordance with your request, I would "speak to the people" through the "Guide," concerning the grace of God in me imparted, through the blessed Jesus. I joined the M. E. Church as a seeker of salvation Oct. 30th, 1825. Obtained pardon while listening to a discourse by a local preacher, from these words, "Is it well with thee?" Received on trial in the Pittsburgh Conference, 1833. Ordained a Deacon 1835, having previously given an affirmative answer, before the conference, to these two questions: "Do you expect to be made perfect in this life; Are you groaning after it?" New discipline, page 85. I believed in the doctrine of holiness or Christian purity then as taught by Wesley, Fletcher, Bramwell, and Watson. Their views, as I humbly conceived, were according to the Bible. But how *feeble* my "groaning after it!" O that I had seen the "way of holiness" sooner!

During the last four years I read with great profit to my soul, Dr. Foster on "Christain Purity," and Mrs. Palmer's works. The monthly visits of the "Guide to holiness," and a prayerful study of the Bible on this subject, greatly increased my hungering and thirsting after righteousness. My soul followed hard after God, and at times I seemed as if at the very point of obtaining the "power" for

which I was waiting. The "fountain opened," seemed near—I saw its purity—believed in its *efficacy*—recognized its *freeness*; and that it was open for *me*—but feared to trust all in its *cleansing virtue now*. I hesitated, and wandered, like Israel in the wilderness for 40 years, though I might have entered the Canaan of perfect love in ten days! During all that time my church duties were attended to faithfully. My great sin was *unbelief*. I tremble now as I think of it increasing, magnifying in terrible proportions for years, until it seemed like a mountain impassible! I could not remove it! I cried for help! There stood the mountain directly in my way! I could not pass around it on either side. Truth seemed concealed from my vision. The precious promises were hid in the very center of that hugh pile! Shut up to a necessity which I had not realized before; I cried again "Lord help me!" Jesus bid me "*go forward*." I obeyed; and trusting alone in his great *power*, I stepped forward; the mountain disappeared, it was gone; I knew not where! Jesus accomplished for me in a moment what I had been trying to do for years. I fully consented to let the blessed Saviour do what I could not.

Weeks before I had fully consecrated all to Him who bought me with his blood, and resting on the promise "I will receive you," I was assured that He did receive all that I offered Him. The process so forcibly described by the Apostle, Ephs. i. 13, was most happily presented to my mind. "In whom also, *after that ye believed*, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise." I had often thought if I were only sealed by the Spirit I could believe. I now saw the Gospel, the word of truth, as a system to be *believed*, and Jesus as a Saviour that might be safely trusted. I trusted in him with all my heart. I was saved! Am now saved through His precious blood, "it cleanseth us (me) from all sin" Alleluia! Never was I so *helpless* in my own eyes, as when I threw myself at the feet of Jesus with this earnest request.

"Take my poor heart and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee."

Never had I such *power* as was given me in that hour. I had waited long for

it, and now was "strengthened according to his glorious power." *Blessed power! Glorious freedom! Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us FREE!*

Many of my dear brethren in the ministry and membership will read these lines. May I say to those who have known me for years, Jesus is precious.—"He saves me now!" He is with me in singing, praying, preaching, walking, talking! Glory to His *blessed, blessed name!* I cannot explain the connection between believing and being fully saved, no more than the Israelite could explain the connection between looking at a serpent of brass, and being healed of poison! God commands it, I obey—believe and am saved—saved through the blood of the Lamb! To Him be glory forever!

For the Guide

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

No. 4.

"LONGSUFFERING"

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

"Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace.
Of all the virtues 'tis the nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men like the gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer.
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit."

The word *μακροθυμαί*, rendered "long suffering," is derived from *μακρός*, *long* and *θυμός*, *mind*, and means long-minded, forbearance, patient, not easily provoked, the quality of being patient, the power of suffering or enduring calmly, or with equanimity of mind any evil, as toil, pain, affliction or provocation.

The words "long-suffering" and "patience" are often used in reference to God, who is said to be "merciful and gracious, long-suffering,"—"who endured with much long-suffering, and is "slow to wrath."

Chamock says, "God's patience is the silence of his justice, and the first whisper of his mercy," and "long-suffering is patience with duration."

The heathens notice this attribute of God and expressed it by the proverb, that "the mills of the gods grind slowly." Their god Saturn, they said, "was bound

a whole year with a soft wollen thread." This long-suffering is what the old divines used to call one of the "communicable attributes," because it may in a certain measure, and to a certain extent, be enjoyed by man, and illustrated in the Christian life among the fruits and graces of the Spirit of which it is one, not least in importance.

This "anodyne of God's own preparation," as Cowper calls it, is mixed up and interwoven with all the graces and virtues of the true Christian character, and is in the New Testament alluded to in all the forms and phases of duty and experience. There can be no completeness in Christ, no possession of His nature, no abiding peace, no fullness of joy, no perfect love, when this fruit of the Spirit is not growing; and just in proportion as love, joy and peace, fill and rule the soul, this grace will be seen to flourish also. The New Testament lays great emphasis on fruit-bearing Christians. John, the great revivalist proclaimed with trumpet tongue, there must be either *fruit or fire*, "fruits meet for repentance." Jesus taught that the pick-axe and the pruning knife should prepare the fruitless tree or branch for the burning. He has not read THE BOOK with profit who has not seen and felt the importance of having "fruit unto holiness." That this fruit of *patience* or long-suffering was held in very high estimate by the inspired writers is evident from the following quotations, which are only a few of the many on record, teaching us to "bring forth fruit with patience," with "long-suffering, forbearing one another," "by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness," being "strengthened to all long-suffering with joyfulness."—"putting on meekness, long-suffering"—and "bringing forth fruit with patience"—"for herein is the patience of the saints. "In patience possessing your souls,"—"knowing that tribulation worketh patience and patience experience,"—"that in me Christ might show all long-suffering"—"that through patience and comfort we may have hope,"—"remembering your patience of hope," that "we may glory in your patience,"—"for ye have need of patience"—

"that ye may run with patience," and "be patient toward all men,"—"and let patience have her perfect work," "as the husbandman who has long patience"—"so be an example of patience,"—"and by patient continuance in well doing"—"show the patience of the saints,"—"and be an example of patience,"—"and add to temperance patience and to patience godliness,"—"If when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye take it patiently, and if ye do well and suffer for it, take it patiently,"—"for ye have heard of the patience of Job,"—"and the God of patience grant you to be like minded."

WHAT IS PATIENCE?

A beautiful answer was given by a little Scotch girl, when in Sabbath School she was examined, replied, "*Wait a wee, and dinna weary.*" Patience is that grace which enables the child of God to bear afflictions, calamities and temptations with constancy and calmness of mind, and with a ready and cheerful submission to the will of God, 2 Tim. ii. 3. It is that calm and unruffled temper with which a good man bears the evils of life. An eminent writer says, "Patience is apt to be ranked by many among the more humble and obscure virtues belonging chiefly to those who groan in the sick room, or who languish in prison; but in every circumstance of life, no virtue is more important both to duty and happiness. It is not confined to a situation of continued adversity; it principally, indeed, regards the disagreeable circumstances which are apt to occur; but prosperity cannot be enjoyed, any more than adversity supported without it. It must enter into temper, and from the habit of the soul, if we would pass through the world with tranquility and honor."

IT IS NOT

a natural insensibility so common among men who grow up like the sapling in the woodland, coarse in their physical and mental structure, without culture or refinement. There are different degrees of insensibility in men, owing to their natural temperaments or to their physical and mental constitution or to

their culture, so that the same event or circumstance may call forth a great exercise of patience from one, when the other, is entirely insensible to any such feeling; an unkind word, or a look of reproof would give pain to one, when upon another words or looks would have no effect whatever. Patience implies suffering. Now if you inflict ever so many stripes upon the body of another, if he be not sensible of it, it is no pain to him; he feels it not, he suffers not; consequently calmness in his case is not patience; it is natural hardness or insensibility.

IT IS NOT

Stoicism, or an acquired insensibility. The Stoics taught that there was no evil, and by a kind of mental gymnastics they secured an amazing firmness in hours of suffering. By long continued training and discipline of body and mind, they proudly evinced an apathy and indifference to all feeling. This was not patience, it was obstinacy.

IT IS NOT

an artificial insensibility, such as we see produced by opiates, blunting the sharp edge of pain, or rendering the patient entirely unconscious of suffering. Such is not patience, it is a kind of death, it is stupidity.

Christian patience is something different from all these. It is not a careless indolence, a stupid insensibility, a mechanical bravery, a constitutional fortitude, a daring stoutness of spirit resulting from fatalism, philosophy or pride. It is derived from the divine spirit, nourished by heavenly truth, strengthened by divine grace; and ripened, matured and exhibited on the branches of the Christian life among the rich fruits of the Holy Spirit.

I cannot do better here than give the words of the late Rev. W. Jay, which I copied twenty years ago. He says: "Patience must be displayed under provocations, our opinions, reputation, connections, offices and business render us widely vulnerable. The characters of men are various their pursuits and interests perpetually clash; some try us by their folly, some

by their perverseness, some by their malice. Here, there is an opportunity for the triumph of patience. We are very susceptible of irritation; anger is eloquent, and revenge is sweet, but to stand calm and collected; to suspend the blow which passion was urgent to strike; to drive the reasons of clemency as far as they will go, to bring forward fairly in view the circumstances of mitigation, to distinguish between surprise and deliberation, infirmity and crime; or if need be to leave God to be both the judge and the executioner; this is Christian patience."

PEACE REQUIRES IT.

People love to sting the passionate and the irritable; they who are easily provoked, commit their peace to the keeping of their enemies; they lie down at their feet and invite them to strike. The man of temper places himself beyond vexatious interruption. "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls," into which enter over the ruins, serpents, vagrants, thieves, enemies; while the man who in patience possesses his soul, has the command of himself, places a defence all around him and forbids the entrance of such unwelcome company to offend or discompose.

WISDOM REQUIRES IT.

"He that is slow to anger is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." Wisdom gives us large various comprehensive views of things: the very exercise operates as a diversion, affords the mind time to cool, and furnishes numberless circumstances tending to soften severity.

DIGNITY REQUIRES IT.

"It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression." The man provoked to revenge is conquered and loses the glory of the struggle; while he who forbears comes off victor, crowned with no common laurels. The dashing flood assails the firm rock, and rolls off from its base unable to make an impression, while boughs and straws are borne off in triumph, carried down the stream, driven and tossed. A man whose character and

feelings had been injured by another, came one day to his friend Dr.—, and told him all that had been said and done, and asked advice, "Dr.—, is it not manly to resent it?" "Yes," said the Dr., "it is man-like to resent it, but it is Godlike to forgive it."

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Guide.

ZION'S MISSION.

REV. R. HARGRAVE.

"Who is this?" so "like the morning,"
Piercing through the blushing skies;
"Fair as moon beams"—her adorning—
"Clear," her sun-lit glories rise?
'Tis "The Bride," in vestals holy,
Leaning on the Saviour's arm;
Where He leads she follows lowly,
Clad with zeal—secure from harm.
High her holy "Banner" waving—
Spreads dismay 'mid hateful foes;
Jew and Gentile sinners saving—
On to victory she goes.
Ethiope, with hands extended,
Gladly hails the rising day;
'Neath God's "saving strength" defended,
From oppression's iron sway.

Lo, "the kid," serene, reclining
By "the leopard," 'mid the flocks.
See the child, its fingers twining,
Through the lion's silken locks.
And, "the lamb," in peace reposes
Near "the wolf"—beside his lair:
While rapt Sharon's blooming roses,
Fragrance shed on desert air.

Nothing harms in Zion's mountain—
Peace in rose-clad valleys reigns;
Gentle rill and gushing fountain—
Mingle with millennial strains.
Hark! the wilderness is ringing
With Messiah's worthy praise:
Bond and Free the anthem singing—
Magnify redeeming grace.

Zion's Watchman, tell the story;
Louder still free grace proclaim,
Till all nations see the glory—
Till they laud the Saviour's name.
Pitch the praising chorus higher—
Wider spread the flying joy;
O, let Pentecostal fire,
Melt each heart—all tongues employ!

For the Guide.

CHILD A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

MRS. P. PALMER.

"For the child shall die an hundred years old, but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed"—Isaiah lxy, 20.

And what did the far-seeing prophet mean when he said, the child shall die an hundred years old? Perhaps the writer saw an exemplification of the blessed seer's meaning in a case that passed under her own observation.

We were at a fashionable watering place, impelled thither by a worn state of health through labors abundant. We arrived on Saturday. On Sabbath we were introduced to an interesting young man, who had been accustomed to mingle in gay circles.

Our friend, a pious lady, who had taken rooms in the same house, had prayerfully interested herself in the salvation of the young man, and under God, through our friend's instant in season and out of season efforts, the young man, now introduced to our Christian sympathies, was under powerful convictions for sin. While we were pointing him to the Saviour of sinners, and praying with him on Sabbath at noon-day, a light brighter than the noon-day sun flooded his soul, and he was filled with joy unspeakable.

Contrary to our intentions we were induced, through the solicitations of the friends of Jesus, to enter upon a few day's labor. We commenced on Sabbath afternoon. Previous to the afternoon service, perhaps less than an hour after the conversion of the young man, he entered our room, holding a larger amount of jewelry in his hand than is usual for ordinary young men to dispose of upon their persons, but which he had been accustomed to wear. Handing them to our friend, said he about thus, "I have no farther use for these, I wish you would take and dispose of them in any way you think best for the cause of God."

We told him that as he had renounced the service of the world, and was now a child of the kingdom, the Lord would have a work for him to do. But

said he, "You see I have no gifts." Had we told him that he had no gifts, the day previous to his conversion, he might have been greatly offended. But now as a little child he was low at the feet of Jesus, and his estimation of himself was at a par far below anything he could have before apprehended. Our response was, "We do not want you to use your own words, or your own strength in speaking or working in any way for Jesus. God says, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' All you have to do is to open your mouth as the emergency demands, and just at that moment,—not *before*, nor afterward, but just when duty demands it, *open your mouth wide*, and God says, 'I WILL FILL IT.' The heavens would sooner fall than that God should not at the moment needed fulfill His word. Take as the motto of your life, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.' Not who *did* strengthen me, or *will* strengthen me, but observe it is in the present tense, *strengtheneth* me. If you put your trust wholly in Jesus, you have just as good a right to say, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me' as St. Paul. For God is no respecter of persons. So much of the precious blood of Jesus was shed for you as St. Paul. You have just as good a Saviour, for you have the *same Saviour*."

At our evening service, before a crowded congregation, he came out openly for Christ. On returning home, before retiring for the night, he resolved on the duty of proposing family prayer with the lady of the house. We were not present, but our friend was present, the lady through whose agency he had been convicted. She told us that the young man's gift in prayer was remarkable. Said she was really surprised at his command of words in prayer, and added, "I think he was surprised himself, for as he rose from his knees he pressed his hand to his forehead suddenly, and with singular significance, exclaimed, '*Why, I have a new nature!*'"

"I was sick, and ye visited me," said the Lord, our Redeemer. The next morning, with the maturity of a veteran

in the way of salvation, having heard of a poor sick old woman, he purchased some necessaries, and also quite costly dainties, and administered bountifully to her. How beautiful it was to look upon one so young in the Christian life so hopeful and winning, and, in fact, exemplifying the lovely proprieties of religious manhood.

But it is a fact that many professed members of the household of faith are slow to consider that the world, which through the trespass of our first parent was born in sin, is to be regenerated,—born again. And in this more than angel work every one that has been born of the Spirit is required to be a worker together with God. And how? Is it not by partaking of the *nature* of God? A child that is born of an earthly parent partakes of the nature of its parent. The sympathies and interests of the child and parent are one.

It is thus those that are born of God are *one* in nature, in heart, in sympathy, and in all manner of diversified interests, one with the Father of the Universe. Did Jesus, the Son of the Father travail in soul for the regeneration of a world born in sin? So in like manner did Paul, after being born of God. Do you not hear Him saying, "My little children of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Just so, all who are born of the Spirit will be laborers together with God, and through the indwelling Spirit of Christ, souls will be born of the Spirit through their agency.

And thus it was with this dear young man, so newly born of God. Scarcely twenty-four hours after his own conversion before as a laborer together with God he was in a neighboring town, seeking out a young man, who, like himself, had been lost to God in the mazes of sin and folly. His friend seeing his affectionate travail of soul for his salvation, was induced to yield, and in the evening of that day came to the services, openly acknowledged his need of salvation, and before the close of the meeting on Monday evening was sweetly born of the Spirit, and enabled to cry, Abba, Father, my Lord, and my God!

The next day, the young man who had thus been so suddenly and gloriously saved through the instrumentality of his friend, yearning over his gay sisters, who were out of Christ, he besought them to seek an interest in the Saviour. They were constrained, through the sweet persuasives of their newly converted brother, who was travailing in soul for their conversion, to come to the house of God, and on the next evening after their brother's conversion, the sisters were both happily converted to God.

Shortly after these dear sisters were born into the kingdom of grace, (I think it was the next day,) they became so deeply interested for the salvation of two other young ladies residing in a town a few miles distant, that they induced them also to attend the services. Through the yearning solitudes of the sisters, so recently born into the kingdom of God, their two gay friends were powerfully convinced of sin, and at the Wednesday evening service also enabled to testify to their adoption into the family of heaven.

You may smile, but never can I think of that young man converted on Sabbath, and the spiritual parentages that so rapidly succeeded, making the *fourth generation* on the evening of the fourth day, but I think of the child a hundred years old that Isaiah saw in prophetic vision.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

MRS. MARY C. BALL.

I was converted in the year 1842. I am thankful to say, that as soon as I was adopted into Christ's family, I felt that it was my privilege to be made holy in this life, and my daily aspiration was for a clean heart. But as this subject was not talked of much, I went on some times with bright prospects of heaven opening to my view, and at other times hardly knowing whether I was a child of God or not.

In the year 1853, I with my little family attended a Camp Meeting in Fairfax Co., Va., not far from where we then

lived. A tent very near to ours was occupied by brother and sister Fenton, who enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. As soon as the meetings at the stand were closed, a few devoted ones would gather in their tent to sing and pray, and talk about their faith in Christ. Having three small children, and also charge of a tent, I could not always attend the more public means of grace; but I would go in at the back of this tent; and oh, how my longing soul did go out for such a faith as these dear friends seemed to exercise. But I did not commit myself to the work, and the meeting closed.

Soon after this, our dear pastor, Rev. J. W. Hoover, commenced a protracted meeting at Anandale. He being much exercised on the subject himself, invited brother and sister Fenton to the meeting, and many obtained this great blessing, my dear husband among the number. I was miserable. It seemed to me that if I was not cleansed from all sin, I should loose all the religion I had. I found it a hard struggle to consecrate all to Christ. But through his assisting grace I finally gave him all, and while dear sister Fenton was pointing out the way, I was enabled by faith to trust in Jesus fully, and oh, what a peace filled my soul. In this grace I rejoiced for about a year.

My husband had been preaching as a local minister, but feeling he must be in the regular work, I willingly consented to leave home and friends and go out, not knowing where my lot would be cast. But when his application went up to the Baltimore Conference the Bishop decided that he had no place for married men. I began then to think that I was in my husband's way. And I now tremble when I remember that I went so far as to ask the Lord to take me out of the way. Thus in failing to trust in God, I brought leanness upon my soul, and lost the evidence of this great blessing.

On looking back and seeing how the hand of the Lord led my husband into another field of labor, and prospered him in his work, I see *how safe it is to trust the Lord*. And had I left all with Him I should have retained my happy experience.

In a few months my husband was received into the West Virginia conference. I then felt condemned for my want of confidence in Him who orders our steps aright, and I thought I would immediately seek the restoration of my former experience. But the tempter suggested "now you are going out among strangers as a ministers wife, and if you enjoy this blessing you dare not profess it, for if you do they will expect too much of you." So I went on trying to do my duty as a Christian, and was often very happy in seeing sinners converted, and the work of the Lord prospering. I think my joy consisted more in seeing others happy than it did in an inward consciousness that all was well with me. Often while instructing penitents and urging them to believe, this thought would occur to me "why dont you believe yourself and be saved from all sin?" Thus I lived for about twelve years.

During the past year I again became much exercised on the subject. When my husband talked of going to the National Camp Meeting, I did all I could to encourage him, for I felt sure that if he went he would obtain the blessing of holiness. While he was gone I gave myself to serious reflection and earnest prayer on the subject, and tried to make an entire consecration to God. But all seemed dark. The day he returned we had company. He spoke of the glorious time enjoyed at the meeting, and I saw that it was all right with him. As soon as we were alone, he told me all that the Lord had done for him. This rejoiced my heart, and encouraged me to continue seeking the blessing.

In trying to make the consecration, I think my greatest difficulty was in giving up my time. I had partaken too largely of the spirit of a Martha. I soon found that my time must go too. On Sunday the 16th day of August, while my husband was preaching from these words, "Let us go on unto perfection," I felt as though I was just ready to receive the blessing. This text came to my mind, "It is His will even your sanctification." Then I asked myself the question *when?* My heart almost replied *now*. Then my faith would

waver. So I continued till the next Friday, Aug. 21st. At the Moundsville Camp Meeting, while dear sister Palmer was explaining faith, I said to myself "*Surely I can, I must believe God's word.*" Here I laid all on *Christ the altar*. While thus exercised we were affectionately invited to kneel in prayer. I bowed before the Lord. *I felt that it would be a sin to doubt my Saviour*, while He seemed so near to me. I cannot define my feelings at that moment. Dear sister McCulloch, who was kneeling near me said, "*sister Ball you are trusting Jesus, are you not?*" and I was enabled to say "Oh yes."

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left its crimson stain;
He's washed me white as snow."

And glory be to His name, I am still trusting and resting in Jesus; and the way is growing brighter and brighter, and as I go on I love to talk on the blessed subject of holiness, and my principle query is, what can I do for Jesus and for the salvation of souls? And bringing the past, present and future all together, I can with the Psalmist confidently exclaim, "*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*" "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." "I lie down amid green pastures and am led besides still waters. The Lord is my Shepherd." "Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me bless His holy name."

WHEELING VA. 1868. ♪

For the Guide.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE—NO.

REV. D. NASH.

Besides questions concerning the happiness of heaven, and its peculiar nature, there have also arisen questions concerning the state of the soul in the interval between death and the general resurrection. If we believe, as some do, that the soul is not a substance distinct from the body, we must believe, as they do, that the whole of the human machine is

at rest after death, till it be restored to its functions at the last day. But if we are convinced of the immateriality of the soul we shall not think it so entirely dependant, in all its operations, upon its present companion, but that it may exist and act in an unbodied state, and if once we are satisfied that a state of separate existence is possible, we shall easily attach credit to the interpretations commonly given of the various expressions in Scripture, which intimate that the souls of the righteous are admitted to the presence of Christ immediately after death, although we soon find that a bound is set to our speculations concerning the nature of this intermediate state. One branch of opinions that have been held concerning it is the Popish doctrine of Purgatory, a doctrine which appears upon the slightest inspection of the tests which have been adduced in support of it to derive no evidence whatever from the Word of God. This is an error which originated in the Church of Rome, in assigning to personal suffering, a place in the justification of a sinner, which is completely overturned by the grand doctrine of *justification by faith*, and by the general teachings of Scripture, which represent this life as a state of probation, during which our everlasting condition depends upon our conduct. The poor but holy Lazarus is carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, and the rich careless sinner lifts up his eyes in hell, and is separated from the place of bliss by an impassable gulf. This at once disproves the doctrine of Purgatory and demonstrates an *immediate conscious* state of happiness.

As the present state of a believer in Christ includes his existence in this world, so the intermediate state comprehends that existence between death and the resurrection. This is indicated by St. Paul when he says, "If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked," and "not for that we would be unclothed," (2 Cor. v. 3 and 4).

The earthly house of this body is the covering of the soul in the present life, it conceals the invisible and immaterial world from our view. As a house in-

vests or clothes us around, and thereby hides the canopy of the surrounding heavens from our view, except those portions that are seen through its inlets or windows, so the body hides from us the invisible state and prevents all communication, unless what God is pleased to make known by revelation of His word, received into the soul through the medium of faith. The idea of the sun, the moon, a field or a tree, has as certain an existence in the mind as any of these objects has in the world of matter. The existence of the one, however, is material, of the other immaterial. The one belongs to the world of matter, the other to the world of spirit or immateriality. Through the medium of the senses we make an abstract of material objects, and thus hold fellowship with the world around us in the various evolutions of ideas. Faith as a substitute for sight apprehends the things which are invisible and immaterial and brings us into fellowship with the world and things which are eternal. Let the body then dissolve, the earthly tabernacle be cast aside, faith in an instant is turned to sight, the invisible world appears in view and the soul finds itself "naked and unclothed" in the regions of immortality. Much has been said and written on the state and abode of the dead. Hades, or the invisible state, the receptacle of separate souls is difficult of comprehension, because it lies beyond the boundary of sense and relates to the property of mind rather than to those of matter. The Scriptures of truth reveal its existence, but leave it to experience, after passing through the gate of death, fully to comprehend its nature. A few observations, however, may tend to cast some light on this "land of deepest shade," and prepare us for a fuller understanding of its import, which all must experience on the dissolution of the body.

First. *It is a state of simple, abstract being or existence.*

The human mind is distinct from every known property of matter, its essence and qualities are all of a different kind. An inch of *will*—a yard of *understanding*, a rood of *thought*, are uncouth and im-

proper expressions. We are conscious of the existence of our minds, as we are of the existence of our bodies. The qualities of mind are as evident to our perception as those of matter. Do we know that all matter must possess length, breadth and depth, however modified and refined. We equally know that mind is possessed of thought and volition. Can we conceive matter totally separated from mind, as in the case of a rock or mountain? We can as easily conceive mind separated from matter, as in the case of the spirits of the rich man and Lazarus. The very thing of which we form a conception is expressed in the figurative language of the Apostle when he speaks of our being "naked and unclothed." The soul is the inhabitant, the body is the tabernacle or covering. The tabernacle may be thrown down, the covering removed, the clothing put off, but the inhabitant subsists, retains his identity and though "naked and unclothed" stands forth invested with all his essential and peculiar properties. Now, as the inhabitant is distinct from the house, so the soul has an identity of its own distinct from the body, and as man may remove from one region and dwelling to another, so the soul may change from the region of earth and the clothing of mortality without any infringement on the essential identity of its existence. In the passage to which we have referred, the Apostle speaks of no new house, tabernacle or covering, but of a complete divestment of all, in being "naked and unclothed." He speaks of the understanding—conscience—memory—imagination, will and affections, of love and hatred, desire and aversion—hope and fear—joy and sorrow, being laid naked and open before God, and the whole invisible world, while all the inhabitants thereof are equally laid open to the view of the soul, when divested of mortality. Here then is the spiritual and intellectual region into which all must enter, where the qualities of mind, both good and bad, shall be as evident to all the dwellers in immortality, as the qualities and various formations of matter are to those who dwell in houses of clay. The soul will

then be naked to its own perceptions, the attention will not be disturbed by the changing aspects of material things, the nature and properties of spirit in the abstract will be fully understood, and who knows but this new mode of existence may be calculated at once to convey some additional idea of the existence of God and of the Trinity in unity? The righteous and the wicked, the sincere Christian and the hypocrite, the man with and the man without the wedding garment, the believer and the infidel, the holy and the unholy, shall all appear without covering to each other and shall exhibit their various destinies even before the day of final retribution.

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

SPIRITUAL SLOTHFULNESS.

C. T. ALLIS.

"Woe be unto them that are at ease in Zion."

"At ease," when whitened fields invite
Strong arms to wield the reaper's blade
When all the powers of sin unite
The Master's kingdom to invade!

"At ease," when souls for whom Christ died
Are weltering in guilt and sin,
While mercy's gates are open wide,
And Jesus bids us bring them in!

"At ease," when God pronounces woe
On every careless, sluggish soul
Who lingers when He bids them go,
Or questions when He would control

"At ease in Zion!" Can it be
That those who have once been forgiven
Will let this sinful lethargy
Rob them of all the bliss of heaven!

Oh! careless brother, sister, wake!
And gird thee for a life of toil;
In Jesus' name, for Jesus' sake,
And help our common foes despoil.

Then, with life's toils and perils o'er,
Its battles fought, its victories won,
Your welcome to the other shore
Will sweetly be, "Well done! well done!"
STEPHEN'S MILLS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

LOCAL PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE

REV. E. BALL.

I was converted in the year 1835. Was licensed to exhort about one year after, and received authority from the church as a local minister in the year 1842. My early educational advantages were limited, my father having been one of the pioneers of this then western country. Schools were few and far between, and such an institution as Sabbath School, in the neighborhood where I was raised, had scarcely been thought of, and as my parents were not members of any church I was raised in comparative ignorance in relation to all religious matters. Soon after my conversion my class leader placed in my hands Bang's History of the M. E. Church, Life of Wesley, and a few other biographies of early methodists. These I read with much interest, and from them I learned the doctrine of holiness and sanctification as being a distinct work of grace from that of justification. In addition to this, some of our ministers would now and then preach about it and a few of them would occasionally profess its enjoyment.

Very soon after my conversion I felt that there was in my soul a voice that responded to this doctrine. I felt conscious that there was a necessity in the very nature and condition of my soul, for just such a gracious work as this, but how to obtain it I did not know. All my efforts to seek it only seemed to drive me farther away from it. The first difficulty thrown in my way was the inconsistency in the lives and conduct of a few who made a profession of it. And soon after this I found there was a want of agreement among ministers as to the nature of the doctrine itself, some claiming that it was identical with justification, whilst others claimed the work of sanctification to be gradual, and that it could only be completed in death. In consequence of these things I dropped the subject and gave it but little attention for the space of twenty years.

In the meantime I pursued the business of the world with all the energy possible.

In consequence of not having received in early life a business education, my first efforts were unsuccessful. This aroused me to still greater exertions. I turned my attention to the business of an inventor and after several fruitless attempts in this direction I succeeded in making an important discovery in connection with "reaping and mowing machines." This invention led me more extensively into business, and extended my acquaintance more or less throughout all the agricultural districts of the country.

I soon found myself at the head of a prosperous business. Success of no ordinary kind appeared to be almost certain. I felt in the meantime that I was treading upon dangerous ground. I saw that those who once persecuted me were now disposed to praise and flatter. Honors were being bestowed upon me, that I was illy prepared to receive. Fuel was constantly being added to feed the fires of pride and ambition. I gradually changed my notions and opinions about many things connected with the church and the services of the sanctuary. I became more fond of show and outside appearances, felt more like aping after the styles and formal fashions of more wealthy and aristocratic churches, wanted to see the Methodist Church made more popular and influential in the eyes of the world, and especially the *fashionable* and *wealthy* part of it. The truth is, I felt a strange spirit of compromise with the world constantly arising in my very soul that was almost irresistible.

I knew that God was holding me accountable for the proper use of worldly goods, and I contributed my thousands to aid in the benevolent enterprises of the church. I felt that unless I done this He might withdraw his blessing from my business and hence (as I now see) my object in giving away money was to *make money*, a motive which was low, groveling and perfectly selfish. Every dollar I gave away seemed to increase my pride and vanity, and I did not appear to have the power to help it. Yet in the midst of all this struggling with pride and ambition I continued to preach, pray, attend class and all the other means of

grace, as faithfully as at any former period in my life; the only duty I was inclined to neglect was that of secret prayer, yet I was often impressed with the fact, that I was seldom prompted by pure motives in the discharge of any of my religious duties, and particularly with regard to that of preaching. In this, in spite of all I could do, I appeared to have my own reputation almost entirely in view. I knew all this was wrong, but how to help it I did not know. I could see plainly that pride was at the bottom of almost all I did, but how to overcome it was the question. I found that I would even become proud of any efforts I would occasionally make to *overcome* my pride and hence was as helpless as a child.

A GLORIOUS CHANGE AND HOW EFFECTED

The close of the late war, in the spring of 1865, very seriously effected my business, and without alluding to details I will say that it resulted in a financial loss of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. This circumstance brought about a condition of mind, better imagined than described. I may be pardoned for saying that I think I had as high an appreciation of business honor and integrity as any man living, and hence any thing like a failure to meet any honorable business engagements, ay, the very thoughts of which were indescribably painful. I battled with these reverses of fortune for two years without accomplishing anything more than to place myself in a condition which with reasonable success might ultimately enable me to triumph, but even this could not be done without allowing myself to become more or less disgraced as a business man, the very thought of which could scarcely be endured.

In the midst of these great distresses of mind, my attention was called to the subject of holiness, about one year ago, by the Rev. B. W. Gorham, who it seems to me was providentially sent to our city almost for my special benefit. At least I was strangely impressed in this way, the very moment he opened his message in our midst. It appeared to me, however, that my attention could not

have been called to this subject of holiness at a more unpropitious period. Yet so great was my mental distress on account of business embarrassments that relief seemed to be absolutely indispensable. Suffice it to say that I sought the blessing of holiness with all the earnestness of which I was capable, both in public and private, and at last was enabled to arise in the presence of a large assembly of my neighbors and acquaintances and publicly acknowledge Christ as my full and entire Saviour from all sin. I will here say, lest I forget to mention it hereafter, that I done this without the least evidence of feeling, emotion, or anything of the kind. My only evidence was the eternal verities of God's word. I received without an effort or struggle, the atonement of Christ as a present, complete, full and everlasting satisfaction for all my sins. I was enabled to throw all my temporal embarrassments, all my trials, all my anxieties in relation to the present or future, on the blessed Saviour, and I felt that I had as it were nothing to do but to sit down and rest.

THE EXPERIENCE OF ONE YEAR.

Yes, glory to God, I have at least one year's sweet rest out of fifty-five, and it seemes to me that I shall continue to rest through all eternity. This glorious state of grace has cost me much. It looks to me as though God could not have given it to me on any more favorable conditions; but I bless God I have the best of the bargain; my loss has been an infinite gain to me in the most important direction.

I have been preaching the doctrine of holiness ever since. In July last I attended the Manheim Camp Meeting which was made a great blessing to my soul. I left the meeting with new and more lively impulses to labor for God the balance of my life. We have now opened one of our private parlors for a Tuesday evening meeting, at which some four or five have already obtained the blessing of a clean heart. I also attended the Moundsville Camp Meeting in West Virginia, where God manifested His sanctifying grace in a marvelous manner, and where I was

greatly aided in speaking of this wonderful work to the friends there. At the close of this meeting I visited another. When I arrived the meeting had been in progress several days without any special movement for good, either among the unconverted, or upon the part of members of the church. I was told that some of the ministers present had expressed their lack of confidence in the truth of the doctrine of holiness as now advocated by many. I was invited to speak to the people soon after I arrived on the ground, and I immediately presented the doctrine of holiness, and God crowned these feeble efforts with His special blessing, so that in less than two hours after my arrival one soul was powerfully sanctified, and from that moment the work of conversion and sanctification went on until the close of the meeting, and I am happy to say that several ministers present received the "Baptism of Fire," and are now preaching it in their several fields of labor with great success. I wish to say in conclusion that God is wonderfully blessing me both in my business and in my labors for the promotion of holiness. It is true my life is far spent, I am already being reckoned among the "Fathers" in the church, yet my health is good, and I intend, by the blessing of God, to spend all of my future life in laboring to promote a work that has wrought such wonderful things for me and thousands of others in the church of my choice.

CANTON, OHIO, 1868.

For the Guide.

THE NEW PASSOVER.

REV. ISAAC M. SEE.

"Purge out, therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is crucified for us; therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."—Cor. v. 7, 8

The Corinthian Church seems to have been very corrupt, even at the early date of Paul's writing. He was careful to warn them, and to exercise toward them his apostolic authority. For some reason, possibly the prominent position or wealth of the offender, they had not

mourned over a very grave sin committed; they had not brought the offender to discipline, but they had permitted him to retain his place in the Church, and had even taken pleasure in his company. The Apostle exhorts them in the fact which he presents, that a "little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

This thought takes him back to the Jewish Passover, and he urges them to act in consistency with the passover character which they now sustain. For we see that he here gives them an extensive hint, that though they are not Jews, they yet have come to a passover feast, which lays them under greater obligations to God for holy living than the Jews ever knew.

These hints are contained in the passage at the head of this article. The Jews put away all leaven from their houses during the celebration of the passover. Here is the command of God upon this subject, "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses; for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cut off from Israel." Ex. xii. 15. "Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days, and there shall no leavened bread be seen with thee, neither shall there be leaven seen with thee in all thy quarters." Ex. xiii. 7.

Our Saviour used the word leaven as indicative of the *wrong doctrines* of the Pharisees and Sadducees. (Matt. xvi. 6, 12.) "Jesus said unto them: Take heed, and beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees." And after His explanations, "Then understood they how that He bade them not beware of the leaven of bread, but of the doctrine of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees."

The Lord Jesus referred by this word leaven also to the *hypocritical practices* of the Pharisees, "He began to say unto His disciples first of all, 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.'" Luke xii. 1.

Now the Apostle Paul having referred to a specific case of flagrant crime in the Church, as a leaven of wickedness which

would soon leaven the whole lump, exhorts the Church by the practice of casting out leaven from the houses of the Jews at the passover feast, to "purge out the old leaven" in the person of the offender, that they may be a new lump and unleavened with sin. "Therefore put away from yourselves that wicked person." Ver. 13.

The Gospel Church, composed of those who profess faith in Christ, is supposed to be the new lump, free from that old leaven of sin, and, like the bread at the passover, without leaven, ready to be scrutinized by Him who had forbidden any leaven at His solemn feast. "Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven (such as they had among the Jewish Pharisees and Sadducees) *neither* with the leaven of malice and wickedness (with which the world abounds), but with the unleavened (bread) of sincerity and truth."

The word translated sincerity has reference to its inspection. Its strict meaning is—"judged of in the sunlight," and signifies "such a purity and whiteness as will bear the closest examination, like that of an article inspected in the full light of the sun." (Bloomfield.) As if the Apostle had said, "The old leaven of sin, insincerity, want of uprightness, belonged to the old dispensation, before Christ came, when they lived in spiritual twilight, and did not have freest access to the holiest by the blood of the Antitype Paschal Lamb.

But we have come to a new passover, A PERPETUAL FEAST OF FULL REDEMPTION. Christ, our sacrificed Passover, is now to be eaten by a living faith, and you are to be in Him, free from those things for which they had any shadow of excuse in the old Jewish and imperfect dispensation of types and shadows. Let us keep this life-long feast, therefore, in shining characters, in clean garments, in Gospel righteousness.

Beloved reader, how are you partaking this New Testament Passover? Christ is the last Paschal Lamb, and as they were required to *eat the whole lamb* at the Passover feast, so are we to feast on Christ. As they ate the whole lamb,

let us derive our life from *all the offices of Christ, and every benefit of His death*. Nothing of what Christ has done is to be passed by. He died to save us from all leaven of sin, that it might be rooted out and cast away, and that our lives might shine with His holiness.

Any other view deprives the Church of the full benefit of His death; destroys the Passover character of the present dispensation, and cultivate a fearful form of unbelief which must inevitably end in the amalgamation of the Church with the world. Let us eat the slain Lamb by living faith in His merits and finished work, and so enjoy heaven upon earth. For such is this feast.

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

MRS. H. M. BRADLEY.

Look away from the pains of life, love,
And strengthen thy soul to stand
On the brink where the surging waves, love,
Circle the "better land."

There's agony down in my heart, love,
And the hour is full of woe,
But the parting time is come, love,
And I fain must let thee go

Lean now on thy mother's breast, love,
The pang is well nigh o'er,
And a beautiful throng are come, love
From yonder shining shore.
One kiss from thy pale, cold lips, love,
One pressure, one clasp of the hand,
One long and a close embrace, love,
'Ere thou go with the white robed band.

Be strong, God is thy helper, love,
Look up to thy Saviour now,
For the waves are wrapping thy form, love,
And a faintness is on thy brow.
Look up from darkness to light, love,
From pain to a wondrous rest,
Look away to the dying Lamb, love,
And cling to his bleeding breast.

For the Guide.

A BIBLE EXPERIENCE.

MARY H. MOSMAN.

From early life I have been a member of the Congregational Church, but for years, felt that I was not all the Lord called me to be. After devising and following every means possible to be

brought into the right way, and finding my attempts ineffectual, I at last conceived the idea of breaking away from all opinions and prejudices, and with the Bible as my guide book and the blessed Spirit as my teacher, go forward. This being as I believed the course of the early Christians, would give me alike rich experience.

This called me first to give myself all away to God (I knew nothing of the doctrine of sanctification), and binding to my heart the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee," I commenced the life of faith—going out into God. *not knowing whither.*

I studiously sought to know all God's commands, and feeling that now all my powers were his, in *every act* sought his glory—*living by the moment.*

At times almost overwhelmed by the trials and temptations that pressed upon me, I should have sunk in despair had I not grasped some precious promise and carried it to God, and in all the faith I could summon hold it until lifted unto him; then the power for evil was baffled. At this time, I also took the vow, God helping me, I would never go around the *first* cross, or yield to the *first* temptation. God has been true to his covenant, and to His glory, I record that in ten and a half years, I have never consciously broken mine—

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be."

I was now following the Spirit and Word, being led on to ground that made me marked in my singularity. Ideas I had never before conceived came to my mind. Comparing them with Scripture, I could see they were of God; therefore cherished. I was led to feel I must not commit sin, and that I should not, if I would abide in Jesus.

I saw that in the past I had suffered from the feeling that I was sinning when I had only been enduring temptation, not yielding to it, and should have counted it "all joy" to have been thus tested, that the Christian graces by exercise might gain strength.

I must now do with my *might* what my hand found to do. Whatever I felt

Jesus would do, if in my place, asking not was it *popular* or otherwise. In doing everything for Jesus "as to the Lord and not unto men," I must cast off the superfluities of life. Forms and needless ceremonies, and mere conventionalities of life, passed by, as unworthy the attention of one who was given to the interests of the Kingdom. The language of my heart has been that of Nehemiah to Sanballat, "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down."

In caring for the body, I must partake only of those articles of food which we were taught were wholesome and nutritious, and would build it up for the Lord. I could no longer take an article merely because I *loved* it, for in thus doing I was serving *self*, and the motive for action sinful, because antagonistic to the Divine teaching, whether ye eat, or drink, &c, do *all* with the single eye to His glory.

I now took delight in denying self for Jesus, in whatever way thus exercised, and was thereby taken into closer companionship with Him.

I also became very strict in regard to my dress. The dollars were the Lord's and to be used sacredly for *Him*. Purchase only what He would if in my place and as became one saved by the purchase of His blood. Not a farthing for superfluous trimmings, so long as a soul remained unsaved. I should be as free from the world's fashions and views as the angels, only so far as *necessity* required me was I to partake of them—my comfort, or the positive good of my neighbor were only to be consulted. The old story of influence, for a time, impeded my progress, but I was at last enabled to leave this all with God, and in all things give myself to be a Bible Christian. Included in the idle deeds, for which we were to give account, I felt superfluous stitches were reckoned, and therefore, reduced my wardrobe to as simple a style as possible. I instinctively shrank from singularity, yet, if in following the Word I became so, I would, through the assistance of Divine grace, meet it with a cheerful submission. Following this course has had the effect, not only to crucify me unto the world, but also the

world, unto myself. The barrier thus placed between me and the world has given me more freedom in God, and I have thereby gained more power.

The friends of holiness, have almost universally approved my course so far as I could know, and have given me many a "God speed." The worldlings feel it is in keeping with my profession, and in accordance with the command of the Almighty, "wherefore, come ye out from among them and be ye *separate*." But the lukewarm professor is angered, and those whose views have been mortified by companionship with such, dislike it.

My plain style has often called forth words that were plainly not given in the spirit of Jesus, and that seemingly could not have been suggested had the individuals been earnestly seeking primitive piety and simplicity, for then charity would rule and they would allow me the freedom which the child of God has a right to enjoy. Here is where I feel the Christian lives below his privileges. "Why as living in the world, are we still subject to ordinances."

Thus I go on, my hours, days and years pass on. I live in delightful communion with my God, and I feel that, although borne down at times by trials, yet I in soul ever rejoice in Him, and know the joys of the redeemed.

What I now desire is a richer baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that I may possess all the gifts of the Spirit, which it is my privilege to enjoy. I am led to believe we may possess all the early Christians did, *provided* we live as much above the world, and have our faith in as lively exercise.

My experience teaches me, that he who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," is now ready to heal diseases. At times to enable us to do better work for Him, He gives us discerning of spirits; and to encourage us in the rugged way, He often lifts the curtain between us and the future and allows us to see our pathway, and yet in all this, I am only convinced of the existence of that power. For the greater advancement of the Redeemer's cause, I desire to be filled with it, that I may abound to *every* work.

The church is filled with skepticism on these points, and those who forsake all for Him, stand weak and intimidated before their spiritual foes, because we are not like the early disciples, armed with this power, to make our Jesus known and feared as still the living One and an Almighty power.

Will those who read these lines pray that I may know and possess all the gifts the Lord has for me; and that believers may again, if His will, be thus endowed; and as you raise the prayer, may your own souls be baptized, and you be enabled to go forth into the vineyard, with new courage, feeling that in Christ Jesus, the *all-sufficient* friend, you lack nothing, and God will bless your labors, and hasten the Kingdom,

O God, glorify thyself and magnify the riches of thy grace, we ask for, in the name of Jesus—Amen!

SCHULTZVILLE, Luzerne Co., PA.

For the Guide.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

A. A. HOBART.

When I think of that beautiful place "Over there," where all the redeemed of the earth will one day gather, and where meetings and partings will not be known, where the inhabitants will never say I am sick, where we shall have no need of the sun, but the Lamb is the light thereof, my heart swells with rapturous emotion and "I long, O I long to be there," and in this the anticipation cannot possibly exceed the reality. While we tabernacle here in the flesh as pilgrims and strangers on the earth, we often have more comfort in the anticipation of a thing than in the reality; but no disappointment can be felt in the realization of the glories of the heavenly world; for eye hath not seen, nor ear heard what God hath prepared for those that love Him.

We may pass a long life-time in keen affliction and sufferings, but one breath wafted from the Celestial City, or one smile from the once crucified Saviour, one hour with Him on the great white throne will make ample amends for it all, and we shall prove the truth of the Word of God, that these things are not worthy

to be compared with the glory that is revealed in us.

Much of the way up "Zion's Hill" is marked with perplexity, tribulation and sorrow; but when the boatmen who is waiting to take us across the river shall have landed us safely, all toil and pain will have been forgotten, and we shall have nothing to do but cast our crowns at His feet, and cry, holy is the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.

NO. POWNAL, Me., 1868.

For the Guide.

"YE KNOW NOT WHAT YE ASK."

S. JENNIE LEACH.

When ye pray, O let me be,
Nearer still my God to Thee,

We know not through what furnace heats
Ye needs must pass to reach those seats,
What storms of grief may o'er you beat,
Nor yet what thorns may pierce your feet
And yet, O Jesus, we would say
Nearer, O nearer, still we pray!

And know ye not it is the cross,
A will that reckons all things loss,
That lifts the spirit to those heights
Where shine the calmer, heavenly lights,
Above earth's clouds, and smoke, and dust,
And that your armor must not rust?
Aye Lord, we know and yet we say,
Nearer, O nearer, still we pray!

Alas, we know not what may be
Betwixt our longing souls and Thee;
We know not what sad stroke we need,
Yet trust the Hand that does the deed,
Since Thou didst drink the cup of woe
Thy heart of sympathy we know
Will temper every painful stroke
That frees us from earth's galling yoke.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

OUR MOTHER AT REST.

MRS. E. H. NEWHOUSE

Mrs. Margaret Holdstock departed this life July 1, 1868, at Sumption's Prairie, St. Joseph County, Indiana. For more than three score and fifteen years she had trod life's

pathway. Fifty four years she had been a devoted Christian.

Far away in old England she had sought and found her Saviour, and all through life's thorny way, and through the mystic river of death, He was with her still. Words fail to give a true idea of her severe sufferings, or of her holy triumph as she approached the river. She gazed upward with a holy expression of countenance, and in a language unknown to us seemed to converse with heavenly beings. Once, on being asked to whom she was talking, she said, "My Saviour." "O, happy, happy, happy," and "my cup runs over," were among her last intelligible utterances. Sweet and angelic in life, with her all consecrated to the Lord, she passed like a seraph to the bright fields of glory. Farewell, angel mother, till we meet above.

For who can touch the tender chord,
Thrilled by a loving mother's word!
Yet we'll not wish thee back again
Into this world of care and pain,
But we will tread the narrow road
That leads up to thy bright abode,
Then when we reach that heavenly shore,
We'll join with thee forevermore,
In chanting loud that blessed refrain,
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain."

For the Guide.

MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

REV. J. WEEBER.

My dear mother was born in Germany, December 15, 1807, where she spent her youthful days. Subsequently she came to America, and soon after was married. Resided a few years in Ohio, then removed to Johnson County, Iowa, where she spent the remainder of her days.

Ever since I can remember she was a Christian, but never did I comprehend the fullness of Christ in her heart as within the last four years.

In 1864 she was taken ill with consumptive symptoms, and suffered much.

In 1865, being deeply impressed with the fact that I was called of God to preach the Gospel, I prepared to leave home in order to obtain an education. On the morning we separated the last words that she spoke to me was, "TRUST IN GOD." Those words of my dear mother sank deep in my heart, and ever since they have been ringing in my ears, "TRUST IN GOD."

As the Lord led me to Evanston, Ill., to

attend school, not so very far from home, I was permitted, through the divine guidings, to visit her several times.

In the winter of 1867 I was three weeks at home, during which time we spent many happy moments, talking about the love of Jesus. I was much strengthened in hearing her speak so earnestly of the truths of God, and seeing how patiently she bore her sufferings.

On my return home, during the vacation of 1868, I found her sufferings much accumulated, but grace was sufficient.

The two years I spent at Evanston among the large number of men wholly consecrated to the Lord, I certainly saw the power of God manifested wonderfully, but never so powerfully as I saw it manifested the few months I spent at home with my dear mother.

She never complained, but always smiling and happy in Jesus. The Lord's will was her will. In one of her choice books I found an article, the title of which is, "My Prayer:"

"Let me not die before I've done for Thee,
My earthly work whatever it may be."

While we were reading together the word of God I discovered the secret of her Christian life. I found that it was SIMPLY BY FAITH. With child-like confidence she grasped the naked truth as it is in the Word of God, not doubting in the least. She brought the truth very plainly to my mind, how we are saved by faith and not by works, and how every one that "believeth is passed from death unto life, and is no longer under condemnation," but hath ETERNAL LIFE.

On going to her bed very early one morning, she seemed to be suffering very much. I said, "Mother, you are not afraid to die, are you?" "I have nothing to fear; God's little lambs have no fear of death."

She calmly fell asleep in Jesus, November 3d, 1868.

For the Guide.

MRS. ALFORD.

Mrs. Alford, wife of the Rev. E. M. Alford, died October 13th, in the triumphs of faith, and in anticipation of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. Through reading "The Way of Holiness," she was enabled, about

eight years ago, to enter the "rest of Faith," since which time she lived a pure Christian life, manifesting at all times the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin.

The beloved minister who preached her funeral sermon, remarked that he had known only three other persons, during a ministry of over a quarter of a century, whom he thought as devotedly pious.

She kept a "Diary" of her religious experience, in which she attributes the enlightenments received from the "Way of Holiness," as the instrument by which she was brought into that state of grace. To God be all the glory!

Editorial.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

A Happy New Year to all the dear readers of "the Guide to Holiness!"

And such it will, indeed be, to all who, guided by its pure principles, shall from day to day press onward and upward in the King's Highway. Years are made up of days, hours, and minutes. A review of the daily and hourly mercies of the past year should surely constrain us to resolve on attaining higher degrees of holiness, and far greater usefulness during all the days and hours of the year upon which we now enter.

Shall we resolve just now to begin to live by the *moment*, with a more careful and confident reliance on Jesus than ever before! Shall we from this moment begin to believe not only for present and momentary salvation from sin, but for a far deeper baptism into the Spirit of our holy Lord and Master who made Himself of no reputation, came in the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, who, though He was rich, for our sake became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. Shall we contemplate more of the Spirit of *sacrifice*, for Him whose life was one great sacrifice for us. In His vicarious death we cannot follow Him, for He trode the wine-press alone, but in His *example* as man among men, we can.

We can be followers of God as dear children, living as it were out of ourselves, for the good of fallen, redeemed humanity. We can have the image of the heavenly so daguerreotypied on our hearts, that the benevolence

of Christ, and His loving, pure, unselfish sympathies in behalf of redeemed, unsaved sinners, may be manifest in all we say or do. Did Christ sacrifice that which cost Him something to save us, we can show by our daily doings, that we are willing to sacrifice that which costs us something, in efforts to save others. In loving, gentle obedience to the Divine call. "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others;" "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation," so can we contemplate entire self-abnegation in the accomplishment of our great life mission.

And what is the Christian's life mission? Is it not to save the world? Has not Christ gone to heaven to represent us there, and does He not leave us here to represent Him? He says, "I am the *vine*." It is not the *vine* that bears the fruit, it is the *branch*. Look at those luscious grapes,—are they clinging to the *vine*, or are they borne on those healthful branches, attached by little tendrils to the vine. Thus it is with you and I, dear reader.

United to Christ by a living faith, we draw all our nourishment from Him as the true and living vine. He is holiness itself. So He puts *His* Spirit in us, and this is the ordination by which we are empowered to bear much fruit. How strongly, and almost strangely significant are the words of our now ascended Lord, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, He shall give it you."

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do, because I go unto my Father." How stupendous the conception! What dignity conferred on redeemed, saved humanity! Yes, so it is. Christ has gone to the Father. He has carried glorified humanity to the heaven of heavens to represent us there, and He leaves us here to represent Him. Men will, indeed, judge of Christ by what they witness of the manifestations of His Spirit, as seen in the lives of individual professors. The Spirit sent forth shortly after

Jesus ascended to the Father on the day of Pentecost, did not ascend thither again, but still remains, being poured forth, according to the faith of all waiting disciples of every generation. Not only does it light on the head, sanctifying and inflaming the intellect, but it descends deep down into the soul, penetrating and energizing the whole being, quickening and improving every faculty of body and mind, for the great work of saving a redeemed world.

It has been said that the resurrection of one soul from the death of sin to a life of holiness, is a greater miracle than the creation of a world. Perhaps it was in view of the wonderful work that Jesus was about to empower His disciples to do, after being filled with His Spirit in raising dead souls from sin to holiness, that He said, "Greater works than these shall ye do, etc." Can we devise some plan by which we may *daily* do something during all the days and hours of the coming year, which may result in the salvation of souls? Let us then so systematize our time as to set apart some specified hour every day if possible, but if not every day, let us set apart a portion of every week for this more than angel work. Remembering that one soul is worth more than all the wealth of the universe, let us live in the Spirit of *sacrifice* daily redeeming the time. Let us keep some one soul constantly before the Lord, for whom we shall not only pray, but manifest our faith by our self-sacrificing labors. By so doing many souls will have been raised from death to life through our agency during the year upon which we now enter.

Thus shall we, indeed, manifest that holiness is the power by which the world is to be brought to Christ, and the Father shall be glorified through the Son, by our bearing much fruit, and we shall have an abundant entrance ministered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS.

We left home on the evening of Nov. 11th, by the beautiful steamer Dean Richmond, for Albany. Travelers from abroad could hardly imagine how fully every want of comfort and convenience is met for journeying either

by night or day, in the splendidly furnished commodious palaces which ply on American rivers and lakes.

On our arrival at Albany the next morning, an unlooked for scene greeted our eyes and somewhat retarded our progress. The recent freshet had submerged not only the steamboat landing but the front street. Here we took the train for Syracuse. All along our way by the beautiful meandering Mohawk River we saw it largely overflowing its banks. In some places, as it rushed toward us, it bore away all obstructions, reminding us of the river of life. How freely does it flow!

"Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore."

Ever it is overleaping its boundaries. Not only do the inhabitants of the heavenly city partake freely of its vivifying streams; but in its everflowing meandering course, it reaches the inhabitants of this lower world. Sometimes it comes in mighty torrents, so that with the poet we exclaim—

"It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink and drink, and drink again."

Alleluia! the river whose fountain-head is in the heavenly city is ever overflowing its banks. And the tree of life also grows on both sides of the river. The All-bountiful Giver of spiritual life is as mindful of His family on earth as of His family in heaven, O it is indeed true—

"The men of grace have found
Glory begun below
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope *do* grow."

We arrived at Geddes, situated on the suburbs of Syracuse, about two o'clock in the afternoon, just as the musical church-going bell was reminding the inhabitants that they must shortly repair to the services of the "Home Camp Meeting," now about to commence.

As pilgrims and sojourners we were introduced to the most delightful friendship and hospitalities of our brother and sister in Jesus, Dr. and Mrs. Porter of Geddes.

Partaking of a hurried repast we hastened to the Sanctuary. The people had already assembled and the voice of praise and prayer was ascending. Fearful that the subtle ad-

versary might possibly tempt the children of Zion to an undue dependance on human aid, we thought it better to humble the creature, and put self wholly out of sight at once, so we told the people at the outset that we were in fact only cyphers. But we also told them that if they would precede two cyphers with the figure *one* and let that one be Jesus, that would of course make *one hundred*, and in view of our utter helplessness without Jesus, we preferred to add another cypher, this would make ONE THOUSAND!

And inasmuch as it stands written, "One shall chase a thousand and *two* put ten thousand to flight, we would, in the name of the ONE who hath said, "I am the Almighty, call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things," anticipate glorious achievements. And truly has the Lord shown us great and mighty things, of which we may give you some particulars as the work progresses.

GEDDES, Syracuse, Nov. 16th.

Dear Brother—

We arrived here on Thursday afternoon, since which a glorious work has commenced. I feel careful in writing of these matters, exceeding solicitous that God alone should receive *all* the glory, and also that through the thanksgiving of many praise may be rendered to God.

Yesterday was only the fourth day. We took three services as usual with us on Sabbath. We talked about the baptism of fire as the present and *absolute* necessity of all the disciples of Jesus in every church community. The Lord owned His own truth in a remarkable manner.

When we asked how many would resolve to seek the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, perhaps not less than 150 or 200 rose to express their resolve that they would not rest without it. What scenes of Divine power did we witness through the day. Would that your charge in New York might be alike visited with manifestations of convicting, converting and sanctifying power. Doubtless you might witness similar scenes if the leading membership of your charge would in like manner get down into the *valley of decision*.

The result is, that a work of the Spirit has

suddenly commenced among the unconverted, and seventy persons of all classes and grades in the community have been won over from the ranks of sin to Jesus the Captain of our Salvation. What a work since last Thursday! We are told that such a revival has never been witnessed in these regions.

Some characteristics of the work are singularly beautiful and interesting. The salvation of one seems to be only a guarantee for the salvation of another.

It is not uncommon to see persons after being blest themselves, soon after rise from the altar and go out into various parts of the congregation, seeking their unsaved friends. And strange as it may appear, as far as I have observed, they seem always to be successful in their mission. I observed two young ladies who were side by side powerfully blest, not long after their translation out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear son, they rose from their kneeling position, one quickly following the other, joined hands and pausing in the rear of the congregation they began to plead with a young lady. Soon they brought her forward, each taking her by the hand and she a weeping captive between them; both acting as if they really had a *right* to demand surrender to Jesus. The young lady they brought had refused to come to the meetings and attended a ball the night previous.

Tuesday morning, the 17th.—The work is rapidly increasing in power every day. The afternoon meetings are largely attended, the people often coming from miles around. It is at the afternoon meetings particularly that the church gives herself with strength for the evening services. It is here that the disciples wait with one accord for the gift of power. They that wait upon the Lord *do* renew their strength.

Last night the flame of revival was increasingly *intensified*. The altar and all its surroundings were crowded with seekers. In the preceding paragraph I referred to the converts soliciting their friends. Last night several interesting and intelligent young ladies started up quickly from the altar, acting as though a voice had really spoken to the Spirit's ear, saying Go! Some went to the gallery, others to various parts of the

congregation, and returning brought as *captives* to the feet of Jesus, several young gentlemen. I presume these were the special friends of those that brought them. But was it not beautiful. In the sight of heaven, surely it was sublime. But I must close my little sheet is full and my time exhausted.

Dear Brother and Sister—

The works of the Lord are honorable and glorious, sought out of all who have pleasure therein. How your ever attuned hearts, would shout aloud the praises of the Triune Deity, could you witness the conquests of Israel's hosts day after day at this place.

The battle was set in array, just one week ago yesterday, and last evening the excellent pastor in charge of the M. E. Church in this place, announced to the people, that he had recorded the names of about one hundred won over from the ranks of sin, besides a large number of church members, who had newly received the baptism of fire. These are the Lord's doings and marvelous in our eyes.

The particulars of the work are remarkably interesting, but the pressure on my time will not allow of my narrating them now. I have said to dear Dr. P., that the signal demonstrations of convicting, converting and sanctifying power we are daily witnessing reminds me of what our good Presbyterians call, the *sovereignty* of grace.

I seem divinely constrained to believe that this sudden, and (in these parts) unprecedented outburst of the revival flame, is by way of giving demonstration to the fact that HOLINESS IS POWER—the power that is to bring the world to the feet of Jesus—the world's Redeemer.

I regret to say, but it is an admitted fact, and too well known to require reservation, that holiness as a distinct work, to be received now by faith, and *professed*, has in these regions been much controverted. I might state reasons but refrain. In regard to all these matters I like the humble yet dignified bearing of Nehemiah, "I am engaged in a great work and cannot come down." He guarded the *work*, not *himself*, but amid seeming risk, life and reputation being apparently in jeopardy, he persistingly went on with his work and the walls of Jerusalem were safely reared.

Rev. G. M. Pierce is pastor of the Geddes Church. He is eminently a man of God. You may remember him, as he was so efficiently in charge of the five o'clock morning meetings at Manheim. We had long stood invited, but were not able to come till last Thursday. The work began at once.

We told them that our stay must be very short, but we would come and assist them in holding what they might designate a "HOME CAMP MEETING." And now, "What God hath wrought." Over fifty are forward nightly for prayers, and with every day the flame of revival is spreading and intensifying. Glory be to God in the highest.

Dear S.—

Last evening we had our farewell service at Geddes. It was a memorable season. We took the parting hand after Camp Meeting fashion, the crowded congregation coming down one aisle and passing before the altar, where within the rail, the dear minister with ourselves stood.

It is affecting as we thus meet and part with hundreds at the various places we visit, whose faces we shall see no more on earth, but with the sadness is a commingling of holy triumph. Surely the blissful salutations awaiting us in the Eternal City will be far sweeter from the recollection of having thus met on earth's battlefield and witnessed such glorious conquests in the name of Christ the world's conqueror.

And then to take the last gaze at the glowing faces and tearful eyes of the many who have newly enlisted, and now as fresh candidates for a crown of eternal glory. What a mingling of loving solicitudes, and blissful hopes fill the hour!

We have been favored with the best of helpers here; both ministry and laity have come up nobly to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The beloved minister in charge of the church in Geddes, Rev. G. M. Peirce, has indeed been most indefatigable in self-sacrificing labor, and also Rev. Erwin and Rev. D. W. Thurston. How delightful it will be when all the dear laborers of our Lord, shall meet in the heavenly kingdom, and cast their crowns at the feet of the world's Redeemer. Incidents of much interest come up before me which my pen would fain sketch, that through the thanksgiving of many praise may redound to God, but I can only here say, that many of God's

people were sanctified wholly, and the names of *about two hundred* recorded, eighty of whom were heads of families, who during our two weeks' sojourn at Geddes, were brought over from the ranks of sin to Jesus. Glory be to God in the highest!

Rebibal Miscellany.

For the Guide.

HOME CAMP MEETING, GEDDES, N. Y.

On Thursday, Nov. 12th, a meeting was commenced, properly designated as above, at Geddes, N. Y., a place sometimes called, from its being an uninterrupted continuance, as to its buildings of Syracuse, and from its unity of business interests with the city—the ninth ward of Syracuse.

PREVIOUS CONDITION.

There had not been for many years a sweeping revival of religion among us, church difficulties had arisen and operated very injuriously upon the religious interests of the place, while skepticism in all its forms and phases, from "liberal Christianity" to unblushing atheism, had strongly intrenched itself in our midst. For several years the church had gradually been righting itself up and securing respect and influence in the community, and prospering in all its temporal interests, yet feeling deeply its need of a thorough work of God to gather in to Christ the large population around it.

PLAN AGREED ON.

To secure the end designed, it was determined to make a grand rally of God's people in some protracted outset, at the opportune moment. The pastor, feeling his need of some more experienced persons to labor with him, a unanimous request of his official board, extended an earnest invitation to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer of New York, to spend some time with them. For this purpose the pastor visited the National Camp Meeting at Manheim to make arrangements for this meeting. These arrangements were then in a measure agreed upon.

THE MEETING ITSELF.

The meeting which was held every afternoon and evening was originally designed for a single week, but such were the marked indications of Providence in the matter, that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, at the urgent request of the people, re-

mained two weeks. We herewith present some of the salient points of the meeting.

PREPARATORY WORK.

The spiritual interests of the meeting had been gradually improving for several months and some souls had been led to Christ. The Church had been feeling deeper than ever its need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit and groaning, "O Lord revive thy work." The Church felt that a crisis was approaching and when the Camp meeting was appointed, made a covenant that they would fast and pray, and give up their time during the meeting to Jesus in going from house to house religiously—so that those who had been invited to come and labor among us, should not want in outside labor, and we think in this respect the Church during the meeting was faithful to its covenant.

CENTRAL IDEA.

This evidently was holiness. The sentiment of the banner unfurled as the standard of the campaign, under which to stand, around which to rally the forces of Immanuel's army, and which should be the watchword of every soldier, was "Holiness to the Lord." This subject was so earnestly and so clearly presented, as to disarm opposition and excite wonder why this blessing was not seen and sought and felt before.

INSIDE WORK.

During the meeting, truth was presented in simple, direct manner, as the Holy Spirit led the minds and hearts of those who led the devotions of the hour. Thus were the people wooed and won to Christ from a consciousness of the attractiveness of the Gospel, and their own convictions of duty to God, while at times the solemn, sad fate of the lost was presented to admonish and arouse—and friends were sent abroad through the congregation to introduce loved ones unsaved to Jesus, who presided at the altar of mercy. The young converts were very active in this work.

OUTSIDE WORK.

The members having covenanted to work for God, were directed to spend a portion of time in the morning in prayer, that God would open to them the way of usefulness each day, that their minds might be led to some one whom it was God's will that they should lead to the Sanctuary in the evening, and if possible to Christ, and then go and work for and with such a one during the day.

SPECIAL REQUESTS.

In the afternoon meetings, which were designed more for the members, and which were made memorable by the Baptism of the Holy Spirit upon the Church, special requests were called for and presented, and united prayer offered for each in turn. As many as sixty were presented one afternoon, and each one separately presented to God, all present uniting in the petition. Some *very marked* answers to these prayers were recorded during the Camp-meeting.

ORDER.

We were all gratified with the order of the meeting. There was a remarkable freedom from extravagancies, and disorderly and fanatical demonstrations, such as breaking away, and starting for Christ. The good Spirit has been with us blessedly since, and we have great hopes for the future.

Right here we render our thanks to Rev. Bros. James Erwin and D. W. Thurston, who rendered us valuable aid during the meeting. All our churches in the city were represented in the Camp-meeting, and shared in a measure the baptism received.

Why not every Methodist Church start out on the same plan this winter, and each hold a Camp Meeting of its own—the members rallying around the pastor—giving up their time for the week or longer, to the work of God, their forenoons to prayer and personal labor, their afternoons to meetings of the members for the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and their evenings to the work of the conversion of souls? “Now unto Him *that has done exceeding abundant above all that we asked or thought*, according to the power that worketh in us,” “unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end Amen.”

G. M. PIERCE,
Pastor, Geddes M. E. Church.

For the Guide.

SOUTH OF THE POTOMAC.

REV. E. W. PIERCE.

I wish to say, to the praise of God's grace, that the work of holiness is wonderfully extending in Botetourt County, Va. Within the past six weeks some fifty souls on my charge have entered the Canaan of perfect love. In different localities, at the present time, there

is a desire for full salvation, and sinners are turning to Jesus.

The special loveliness of the movement is, that it embraces God's dear people of different names. In holding extra meetings I remark that, as a pastor of the M. E. Church, I have certain duties and responsibilities to persons who are, or wish to be, connected with that branch of the common Zion, but beyond this I will thank believers not to tell me what Church they are connected with; and all I wish to know of them or to say to them, is, if they enjoy the blessing of perfect love, give to God fervent hallelujahs! if they do not, seek the work as something *presently* to be attained by entire consecration, and immediate, importuning, believing prayer and faith. All praise to our uttermost Saviour!

November, 1868.

For the Guide.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Rev. A. Arthur writes, “The work of holiness in this region did not close with Moundsville, West Virginia, Camp Meeting. Its progress has been steady and onward ever since. On Marshall Charge not one professing this great blessing before the Camp Meeting, now seventy-five profess it. And the work goes on. Twenty-six have received it within the last week, and many more are seeking it. Rev. W. F. Cannan reports that forty-five on the Grove Creek Charge have received the baptism of fire and of power since Camp Meeting. The City of Wheeling—all the Charges—have reported about 130; Moundsville, 12; making in all 259. This is not all. The work has been spreading elsewhere. May it continue. It is of the Lord, and must succeed.

CENTRE SANDWICH.

Rev. T. M. Cilley writes, *** “The converts generally have stood up nobly for Jesus, and they are growing strong. There were a few new and interesting cases of conversion, both the first and second week after you left us. This week the work has received a new impulse, and the prospect is now better than ever for a more extensive work. The work has broken out at the Lower Corner, where Brother W. lives. Last Tuesday evening there were eight or ten new cases, some of them very interesting and hopeful. What is most remarkable they seem to be born sword

in hand, and immediately become valiant soldiers. Brother W. is all alive in the work. This evening we have had the most glorious class meeting that I ever attended. Such faith I seldom ever saw in this or in any other place. All express the strongest confidence that the work will go on yet more gloriously.

I commenced to form a praying band after meeting, and ten brethren gave in their names. The blessed work of holiness is also progressing in the Church. We intend, by the grace of God, to keep the standard up, and display the banner of holiness from this time henceforth. Brother F. is heart and soul in the work and is making himself greatly useful in many ways. He is made all over new since you came here. Sister B. wished me to say to you that her husband has been given to her in answer to prayer.

Now, my dear Brother and Sister, I can never be thankful enough that you consented to come to such a barren and uninviting field as this, but you will have your reward. But let us unite in giving praise and thanksgivings to God and the Lamb for this signal display of His power in rescuing sinners from the grasp of the enemy. The excellency of the power is all of God, and we will give him the glory.

SOUTHPORT.

Rev. D. Nash writes, "We have had a blessed work in Southport since you were here. The meetings are still continued with interest. My head, hands, and heart have been fully engaged, but we labor for a blessed Master. Every evening we have had more or less forward for prayers. We thank you very much for your visit. The Lord recompense your work and a full reward be given you of the Lord God of Israel."

REVIVAL ITEMS.

Rev. Watson Case, Pastor of Greenmount Avenue Station, Baltimore, writes as follows: "This charge for several weeks has been enjoying a most gracious and remarkable revival of Holy Ghost religion. Located, as the Church is, in the midst of a heavy Romish element, the success of the Gospel here has exceeded the highest expectations of many. So far eighty have professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Four Roman Catholics and one Episcopalian lady (who said as she came to

the altar, 'I am tired of idolatry'), have been soundly converted to God, and with most of the saved have united with the M. E. Church. The best of all, God is with us."

REVIVAL AT EAST NEW YORK MISSION.—Rev. H. Aston writes: "The Lord is giving us a gracious revival shower. For some weeks past God has honored the ordinary means with the conversion of souls. But a week ago last evening we had a wonderful time; about forty were seeking the Saviour. The altar was filled a second time during the evening, many penitents finding peace, of all ages, from seventy, down. Last evening the altar was filled, and several found peace."

At Unionville, Orange County, N. Y., a precious work has been going forward for several weeks. The Pastor, Rev. S. H. Switzer, writes: "For five weeks the work has been going on with increasing interest and power. The 'Town Hall,' in which we worship, has been crowded to overflowing, and nightly the altar is crowded with penitents. Thus far the Lord has crowned our labors with the conversion of fifty souls, mostly heads of families. Among the number are some of the most prominent and influential men in society. It is wonderful still to see the operations of the Spirit of God upon the hearts of sinners. We are expecting large accessions to the Church at this point, neglected so long by our preachers and people."

REVIVAL.—Rev. A. B. Scott writes: "There is an excellent revival of religion in progress on the Ridgebury Charge, Ellenville District, New York Conference. The meetings have been in progress two weeks, and are still increasing in interest. Over thirty have been converted; many more are seeking. About twenty-five have been received on probation. Husband, wife, mother, daughter, and granddaughter bow at the altar together. Rev. I. J. Divine, of Brooklyn, is present, and with his usual earnestness is rendering efficient service. Rev. J. G. Oakley, of Middletown, was present one evening, and delivered a very effective discourse, after which a number came forward for prayers."

ST. PETER'S, Reading.—Rev. R. H. Pattison, Pastor.—The revival still continues. Over 50 persons have been converted.

Correspondence.

CHURCH AT MANHEIM.

The readers of the "Guide" will remember Manheim as the place where the National Camp Meeting was held last July. During the meeting the sum of *five hundred dollars* was contributed for the purpose of establishing a mission in the village. Since then a minister has been appointed and commenced his labors. The little band he hath gathered together need the aid and sympathy of their brethern. Providentially a neat church, located in a most desirable position has been placed at their disposal. It has been purchased at the remarkable low figure of *twelve hundred dollars*. The numerous friends of holiness who were present at the Camp Meeting, it is hoped, will respond generously and promptly to this appeal. Forward your contributions, dear brethren and sisters, to the undersigned, 57 Greene St., New York, or to S. S. Huff, Manheim, Lancaster Co., Pa. In this way we may furnish a lasting and useful memorial of the great Pentecost of the National Camp Meeting of 1868.

J. S. INSKIP.

For the Guide.

WHAT ONE DOLLAR CAN DO.

There appeared in the July No. of the "Guide," an editorial headed, "Will you invest?"

How many of the readers of the Guide have concluded to respond to this call? many of the investments of to-day are precarious, but this is perfectly safe. Remember that one dollar sends the "Guide" to a minister for one year. Perhaps under the pressure of duties and insufficient time for reading, the editorial referred to was by some overlooked, if so please refer to the twenty-fourth page of the July No. of the "Guide" and you will see that this valuable monthly, so full of rich, deep experiences can be sent to *one hundred ministers* for one hundred dollars! It is a marvel to us how it can be thus afforded, but we must presume that it is through the munificence of those who manage it, in order to bring it within the reach of all.

So now is our time to work for Jesus. And what an honor to be permitted to be put in trust for the Gospel! to be co-workers with our elder brother.

Reader, just draw up a paper and carry it with you, and when you meet a friend of Jesus ask him for five three or one dollar for this purpose.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth. Give it for the master and it will come back to you in spiritual blessings—more than four-fold.

Your pastor will preach better to you, and while you are thus watering you will find yourself watered. Bring this additional tithe into the store-house and *prove* Him and see if the blessing does not come. See if that son—mother—for whom you have prayed so long—is not brought to Jesus. If that daughter—whom you have laid upon the altar, does not bow at the foot of the cross. "Faithful is He who hath promised."

Among the work's of art in one of the foreign picture galleries, there is a painting of the crucifixion, which so appeals to the natural feelings of those who view it, that it has often forced tears from the eyes of the most careless visitor. While the impression is yet fresh, an inscription in the frame catches the eye and turns the mere emotion into a practical question:

"I did this for thee: What art thou doing for me."

Let us read on the margin of every thing we do,

"IS THIS FOR JESUS?"

It is the little trickling results that come down from the mountains that make up the mighty rivers. It was the mite of the widow that met the Master's approval. On the other hand, it was he who having but the one talent and hid it away, called out the reproof of the Saviour.

We can all do a little in some part of the vineyard. Let us then be stimulated to do it *promptly*, for the time is short.

"Life is real—life is earnest

And the grave is not its goal

'Dust thou art! to dust returnest,'

Was not spoken of the soul."

FO'KEEPSIE, Nov. 18th, 1868.

[This excellent experience would have appeared some time since but was mislaid.—Ed.]

EXPERIENCE OF AN ITINERANT'S WIFE.

H. A. W.

Much as I prize the reading of the "Guide," your valuable periodical, I shall be unworthy to receive another number unless I endeavor

to acquit myself of a feeling of an obligation left upon my spirit, some time since, when it was assured me I could add another to the list of your contributors, if I would write for insertion in its pages a testimony of my own experience. So powerful have been the workings of grace in my heart, that to speak in honor of the Saviour's name under ordinary circumstances, since it is but faint proof of the debt of love and gratitude I owe, is rather a privilege than a cross; but as I pass onward in my Christian career, often as one duty ceases to be a cross, from the increasing love I bear the Master, another is added.

The testimony meant was in substance this. "Once I had consciousness of strength, but convinced of God's righteous claims upon my entire being, all was consecrated without, deliberately, without reserve, and forever. The grace I sought, even, "heart purity," was realized. But all grace must be tested, hence I was thrust into the crucible; idols were abandoned, were crushed; the enemy of all righteousness, from whose bondage my soul was rescued, and to whom the work of testing, seemed by permissive Providence to have been granted, hurling his taunts and anathemas after me to that degree, that though I felt a oneness with Christ I had never known before, while beneath was most triumphant, still when pointed by the tormentor of the righteous to the scathing endured, and the adversary suggests, "What do you think of holiness now?" I would at times feel such want of power of myself to hold on to Christ by faith, that I saw my weakness must be consecrated; and now salvation comes to me, in that measure that I know neither weakness nor strength. That is, both are so merged in Christ, they are alike to me, and I go onward, keeping my eye on the line of duty, laboring alone in the strength of Him who saves me. I am not permitted to say lofty things, hence I can only say this seems to me a blessed realization of those secrets of divine inspiration. "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." It utterly annihilates all idea of the perfection I once expected to realize in myself. Instead, all is of Christ, through Christ, in Christ.

INCIDENT.

Among the first fruits of the Portling District Camp Meeting, which was a rich means

of grace to many, was the youngest of a band of three sons of one of our itinerants, whose sainted mother had a few weeks before passed to her "home in the skies," and the eldest of our own trio of sons. The two were between the ages of 12 and 14 and both knelt with their different tent companies at the same hour, seeking pardon, both trusting in Christ, though our own son seemed to us for a time to have inherited that same dread of cross bearing that characterized our own early religious career. Some weeks later, very early in the progress of a series of meetings with our own people, a second son openly witnessed to Christ's power to save. Soon after he said to me, "Ma, I grow happier and happier every day; I have been saved ever since Camp Meeting," "And how is this?" said I, not doubting his candor or sincerity, and knowing he remained at home, and a little surprised besides at my own want of tact in failing to mix with religious counsel some inquiry sufficiently direct to have elicited the fact. "Why," said he, "I heard before Wilbur came home that he was saved, and I told the Lord he had saved Wilbur, now come and save me." O I thought the simplicity of childhood faith, at the same time a gust of silent praise from my spirit's depths ascended heavenward to Him who had so kindly watched over loved ones in my absence while engaged in religious worship in the tented green.

For the encouragement of those who like us labor in Christ's vineyard, let me say that our entire band of loved ones, between the ages of 10 and 16 years, have all, within a few months been enabled to trust the Saviour, and are endeavoring to walk with us in the way that leads to everlasting life. Pray for us that as a household we may constantly be so thoroughly saved that as we go forth fulfilling our life's mission, sowing the seeds of life, no unholy influence shall go forth from us to scatter the seeds of death along with them.

BIRTHDAY RESOLVES AND REFLECTIONS.

M. A. SPARLING.

Fifty years of my life are gone forever, and I can only exclaim, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all my days." What shall I render to him to-day for all his mercies? My heart I give anew to thee, with a renewal of my former consecration, "my heart to be

Thy temple, my will Thy servant, conscience Thy witness, memory a storehouse full of Christ, and my whole life henceforth a mirror of Christ, reflecting his image every where I go." O, yes! I give all, and seek all in Christ, praying daily to be cleansed by His most precious blood.

I do most earnestly desire to be crucified daily with Christ. That I may live a life of faith unto holiness, that the end may be everlasting life. I pray God to write the life and power of this consecration, with the precious blood of Christ indelibly upon my heart, and may the Holy Spirit keep it continually before my mind, so I may never forget, but faithfully pay my vows unto the Lord.

From to-day (my fiftieth birthday) I will call nothing mine but Jesus, glory in nothing but the cross.

A word to those seeking a pure heart. There is no middle or half-way work about religion, or a sanctified heart. You must first feel a burning thirst, like one ready to perish, a pinching hunger, known only to a starving man. Then, and then only, will you cry from the depths of your soul, give me poverty, reproach, persecution, loss of friends, reputation, but oh give me Jesus! Give me any suffering that shall be for Thy glory, but deny me not that precious gift, a pure heart, with holiness inscribed thereon. I often hear professors say, "O, I had such a struggle in letting go!"

But this, dear reader, is not so, the struggle was in holding on. It takes a great deal more strength to hold on to anything than to let go. God help us all to let go of earth, and grasp Jesus! On him, and him alone, may you hold with an unyielding grasp. To Him I cling to-day as my present and full Saviour. I may never write again for the "Guide," for my health is failing fast, but let me assure you, I shall die a believer, in the blood of Christ, as efficacious to wash the foulest clean.

"A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE"

CLAREMONT, N. H., Sept. 1868.

Religion refines our moral sentiments, disengages the heart from every vain desire, renders it tranquil under misfortune, humble in the presence of God, and steady in the society of men.—*Johnson*

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.

"A sister's heart was so full that she must praise the Lord. Glory to God she was free in the grace of Christ. If they knew how much she had suffered from spiritual bondage all her life, they would now rejoice with her. She had been afraid to do duty lest some one should be displeased, but one week ago a friend came to ask me to go with her to the young folk's prayer-meeting. She said "I can't," and excused herself by the remark that she belonged to the old folks, but she was afraid if she went she would have to do something. She turned away sad in heart and said "Lord help me and I will never say can't again." She then went to the meeting, and the sister leading it said, "such a brother will please pray, and then sister——will follow," naming me. The tempter said "you can't." But she kept saying, "I can, I will, the Lord helping." She had no more than commenced before she forgot there was any one present but Jesus and herself, and the Lord came and blessed all who were present in a special manner, and from that time she would not say "can't," for Jesus could strengthen.

"GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU."

Sister R. had not been permitted to attend the meeting for a few weeks but had thought of it, and of the multitudes who were in the larger meetings, and had been wondering whether they would hear the word gladly and whether Jesus would have the honor of saving the multitude, and whether what they received they would give away, so that the riches of Christ should not be shut up, for souls often met with loss by trying to keep all. The children of Israel lost whenever they undertook to keep the manna over night, except on the Sabbath. How we look at and receive Christ for ourselves determines everything. If this room were dark, and yet the Sun was shining in all its strength, all they would have to do would be to open the blinds. Christ is the Way, and God always saves in

Christ. Believing what He says brought us to God through him, but this was an individual act. We are born alone, and we live in Christ alone. The moment we attempt to take a partner in, that moment Christ withdraws. Jesus says, "My sureties I give you, my testimonies I give you," and now who will take them this moment. A brother said he thought "Satan held some souls on time," but he could not prevent a soul from seeing the truth, and making it his own. If a soul did not embrace the truth, when it was perceived, Satan had him yet. God says "trust me and see if I do not long to come into you and shed abroad the sunlight of my love." But how few have a burning light that beams out upon all the people? Everything that comes from God to the soul is superadded; and whenever we take anything that is not *super*, it is as so many chains to fetter us: and whatever church thinks of and takes the intellect for a reliance, it must be mistaken. God knows whether we trust intellect or the Holy Ghost. If *self*, also, is not laid down it will get turned around some feeble growth of earth and fall down. A friend said to her, "Do you think we ever learn anything but through sorrow?" She answered, "yes, if we yield our will; but if we will not learn but through the knife, then God may send the knife." Now we should not mean to make any spoiliations, or to ask what will sanctification do with me, or will it make me talk or be still, or whether this friend will laugh at you or not. All these "ifs" or doubts must be laid down. Are we clinging to the Cross? We must have something from God to love God with. The love of God shed abroad in our hearts is the best possible capital with which to work, and the will is the door, if any man will open the door; but it is not in election. The will must go down before God's truth. Satan may have us now, but the man, Christ Jesus, wants you. Now give yourself to him and say "I do, I do."

Rev. A. McLean said that he was one of God's little ones. He believed in the answer to prayer in Water St., there having been several references to the revival there during the course of the meeting. When I was a boy I used to prepare wood for the house. I took the very knottiest old logs first, then the others came easy. You often see a great log

across a stream, and many lesser ones collected by the water above it; move the great log and they all follow. We seem to think God can only get down the sapplings, and that He can't cut down the great oaks. As if God could not deal with the hardest sinners, and bring them under the influence of the Gospel. During the night, recently, we heard a noise in the house. It went on until I thought it was time for me to get up and see. I went from garret to cellar—found no one there. I thought how foolish Christians are to let burglars into their own hearts. Every instinct of my nature says—no, my house is no place for burglars. So neither is my heart. I asked God to strike a light, and help me to see from garret to cellar in my heart if there were any enemies, but no, bless God, all was bright, all was unharmed. There are some houses which have burglar alarms, so that if a burglar even attempts to open a window a bell inside strikes rapidly and awakens the inmates. Jesus is my alarm. I used to resolve not to be overtaken, and then sin before I was aware of it. I used to be easily overcome. At the least rattle now I am warned. O how strange to let in the burglars! Don't you see how good it is to have enemies outside, and Jesus inside? Dear soul, do get Jesus enthroned within. Then how sweet your way will be!

Children's Corner.

CAN A CHILD COME TO CHRIST.

Hattie R. was an only child. Her father was a devoted minister, and the care of little Hattie devolved upon her mother, an earnest Christian woman, who early sought to sow good seed in the mind of her little one.

When Hattie was five years old there was much religious interest in the congregation, and many were led to the Saviour. As Hattie's mother and a Christian friend were talking of the great things God was doing, they perceived the bitter weeping of little Hattie.

"What is it my child?" the mother asked. "O, mamma, I have done so many naughty things, and I am afraid I shall die."

The lady then took her leave and the mother was alone with her child and the Saviour, the hearer of prayer. Taking the little one in her arms, the mother said,

"Hattie, you do feel that you are a sinner?"

"O, yes, mamma."

"Well, what should we do when we feel that we have offended God?"

"Ask him to forgive us."

"God tells us that he will forgive us when we ask Him. He tells us he loves to have little children come to him. I should be grieved if my little daughter did not trust me. It is just so with Jesus. He wants you to give your heart to him. Shall we ask God to help you to come to come to him now?"

The two knelt down, and the mother offered a fervent prayer that God would make this little one his own.

Hattie then poured out her heart in the following prayer: "O, Saviour, won't you forgive me for all the naughty things I have done, and make me your little, girl and help me to be good all the time, and take me to heaven when I die?"

When they arose from their knees Hattie was still weeping. After further conversation they knelt again, and the mother besought the Saviour to heal the heart he had broken. Still Hattie continued to weep, and her mother, taking her in her arms, said, "So my little girl cannot believe that Jesus will forgive her when he says he will. The Saviour means just what he says."

A third time they knelt in prayer. When they rose up from their knees, Hattie looked up through her tears and said, "Mamma, there is a paper in papa's study that tells us all about it; let me get it." She was gone but a moment, and returned with a Child's Paper, and pointed to the article, which was a simple invitation to little children to come to Christ, assuring them in Scripture language that he would certainly receive them.

From that time Hattie's mind seemed to be at rest. She loved prayer, and seemed to take a delight in talking of Jesus. When alone with her mother she would frequently say, "Ma, let's have a prayer meeting."

Future months and years gave sweet evidence that the work in the heart of this little one was the genuine work of the Holy Spirit. She lived to her Saviour. Being called to severe suffering, she bore all with submission. "It is my Father," she would say; "let him do what seemeth good."

Do not parents and teachers limit God when they feel that the little ones committed to their care cannot be led to Christ? To the question, "How soon should we begin to love God?" a little girl gave this answer: "As soon as we know who God is."

Book Notices.

Several excellent works, recently from the press of Carlton and Lanahan were announced in our last, and others from Tibbal's, 37 Park Row, of which we intended to give a more extended notice in the present issue. Other valuable works have also since been received, and an acknowledgment of which will be given in our February number. Much other valuable matter has been crowded out, which will appear in our next.

A RARE PICTURE.

A picture of rare excellence, octavo sized photograph, also small ones suitable for Albums, said to be the only true likeness of our Lord and Saviour, has been sent to us to notice. It surely reminds of Him who took upon himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men. The sight of our eyes affect our heart, as we remember Him who wept that we might smile. On a card accompanying the likeness we read thus:

"Taken from one cut in an Emerald by command of Tiberius Caesar, and which was given from the Treasury of Constantinople by the Emperor of the Turks, to Pope Innocent Eighth, for the redemption of his brother, then captive to the Christians."

The following extract given in proof of the authenticity of the portrait is translated from the Latin cotemporary historians of the period: "News to the Senate of Rome, concerning JESUS CHRIST, in the days of Tiberius Caesar, the Emperor, as the governors of sundry provinces, under the Senate and the people of Rome used to advertise the Senate of such news as chanced in the divers countries. Publius Lentulus, being at that time President in Judea, wrote an epistle to the Senate and people of Rome, the words whereof were these:—"There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a Prophet of Truth, but his own disciples called him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall, and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as beholders may both love and fear; his hair is the color of philbert, full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears; but from the ears downward somewhat curled; and more orient of color, waving on his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam, or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Naramites; his forehead very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with comely red; his nose and mouth, so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in color to the hair of his head, not of any great length, in the midst of an innocent and mature look; His eyes are grey, clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible; in admonishing courteous, and fair spoken; pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight; his arms and hands slight and delectable to behold, in speaking very temperate, modest and wise. A man for singular beauty surpassing the children of men. Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Sperry & Bros. For Sale at 14 Bible House, N. Y.

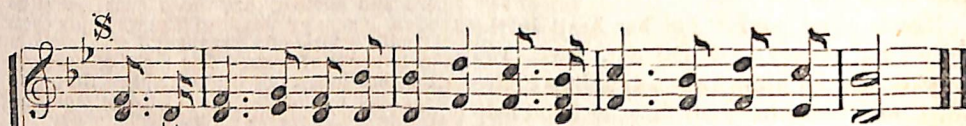
For the Guide.

Our Pilgrim Hope.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



Christian Pilgrim, nearing Beulah, Mark its beauty, seek its light,



Pass each pleasure, fear no foe-man, Till you're robed in purest white,
D. S. They en-joy a rich-er treasure, Who commune with De-i-ty,



Blest a - bove the common measure Are the pure for God they'll see.



Wand'rer from the cross of Jesus,
Why in darkness will you dwell?
Hasten to the opened fountain,
That you once did love so well.
Christ is power, why should you perish?
Christ is love, why will you die?
He can break the wild temptation.
If you at His feet will lie.

Pilgrim suffering for Jesus,
Shrink not though 'tis yours to bear,
Glorify the world's Redeemer
Till He wipes away each tear,
For each pain there is a rapture;
For each night, there is a day;
When the clouds pass, then the sunshine,
All the brighter marks the way.

God's dear grace is compensating,
What He asks rejoice to give;
If He takes us from the vineyard,
Let us neither weep nor grieve;
If He gives us pain and sorrow,
Let us make them our delight;
If our hope sees but the morrow,
Weeping lasts but for the night.

Dying Saint with well-plumed pinion,
Poised now for thy upward flight.
Stands ajar the heavenly portal,
For thy coming to its light.
Soon thou'lt tread the gold-paved city,
With the Eternal there to dwell;
And forever robed in beauty,
Thou wilt Jesus' praises tell.

Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

CONSECRATION ENTIRE.

MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE OF THE SOCIETY
OF FRIENDS.

DAVID TATUM.

"WITHOUT holiness no man shall see the Lord." How solemn the thought, but sweet to the believers who have come to our Divine Master and laid all at his feet, fully consecrated in all things to Christ. "That the trial of our faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

I have long believed in the doctrine of Holiness, for I could not deny the word of my Lord, "that the pure in heart shall see God," but to preach it from a stand-point of satisfactory experience, I could not until of late. Though a minister of the gospel in the Society of Friends, for twelve years, and abundantly blessed of the Lord in winning souls to Christ, being called very much to pastoral and missionary labor in and out of the Church, among all classes of people, but especially to the poor, sick and afflicted, pointing them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

In the fall of 1867, while engaged in the service of my blessed Redeemer, I felt an inward want of something I did not possess, which attended me more or less for a whole year. I knew that I was a child of God, and Christ my Saviour had redeemed me by his blood, and I was willing to spend and be spent, for Jesus' sake, that I might win Christ and save souls. But in all this, the burden

of want increased, when the Lord led me in his kind Providence to the camp meeting at Sing Sing last summer. My cup of suffering was now full, weighed down and knew not for why. After a few days, I was led of the Spirit to unbosom my feelings and course of life to a few of these Christian friends, when they discovered the cause to be a lack of entire consecration of the little property God had given me. I had laid myself and family on the altar of sacrifice, but was I now willing to lay this also and look to Him for my bread, disconnected from all business relations, without a support from the church and live a life of trust while in the service of my Lord. This was the test of my faith and allegiance to Christ, and a close one it was.

Shortly after I was favored to hear Bro. and Sister Palmer of N. Y., with their friends, speak on the subject of holiness and entire consecration in such a clear convincing manner, I was fully persuaded of my need, and how easily this little property might become a stone of stumbling to me. And as I sat under their teaching, God helped me by His spirit to make the surrender, and I consecrated fully my life, my family, my all that He had given me, laying it on the altar of sacrifice for Jesus' sake. So entire was that consecration that I felt my property pass from me, to the Divine Giver as though it had been to a friend by deed. I was now impressed that I ought to relate my experience, which was a great cross. But as I tremblingly sealed the consecration by open confession, I felt a nearness of approach to my Saviour, that caused me to reach for-

ward my hands as though I might lay hold on my blessed Redeemer, when I was instantly released of the burden of my heart that had so long attended me, and filled with a satisfying portion of grace, resting sweetly in the assurance, "He that spared not His only begotten son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with him also freely give us all things." Now this experience has been so blessed to me, I shall always look back upon it, as a bright spot in my life with grateful feeling to my Heavenly Father for His kind dealings with me. Dear reader, if thou art not fully consecrated to Christ in all things, let me entreat thee as a brother not to keep back part of the price, but give to Jesus thy whole heart and receive the fullness of His blessing, with the assurance from one who has born the discipline of the cross, that the more thorough the work, the greater the joy.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

No. 5.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

(Continued from page 10.)

NOBLE EXAMPLES.

Would we follow the example of the illustrious who have gone on before, we must cultivate this fruit of patience. See Joseph, how many provocations had he received from his brethren, and yet he scarcely mentions their crimes, so eager was he to proclaim their pardon. David says, "they rewarded me evil for good; but as for me when they were sick, my clothing was sackcloth." Stephen, dying under a shower of stones, with scarce strength enough to kneel, prays for his enemies, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." Jesus when enduring the cross for us, everything conspiring to render the provocation heinous, the nature of the offense, the meanness of the charges, the obligation of the offenders, the righteousness of his cause, the grandeur of his person, all seemed to call for vengeance. The creatures all seemed eager to punish, Peter drew his sword, the sun refused to shine on such criminals any longer, the rocks

asked to crush them, the earth trembles under the sinful load, the very dead arose as if to avenge his wrongs. He suffers all to testify their sympathy, but forbids their revenge, and so patient was he, that lest the Judge of all should pour out his fury upon them, He cries "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Chrysostom gives us a fine illustration of patience, when unjustly banished and uncertain as to what his fate might be, said, "I am not moved, if the Queen will banish me, I will think of John on the Isle of Patmos; if she will saw me assunder, I'll think of Isaiah; if she cast me into the sea I will remember Jonah; if into the fiery furnace I will remember the three Hebrew children; if I am thrown to the wild beasts, I will think of Daniel; and if she will stone me with stones, I will think of Stephen; if she behead me, I will think of John the Baptist; or, if she deprive me of my all, I have nothing but what I have received."

Basil, the great, on patience under injuries, once said, "Has any one permitted himself to make use of injurious expressions respecting you? Reply to him by blessings. Does he treat you ill? Be patient. Does he reproach you? Is the reproach just? If it be, condemn yourself; if not, it is but a breath of air. Flattery could not really impart a merit to you, if you have it not; nor calumny give you faults that you do not actually possess. Does he tax you with ignorance? In showing yourself angry, you justify the charge. Does he persecute you? Think of Jesus Christ. Can you ever suffer as he has suffered?"

Rev. Matthew Poole, a celebrated commentator, whom the writer has the honor of reckoning among his ancestors, spent sixteen years in compiling the immense work known as "the Synopsis Criticorum," during which time he rose every morning at five, and never dined out once. Having at length finished the work, he went out to enjoy a little rest with a friend, when his wife in a fit of bad temper, destroyed the manuscripts. On his return, grieved as he was, he

simply said, "my dear, thou hast done very wrong," and next morning rose at four to recommence his labor, and never relaxed it till the task was finished the second time. We might well say of him,

"Like some well fashioned arch his patience stood
And purchased strength from each increasing load."

TERTULLIAN.

I will close this article by giving a free, and I think a correct translation, from the writings of Tertullian, a celebrated father in the primitive church, on patience. He says: "God is a perfect pattern of patience. If you suffer any wrong, He is the avenger; if any loss, He is the restorer; if any pain, He is the physician; if death, He is the resurrection to life. Patience guards faith, preserves peace, cherishes love, teaches humility, waits for repentance, signs a covenant, governs the flesh, strengthens the spirit, sweetens the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, subdues pride, she restrains the tongue, refrains the hand, tramples upon temptations, endures persecutions, and rejoices in martyrdom. Patience produces unity in the church, loyalty in the nation, peace in families and communities. She comforts the poor, gives temperance to the rich, makes us humble in prosperity, cheerful in adversity. Calm and unmoved by calumny and reproach. She teaches us to forgive those who have injured us and to be first in asking forgiveness of those we have injured. She charms the faithful, invites the alien, commends the servant to his master, and the master to the servant, and both to God. She adorns the woman, beautifies the man; is loved in a child, praised in a young person and admired in an old one; in each sex and in every age, she is beautiful.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

"Attend closely, if we have rightly drawn her likeness and habits. Her countenance is calm and serene as the face of heaven, unspotted by the shadow of a cloud; her forehead smooth, contracted with no wrinkles of grief and passion, her eyes are as the eyes of doves for meekness, and on her eyebrows sit

cheerfulness and joy, her mouth is marked with the loveliness of silence, her complexion and color are such as adorn the innocent and secure, while like the virgin daughter of Zion she constantly shakes her head at the adversary, despising and laughing him to scorn. She is clothed in the robes of the martyrs, and in her hand she holds a sceptre in the form of a cross. She rides not in the whirlwind and stormy tempest of passion, but her throne is the humble and sincere heart, and her kingdom is the kingdom of peace. A soft serenity of countenance is hers, open and clear and bright like him whom Elias saw on the mountain of transfiguration. Where God is, there patience, his musing child, is visible. Where his spirit descends, patience, his inseparable companion, attends him. If we are one with the Spirit, she will abide with us forever."

Sweet patience come!

Not from a low and earthly source,
Waiting till things shall have their course :
Not as accepting present pain,
In hope of some hereafter gain ;
Not in a dull and sullen calm ;
But as the breath of heavenly balm,
Bidding my weary heart submit
To bear whatever God sees fit,
Sweet patience, come !

LEAN HARD.

Child of my love, "LEAN HARD"
And let me feel the pressure of thy care,
I know thy burden child : I shaped it,
Poised it in my own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength ;
For even as I laid it on I said,
I shall be near, and while she leans on me,
This burden shall be mine, not her's :
So shall I keep my child within the circling
arms
Of "*mine own love.*" Here lay it down, nor
fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds, yet closer come ;
Thou art not near enough, I would embrace
thy care
So I might feel my child reposing on my
breast.
Thou lovest me, I know it, doubt not then ;
But loving me—LEAN HARD !

OBEDIENCE.

MRS. H. HOLBROOK.

None but infinite wisdom could have selected so beautiful and appropriate pattern for our imitation as our heavenly Father has chosen for us. It is not the great, the learned, the mighty; it is not the giant in stature or intellect, but, simply the little child; for He saith "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

We find in the little child an almost endless variety of traits and peculiarities worthy of our study and imitation. He is an embodiment of all that is lovely and attractive,—the most perfect type of *original human perfection*, simplicity, innocence and purity combined with filial love, trust and unquestionable obedience to paternal commands. If there is one trait of character which more than another endears the child to the paternal heart, it is perfect obedience, prompted by filial love.

The relation existing between God and the Christian is that of parent and child. In this relation, we know that both our present happiness and our future well-being depends upon our perfect obedience to the divine precepts and commands; and not only our own, but often that of others.

To illustrate, sometimes the earthly parent sends his child on an errand in which he is required to do something for him, or bear a message of greater or less importance. If he neglects or fails to obey, difficulties or loss ensue; but the perfectly obedient child cheerfully and unhesitatingly complies, and all is well. Our Father commands us to take up our cross *daily* and follow Him. In these crosses we find various duties both great and small. Some of these may be peculiarly trying to human nature, and our own inclination. In each or all of these, is ours always an obedient spirit? In some of the smaller and to us seemingly insignificant duties and requirements, do we not sometimes hesitate, or reluctantly obey, because like the proud Syrian leper, we are not "bidden to do some great thing?"

Does our Father commission us to bear a message to the impenitent? He not only tells us what to *do*, but by the Spirit's promptings tells us what to *say*. Indeed, he not only indites the matter in our hearts, but also the manner by which we are enabled to approach Him, and find access to His feelings; for God is "unto us a mouth and wisdom." Do we not sometimes, from our own carnal reasonings question the propriety of obedience, and too often, of even the errand itself? Instead of listening to the Spirit's promptings and saying just what we are taught, we look to our own weakness, imperfections and short-comings; or like Moses, we plead our inability, our one only talent, as an excuse; thinking, what can *I* say that will do any good; or if *I* speak, will *I* be heard? and if so, will the soul be saved by my feeble instrumentality? In refusing obedience, do we realize how fearful the consequences? We not only incur the divine displeasure by thus assuming the responsibility of deciding results, which is not ours, but God's part of the work; and the salvation of precious immortal souls is hazarded by our neglect. We forget that the power is not of ourselves but of God; that it is "ours to obey, His to provide." Then let us be "obedient to the heavenly calling," faithfully performing our part of the work, trusting infinite wisdom and almighty power for great and glorious results; "for in *due season* we *shall reap*, if we faint not."

IONIA, Mich.

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION.

BY REV. ALBERT A. LONG, MISSIONARY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Many Christian friends in America will remember the interesting Bulgarian youth, Andrea M. Sultanoff, a beloved brother in Christ, the fruit of our mission in Bulgaria, who, during the past year, through the noble beneficence of a few of those good brethren who are leaders in every good work, has been pursuing his studies at Lima, preparing, as we hoped, for great usefulness in his native land, but who, alas for human plans! has re-

cently been compelled to return home, we fear to die. The following incident, which occurred to him upon his wearisome and lonely journey from New York to Constantinople, will be read with special interest by all those who knew him:

By means of timely assistance afforded him by sympathizing friends, the young invalid started upon his long journey. Upon the ocean, the same kind providence which had watched over him was still with him, and many of his fellow-passengers became interested in him, and kindly rendered him many delicate attentions. Having arrived safely at London, he was sitting in the railway station waiting for the train which was to convey him to Folkestone, where he would cross the Channel, and proceed, by way of Paris to Marseilles. As he sat leaning back in the corner, his exhausted appearance attracted the attention of a man, who came and sat down by him, and kindly asked him where he was going. Andrea was at first very cautious of giving any information; but as the man began to speak to him of the love of Jesus, and told him that he was a city missionary, his fears were dispelled, and he entered freely into conversation, telling him where he had been, where he was going, etc. As the time approached for the train the missionary bade him an affectionate good-by and advised him, in view of the danger from bad men who might be locked up with him in the same carriage at night, to be as incommunicative as possible, and to appear to understand little if anything of what was spoken around him.

The signal was given, the doors were thrown open, the crowd rushed through, and were distributed through the long train, in the different compartments or carriages, holding eight persons each when full, and having no communication whatever with other parts of the train. The invalid was hurriedly put into a carriage containing two others, the door was locked, the signal sounded, and the train started about nine p. m. He glanced around him, and, by the light of the lamp, surveyed his two traveling companions,

whom he at once perceived were not strangers to each other. They were well dressed, and had a foreign air. But a peculiar expression of countenance recalled at once to Andrea's mind the parting advice of his kind friend at the station; so, with a silent prayer to the merciful Father for protection, he settled himself down in one corner as comfortably as possible, and closed his eyes, but kept his ears well open. The two spoke a few words, but they were an unintelligible mixture of French and Italian (without doubt, the artificial "flash" language of the rogues of the continent), and poor Andrea though speaking both French and Italian very well, could not make any sense of what they said. Presently one of them slipped over toward him, and, addressing him in English, asked him where he was going. Andrea replied to him, purposely, in very broken English, so as to give the impression that he had not understood the question. The stranger then tried him with French, and then with Italian; but as Andrea apparently understood nothing at all of those languages, he resumed his former seat with an air of satisfaction, and began talking without restraint to his companion in pure French, which was evidently the native language of both. Andrea now heard distinctly, and understood perfectly, every word they said. Imagine his horror as they commenced coolly discussing the most feasible plan of murdering him! The larger one of the two villains gave it as his opinion that one so feeble would certainly not carry upon his person any great amount of money; the younger replied that he was perfectly aware of that, and would not expect much; but the game would be so easily captured, the resistance would be so slight, and it would be such an easy matter to throw him out of the window, in the intense darkness of the night, and the high rate of speed at which the train was running, and that even the clothes which he wore were well worth taking his life for.

The cold perspiration stood upon the brow of the poor invalid; but he endeavored to conceal from their observation the agitation which he was suffering.

He glanced furtively around to see if he could discover any means by which he might call the attention of those in the next carriage; but all was closed. He finally came to the conclusion to try and break the lamp with his umbrella, in the hope that the guard might notice it and come to his relief. He knew that it would be useless to call, as his feeble voice would be lost in the noise of the train. He thought of the Power who, in answer to prayer, had mercifully preserved him when shipwrecked upon his voyage to America, and who had so graciously cleared his way, and provided for him kind friends in that distant land, and that He would still be with him and assist him. He quietly drew from his pocket a small knife, with a blade four or five inches long manufactured in his own native town of Gabrovo, Bulgaria, and resolved to make whatever resistance he could to their murderous designs. His quick eye soon caught sight of a curious steel instrument, somewhat resembling a pair of steel fingers, which the younger villian adjusted to his right hand. (It must have been a garroting instrument.) The train went screaming through a large station without stopping; and the larger one said to his companion: "Had we not better begin? for I think he suspects us." The younger one replied that he was well acquainted with the road, and that they would soon pass another station, just beyond which was a long and high bridge over a stream, which would be the place for the work.

Poor Andrea's head throbbed, then he grew icy cold; he turned his back upon the murderous wretches into whose hands he had fallen, a faintness came over him, the knife and the umbrella dropped from his feeble grasp, and he turned his thoughts to God in earnest prayer. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, he started up, opened his eyes, and fixed them upon a knob on the opposite side of his carriage, and hardly knowing what he did, sprang forward and pulled the knob. In an instant almost the train stopped. All was confusion, and soon the guard was heard passing along and calling out to know who had pulled the alarm. Andrea had strength enough left to step to the door,

and in a few words of very fair English, to state the case; He was transferred to another carriage, and the would be murderers were locked up and guarded. Upon the arrival of the train at Folkestone, they were taken to the boat, under a police guard, and upon arrival at Paris, Andrea was told that his prisoners were held at his requisition; if he would stop and prosecute them. He replied that he was hastening to take the steamer at Marseilles, and that even twelve hours delay would cost him a week's detention, for which neither his strength nor his purse were sufficient. All he asked was that they might be detained until he could be out of their reach. He purchased his ticket, and took his seat in the train for Marseilles, leaving them in the hands of the police.

The alarm which thus providentially saved the young man from a fearful death is a new arrangement which has been adopted on account of murders which have been committed in railway carriages; but although there are printed directions for its use, yet too frequently the passengers do not see or understand the instructions.

He reached my house in safety, and after resting a week with us, I sent him yesterday on his way, *via* Varna and Rustchuk, to his home in Bulgaria. The shock which he sustained from the incident above narrated caused him, I fear, serious injury, and may hasten his death. My heart was very sad in parting from him. May God bless the friends in America who were so kind to him, and open their hearts and the hearts of others to do likewise by those whom we trust the Lord will raise up to do the work which this dear youth desired to do, but from which he will probably soon be called to the joys of the redeemed on high.—*The Methodist*.

The drops of sanctified sorrow on earth, are the seeds of immortal joys in the heavenly world.—*J. A. James*.

Eminent communications of the Divine favor prepare for and entitle to, great services and great conflicts.—*Dr. A. Clarke*.

For the Guide.

CHRIST WITHIN.

T. C. U.

Why would'st thou teach my soul to rise,
 And seek for Jesus in the skies?
 Is He so far apart?
 Are skies a better dwelling-place
 Than man's celestial heart and face,
 Made pure and bright with heavenly grace?
 Oh, find Him in thy heart.

Why would'st thou teach my thirsty soul
 To wait till death shall make it whole?

Is Christ so far away?
 Oh, no! I see Him now and near;
 In my own beating heart I hear
 His throbbing life, His voice of cheer;
 He turns my night to day.

Then cease thy looking here and there,
 And first of all thy heart prepare,
 By purity from sin;
 And then, lit up with heaven's bright glow,
 Thy soul of truth and love shall know,
 That heaven above is heaven below
 And Christ is found within.

For the Guide.

II.

THE DROP AND THE OCEAN.

T. C. U.

Behold the vast, the sounding sea;
 And tell me, can its boundless flow,
 Great emblem of eternity,
 A separation ever know,
 From the small drops that with it go?

Oh, no! The drops and sea are one;
 And each from each existence take,
 As to each other's arms they run;
 And all their thirst of being slake,
 In the great unity they make.

And thus with thee, oh feeble man!
 There is no reach, no power of art,
 Which, variant from the heavenly plan,
 Can give thee strength or life, apart
 From life that flows in God's great heart.

Whate'er we call our own is Thine,
 Oh, life of God! oh living sea!
 We live, and with a life divine,
 When our small drop flows into Thee,
 Made one in heavenly unity.

For the Guide.

PERFECTED IN LOVE.

LIZZIE. B.,

The Lord hath done such great things
 for me, that I feel like publishing it to all
 mankind, and saying, Glory to the Lamb!
 For long years I rendered unto the Lord
 but half the service of my heart; and
 often in this unsatisfied state would give
 vent to my feeling in the exclamation of
 the poet—

"Tis worse than death my God to love,
 And not my God alone."

My heart would at times grow very
 earnest after the fulness of this great sal-
 vation, and oh, how I would sigh for that
 "Land of rest from inbred sin." From
 the time of my conversion, my Saviour
 gave me increasing light to see that there
 was a more perfect consecration to be
 made, a higher life to be sought after.
 So powerfully was this truth intensified
 to my heart, without "holiness no man
 shall see the Lord," that I would be just
 on the eve of crying out; "O Lord, I
 will never rest until fully saved from *all*
 sin!" But the tempter would invariably
 come in with his most subtle arguments
 and deter me from doing what I was con-
 vinced was my duty. I feel like exclaiming
 with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O, my
 soul, and all that is within me praise His
 holy name," for having given me grace
 to overcome every temptation, and having
 led me down into the "valley of decision."

At the Moundsville Camp Meeting
 last August, I resolved to seek after *per-*
fect love. I knew that Christ was just as
 able to make and keep me pure in heart
 while I was living, as He was at the hour
 of death; and besides I was convinced it
 was not to be optional with me whether
 I should seek this higher life, for I had
 received the *command*, "Worship the
 Lord in the beauty of *holiness*." Again I
 was told, I was to "serve him without fear,
 in holiness and righteousness before him
all the days of my life." I knew I would
 not be required to do a thing that God
 would not give me grace to do. I knew
 too that I would not be required to live "*all*
the days of my life" in a state of grace
 that my Saviour knew I could not attain
 until death. With a firm trust in God,

the decision was made. "I would have this full salvation *now*." I saw it necessary to bring it down to this point.

Again the forces of Satan were mustered, and a fresh attack was made. To my mind was presented the impossibility of bearing certain crosses to be met with in this way; he told me that if I should make the sacrifice I would soon remove the offering. Reproach and shame could be easily borne when the whole church was alive to God, and but little opposition to be met with; but that after the excitement should be over, my profession, like that of many others would be "as the morning cloud and early dew;" that I would "cast away my confidence, make shipwreck of faith," and thus bring reproach upon the cause, and so I had better remain just as I was. I knew these things were not suggested by the Holy Spirit, therefore knew them to be from Satan. I did not parley with him long. I knew to argue would be to involve myself in greater difficulties; so I cried out "Satan get thee behind me," I will give myself entirely to Christ and trust His grace to keep me. Quick as thought this temptation left me. Now began the work of consecration. My prayer was that God would help me to make it complete. I knew it would be mocking my Saviour to ask Him to receive anything that I knew I had not fully given Him, I dared not do this until I had this inward consciousness that I had presented my *all* a whole burnt sacrifice, and had bound it "with cords, even unto the horns of the altar."

I found it, oh, so hard to give up my naturally stubborn will to Christ, and to lay my reputation on the altar, willing to become anything or nothing only so that I might glorify God. But what I could never have done in my own strength, grace enabled me to do, I could truly say from the very depths of my heart.

"The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail reproach and sorrow,
If Jesus leads me there."

After I received the inward consciousness that I had fully given up to Christ

all I had, or was, or ever hoped to be; then the after part—believing Christ accepted the sacrifice, was easy. It was only about an hour after this that I received the overpowering evidence that "*The altar had sanctified the gift*," and I was enabled triumphantly to testify that "The blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth me from all sin."

I have felt during the weeks that have passed since I entered upon this "Highway of holiness," that I have been casting myself momentarily upon the atoning blood of Christ. I am *all* the Lords. It is my constant prayer that the Master would use me for His glory.

Satan has not for one moment tempted me to think my sacrifice had never been accepted; he knew there was nothing to be gained there, for I had too clear an evidence to ever admit of a doubt. But here was the point where he hoped to have gained a victory, by telling me that however bright my evidence may have been when first received, that I had now lost it by committing some sin. I could not when this temptation was presented think of any sin I had committed, and besides I remembered, "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," and that I had only to look to the blood and be fully cleansed.

The next temptation was an appeal to my feelings. If "perfected in love," why not always full of joy? Why not my communion with God always uninterrupted and full of rapture. Each time do I overcome by the remembrance that, "It is enough that the servant be as his Lord." When Christ was upon earth through His entire pilgrimage He was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and "whose sorrows was like unto His sorrows;" Must I then unlike my Lord expect to stand forever upon the mount? No! "Satan get thee behind me." The life of the "pure in heart" is not one of emotion: but I am commanded to hold "fast the profession of my *faith*," not the profession of my joy. And then when tempted to think I am forsaken of God, because the vail which intervenes when in communion with the Holy One,

is not as thin as it has been at times, comforting it is to recall the time when the brightness of the Father's smile was for a while withdrawn from even His own suffering Son, causing Him to exclaim in the hour of expiring grief and agony, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" I know too that the highest communion with God is, when the soul, free from any emotion of joy, lays hold by faith upon the throne and talks with Deity. In a word, I overcome every difficulty by taking it right to the Burden Bearer.

Sometimes I rest for hours solely on the Word, without any feeling. It is sweet to rest in Jesus. I find it so much easier to live right now than I did before receiving this blessing. In my experience I have realized the truth of the words of Dr. Lyman Beecher: "A little religion makes a hard conflict with little comfort; a heart full, affords joy and peace and triumph."

WHEELING, West Va.

"BLESSED BIBLE."

REV. R. H. HOWARD.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart."—DAVID.

Sometime since we had the rare pleasure of listening to a sweet singer, who, in strains the most plaintive yet triumphant sung that beautiful hymn, said to be written by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, and entitled "Blessed Bible." We were especially moved by the buoyant jubilant faith expressed by the closing lines:

"Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part."

How strikingly this clinging unfaltering faith is illustrated in the following true incident. It ought hereafter and always to be published in connection with the hymn. Will not the author, whoever it may be, make a note of it?

A little Indian boy named Jack, in the Indian School established on the Red River by Messrs West and Cochran, missionaries of the English Church Mission Society, was taken very sick. In this condition one of the missionaries visited

him, and observing a Bible lying under the corner of his blanket, he said,—

"Jack you have a friend there; I am glad to see that—I hope you find good from it."

Weak and almost dying, as the poor fellow was, he raised himself on his elbow, held the Bible in his emaciated hand, and while a smile played on his countenance, he said, "That sir is my friend. You gave it to me when we all went down to live at Mr. Cochrane's. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister, across Lake Winnipeg, (about two hundred miles off,) where I remained two months. When I was half way back over the lake I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned around, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro in my canoe before I could reach the place; but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again; and ever since that time it has been near my breast. And I have been thinking that I should have the blessed book buried with me; but I have thought since that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

While speaking thus he was often interrupted by his cough; and when he had finished, he sank down upon his pillow entirely exhausted and soon after died and went to his reward—another trophy of the grace of God, through the instrumentality of His word, which is able to make men wise unto salvation.

"Yes sweet Bible! I will hile thee
Deep—yes, deeper in my heart.
Thou through all my life wilt guide me
And in death we will not part,
Part in death? No never! never?
Through death's veil I'll lean on thee,
Then in worlds above forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be."

It is, moreover, certainly deserving of mention that Father Joseph S. Tillinghast, the Sunday School man and children's friend attributes his conversion to the recitation of this very hymn by a little girl in the Sunday School. We heard the venerable brother tell the

story at the children's meeting at the late Sterling camp meeting. As we looked upon his grey hairs, his striking profile—the most nearly resembling Wesley's of any we ever saw—and listened to his touching recital, we thought how little the author of those lines dreamed when composing them how many bosoms were to be thrilled, souls saved, or how much good was to be done by them; and how little that Sunday School child imagined, as she rehearsed them on that quiet Sunday afternoon, that she was to be the means of saving a soul from death, by turning a poor sinner from the error of his way.

NOTE.

Rev. R. H. Howard, a correspondent of *Zion's Herald*, sends us the preceding article, with the following explanatory note:

DEAR MRS. P—— P——

The sweet singer referred to in the accompanying article is the young Italian Minister, now at the Boston Theological Seminary. He is one of the sweetest vocalists I have heard, and has made the most of his reputation by singing this hymn. He sings it to altogether another tune from the one by Bradbury in Philip's Hallowed Songs, where I find your name attached to the hymn. In my opinion it is much better than the tune composed by Bradbury. If you have never heard it as sung by the young Italian, I wish you might do so. * * *

I could furnish you with a sketch of it if desired, as I think the hymn should go down to posterity wedded to this tune. Thanks to the Rev. Mr. Howard for his kind offer, we shall prize the opportunity of giving the tune referred to as sung by the young Italian minister to our readers:

HISTORY OF THE HYMN.

The history of the hymn "Blessed Bible, &c.," may interest some of Christ's little ones. And for the eye of such only would we write it, aware that the fastidious may smile at our child-like narration. As had been usual with us several years in succession, we were ask-

ed to prepare hymns to various specified metres for Sabbath-school celebrations.

On one occasion we had written those required for *particular* metres, and was about to commence the last one, which was to be *common metre*. Previous to writing we did, as for about thirty years past we have been accustomed to do, when writing for Jesus—that is, knelt down with the blank paper in hand, and endeavored to ask in faith, nothing doubting, that both matter and manner might be given. We then sat down, and in a few moments, poured out from the fullness of our hearts, the hymn:

"Blessed Bible, how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer,
What hath earth like this to covet,
O, what stores of wealth are here!"

We had not yet finished the last stanza, when we perceived our seeming mistake. Our intention to write a common metre, being unthought of, and a *particular* metre, produced in place of it.

Spiritually minded disciples will understand us, when we say, that a chiding, tempting Spirit whispered, Did you not imagine that the Lord heard you, when you asked for heavenly aid in regard to matter and manner? and did not you also think that you felt the Divine girdings, while writing thus of the excellency and sweetness of the most blessed word? and lo! the mistake. Our answer to the accuser was, "He that asketh *receiveth*." It is all right, what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

In the afternoon of that day, Dr. Palmer, who was one of the Sabbath-school committee, and being present at a meeting of the Board the evening previous, said something incidentally that explained the whole matter. He did not know of my having written any hymns in the morning. But having heard some members of the Church choir sing a remarkably beautiful tune before the Sabbath-school Committee, to which they had no proper words, he remarked, "The choir would feel themselves everlastingly obliged, could you furnish them with words suited to the tune." "Can you give me any idea of the metre," I asked. He immediately gave a clue to

the tune, when I exclaimed, "I wrote a hymn for that tune this morning." Thus the origin of a hymn that, under the favorings of Providence, has been published quite largely under the auspices of different denominations, and generally without a name.

It may add to the interest of the recital to say, that when first sung on the occasion for which it was originally prepared, it was signally crowned with the blessing of the Highest. A congregation of over fifteen hundred were present. Every heart seemed moved by a divine impulse. Its repetition was peremptorily called for. Through the services of that hour, a lady, residing in Broadway, was convicted, and afterward added to the household of faith. To the God of all grace be all the glory!

The tune to which "Blessed Bible" was on this occasion sung, is the same as is now being sung by the young Italian of which such favorable mention is made by the correspondent of *Zion's Herald*, and will be found on the music page of the present issue.

—♦♦♦—
For the Guide.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

REV. JAMES MUDGE.

BE STILL.

"Be still and know that I am God." There is scarce anything that we need to have repeated to us oftener than this. Amid the strain and stress of business, the hurry and worry of domestic duties, surrounded, perhaps, by bustling multitudes, that push and crowd each other with feverish excitement, mingling somewhat, of necessity, in the throng who have entered the mad race for wealth or distinction, there is danger lest we forget how foreign all this is to the true spirit of devotion. Repose of soul, total absence of inward disquiet and disturbance, is not easily maintained under all circumstances. But it must be maintained. Interior stillness, not always exterior, though that, too, sometimes, is absolutely necessary to deep piety. This alone will bring us to a full knowledge of God, this alone will enable us to hear the gen-

tle whisperings of His voice. If there be any conflict in the heart, if a tempest of confused noises fills it with din, if the tumult of warring passions be not completely hushed, we may not hope to be guided by the All-wise. Silence is the atmosphere of the learner.

In presence of all great manifestations of Jehovah, whether in nature or the soul, we find ourselves involuntarily quieted, our noisy demonstrations cease. "The silent awe that dares not move," comes over us as we drink deep from celestial fountains.

Stillness is the attitude of trust, the constant attendant on perfect peace, the natural result of an intimate acquaintance with the Lord. It is the wicked that are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest; the righteous are symbolized by some tranquil lake as it mirrors the deep blue sky within its placid bosom, and wins a loving glance from every eye. By all our desire to be like Jesus, by all our admiration for those who have worn the crown of saintly virtue, and by all our longing to lead a happy and useful life, we should diligently strive to fulfill this divine command, "Be still."

JEWELRY FOR THE CHRISTIAN.

Not such as Broadway can furnish, nor such as the most scrupulous can object to. Solomon tells us about these jewels, yet they shine with more lustrous beauty than all the magnificent attire of Israel's proudest monarch.

First, we have two lovely gems, mercy and truth, which he bids us bind about our neck. (Prov. iii., 3.) Wisdom, more precious than rubies (iii., 15) is to be the diamond brooch worn constantly on the breast. The fingers are not forgotten; the commandments of the Lord are to be put upon them for rings of remembrance. (vii. 3.) The understanding of His will and ways will give to our head an ornament of grace, a very crown of glory. (iv., 9.) The Christian thus fully equipped and adorned will surely be attractive to all who behold him and win many souls for his Master.

CONJUNCTIONS.

All the force of a sentence sometimes

depends on the word that links it with the preceding. Owing to the division of our Bible into verses, whereby clauses, belonging together, are arbitrarily set apart, we are very apt to lose the full meaning of passages by neglecting the connection in which they stand. Hence the conjunctions and other lurking words demands of us special attention. Let any one go through an epistle or a chapter, giving these little servants of thought their due, and many a text will open up riches hitherto undiscovered, will blossom with a fragrant beauty wholly new. As an example, look at II. Tim. iv., 5, 6. What a touching reason why the young evangelist should heed the exhortation and acquit himself well, is given in Paul's reminder that he, the aged veteran, must soon step off the stage of action, and so delegates his work to other hands. So the opening phrase of Ps. xxx., 12, shows us that the direct purpose of God's benefactions is to call out our grateful praises. Further illustrations of this important principle in Bible reading may be seen in the first words of II. Cor. iv., 18, and Phil. ii., 15.

I HAVE LEARNED.

So said Paul with reference to the great virtue of contentment. He *learned* it after long years of experience by repeated disappointments and failures doubtless, and by gradual approaches to its complete attainment. So must we learn; we must acquire knowledge of the way to live aright by degrees, and sometimes both slowly and painfully.

If we have not yet perfected all the graces, if there are still some ragged edges, some sharp outlines in our character, what of that? Never be impatient or discouraged about it; press on resolutely; trust fully, and by and by, a symmetrical, well-rounded statue, copied from the divine model Christ Jesus Himself, will reward our endeavors. Only let us be docile, teachable, apt to learn, not at all thinking that we have attained or have learned fully, and we are on the high-road to perfection.

God is love.

For the Guide.

LIGHT AMONG THE SHADOWS; OR,

GRACE SUFFICIENT.

(Continued.)

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

"Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best; but oft a spear;
On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope expires."

Dark seemed the cloud above, and keen the anguish of our hearts, while gathered around that cradle bed, from which—our Charlie—pet of the household—brightest star in the family group—was changing worlds.

The music of, "Our Father," and "Now I lay me" will never more fall from those lips upon our ears; but, as we saw the light beaming from those dark blue eyes, and the seraphic smile spread o'er the pallid face, when Mother dear spoke of Jesus, we knew that He who "gathered the lambs with His arm, and carried them in His bosom," had come to bear our treasure to the clime of which it is written, "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." So beautiful in death, so precious to our hearts, we felt like saying, as we saw him in his narrow house,

"How upon those chiselled features
Can 'we have the damp earth thrown?'"

But we praise God, that by grace we were enabled in the midst of these chastenings to say, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

"Soon again the dark-winged Angel
Crossed our threshold ope'd our door."

"Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Another storm is gathering, and temp-est tossed, we strive to stem life's rugged tide; while angry billows threaten to overwhelm us, in the midst of which

we've learned that worldly disappointment and trials, bear no comparison to this sundering of tender ties, this frequent laying, one after another, the heart's richest treasures away in the tomb.

One, who for more than twenty years had worn the "white robes," and from a rich experience could sing "Jesus thy blood and righteousness. My beauty are my glorious dress," had ever shone as a pure light, was a "living epistle, known and read of all men;" in whose presence Infidelity was silenced. Infidels declaring Mrs. S—is a mystery, there is something so angelic in her life. She had often been tried in the furnace, until "the most fine gold" reflected the image of the great refiner; and yet, in the midst of the furnace she "flourished unconsumed in fire." She heard at length the call of the master. "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him," when with lamp trimmed and burning, the adornment of a meek and quiet spirit, arrayed as a bride, she shouted the welcome, and called "come Lord Jesus, come quickly!" With bleeding hearts we were summoned to her room to wonder at the glory which, like a weight rested upon her, and illuminated her countenance, while her shouts of triumph sweetly commingled with those on the other shore. Commending her loved ones to the care of her covenant keeping God, the parting blessing was given, then with a look of love made impressive by the light of victory beaming in her countenance, with folded arms, without a sigh or groan, the low whispered "Glory" died away upon her lips, and she passed the bourn to join the song, and gaze upon the uncreated glories of Him "who redeemed her and washed her from her sins in His own blood." As we looked upon the broken casket upon which the smile of love was impressed although our very heart-chorde were breaking—we knew—our mother dear "was not" for God had taken her.

"Life's labor, done as sinks the day,
Light from its throne the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say
How blest the righteous when she dies."

When returned from the grave, in which the casket of my dear mother was

laid away to await the sound of the trump, we gathered around the fire-side a broken band; and while the widowed and motherless bosoms were heaving with deep emotion, and all eyes suffused with tears, we sang with a trust in Jesus, unknown before,

"We'll stand the storm it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by.

Light in the midst of these shadows permeated our hearts, and we rejoiced in the assurance, "that our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

LIBERTY, MICH. 1868.

For the Guide.

GREEN PASTURES.

JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

Where shall we find them? Perhaps, poor, weary, and doubting disciple of Jesus, you would not take it unkindly if a friend and fellow-pilgrim should endeavor to answer this question, and though we may not know each other in the flesh, yet are we not strangers. We are both come of the same royal lineage, though born in different lands. And although no revelation or spirit of prophecy is given me, yet I am well acquainted with those sorrows which cause you to go a mourner in Zion. Have your poor tired feet been bleeding by the way? Perhaps you expected to tread upon beds of roses, and lo! thorns have been piercing your tender feet all the way! When the Master bade you "go work in my vineyard," did you doubt that you should receive your wages at the end of life? Have temptations closed you in upon every side? If so, do not forget that it is written, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But in the midst of it all you may possess "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding." Your temptations, if you bear them patiently, are all so many blessings in disguise.

The Apostle James says, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." Do not fear your adversary,"—let God be your refuge. He is with you, how-

ever dark the cloud may appear behind which "He hides a smiling face."

"Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

When the enemy has hurled his fiery darts at you, did not Jesus shield you from their death-dealing power? After having sunk down in an agony of despair, after long continued wrestling, have you not often found to your great joy that the Everlasting arms were still beneath you? Then surely there is no room left for complaining. Perhaps you are indulging the fear that in the distant future you may yet fall into the hands of your enemy. And yet, is not the strength of Israel saying unto you, "My grace is sufficient for thee?" "And they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." Is it not written for your comfort that the blessed Master "chasteneth whom he loveth!"

You are just in the way that the patriarchs and prophets went. This has ever been the refining process by which all the saints have become purified. The King's highway, though a pleasant way, is a way of conflict, but take unto you the whole armor of God, and you shall "be able to stand in the evil day." And all these years of suffering and unrest, have you not longed to enter the valley of Achor, where is "a place for the herds to lie down in?" Well, then, poor tempted disciple of Jesus, you need not tarry another hour. The Good Shepherd bids you "enter into His rest." You need not tarry until you make a better preparation, for this you can never do. Come just as you are! Let your own will sink into His. No matter now, if you have lived a half-hearted life in the service of Jesus, since you may be washed and purified from all sin in the blood of the Lamb. Come with a humble boldness to a throne of grace. Jesus never turns any away empty, however sinful. "Ask *largely*, that your joy may be *full*." Count over your treasures, and consider their true value, as viewed in the light of eternity and a judgment

day, and if they appear less to you than the love of your Almighty Saviour, the title to an inheritance which is incorruptible, and love unspeakable below, hesitate no longer to lay them upon God's holy "altar, which sanctifies the gift." And while you dedicate yourself to His service below, He will testify the same in heaven. Do not doubt the promise, "I will receive you," for what have you ever gained by doubting? "He that doubteth is condemned already." Suppose you venture freely upon the precious blood which "cleanseth from all sin," and realize no cure, will it be any worse with you then than it now is?

O, dismiss your cruel unbelief, and take fast hold upon Christ. Do not heed the suggestion of the tempter, that you are unable to trust Jesus just now. With the memory of all your past failures you may believe just now! Let us together praise our Good Shepherd, that he has provided "green pastures" for His flocks to feed and lie down in, and "still waters," where all thirst may be speedily quenched. "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Do you still think the required sacrifice too costly to obtain so great a reward? Then look upon the suffering Saviour as he hung upon the cross, and behold the costly sacrifice he offered for your redemption! Yes, for you! The same as if not another son of Adam needed an atonement. Can you deny him his dying request? Would you treat a dying earthly friend's request as you do the dying request of Jesus? And when you pass into these "green pastures," do not turn again to your idols, which you have left behind you. God is now your portion. In these "green pastures" the soul may, yes, blessed be God! *does* rest from all sin. Here the bright "Sun of Righteousness" never sets, and the eye of faith never tires of "looking unto Jesus" for each moment's supply of grace. The souls who rest in this "valley of Achor" have no manna gathered into storehouses, but they receive their food from heaven, and just enough for their present wants. The folds in this valley have no fear of wild

beasts of prey for "no ravenous beast shall go up thereon." Poor toil-worn child of Jesus, here is perfect rest for your soul. The inhabitants of this valley live so near the heavenly country that the hymns of praise of both countries almost flow together. Their light is so clear that sometimes their faith almost becomes sight. "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all."

For the Guide

UNBELIEF CONQUERED.

ROBERT GILLIS.

Hoping that my experience may be of use to some poor soul who is seeking for higher attainments, I will say that in the winter of 1843, God, for Christ's sake, forgave me my sins. I was very happy and lived in the enjoyment of religion for three years, when I left my native state for a home in the West. I had my letter from the church with me, and with shame I tell it, that I carried it till it was worn out, and never gave it to the church. By that time I had lost all relish for God's house, and by neglect of duty I drifted back to the world. I was most wretched. At times the Spirit of God would strive with me and I could not rest. I would try to do better, but my resolves were soon forgotten; again the Spirit would arrest me and I would try to pray, but did not feel that God heard or answered my prayers; I could not rest at night, but would groan and pray all night; I had no pleasure in the company of the wicked, nor could I enjoy myself with the people of God.

Thus I went on till I could endure it no longer. At this time there was a meeting in progress; I promised the Lord that if He would spare my life till next night I would go to the mourners bench. When the time came I presented myself at the mercy-seat, sought and found pardon. Since that time I have been trying to make my way from earth to heaven; I have had many precious seasons whilst pleading with God for myself and others; He has poured his Spirit upon me and I have been filled with the high praises of God.

About two years ago, I found by reading the Word of God, that there were higher attainments for me. I there found written "Be ye Holy for I am Holy;" I knew that God was no respecter of persons, and so I determined to seek for the blessing of Holiness of heart. I hardly knew how to commence, I had such an imperfect knowledge of the way of attaining it. I commenced by beseeching God to create within me a clean heart. I plead with God for guidance, that His Spirit would lead me.

I was determined by the grace of God never to cease till I obtained the blessing of holiness. I kept on seeking and last winter while at the altar with others seeking to be cleansed from all sin, I felt such a nearness to God as never before. I asked the Lord that I might die to the world and that He would make me to live in Jesus Christ.

Soon after this our beloved Pastor Brother Wells sent for the "Guide to Holiness." It has proved a blessing to me, by pointing out the way more clearly. I kept on seeking for that perfect love which casteth out fear. For three months daily did I try to lay myself on the altar *Christ*, but because I had no sensible assurances that God did accept me at the moment, I would withdraw the sacrifice.

At times while trying to lay all on the altar, the Lord would bless me powerfully, this would only increase my desire to be cleansed. Thus I went on till my agony of soul became such that I thought I could not live if God did not accept me, I did not see that I was trying to make out a way for I thought that He would pour His Spirit upon me as He did when I was converted. At that time I was enveloped in a flame of glory, I expected to be baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire, what a mercy that God should bear with me. The agony of my soul increased, I then asked the Lord to come in His own way, but O Lord do bless now. Blessed be God he did hear me, and on the 18th day of August at half past nine o'clock while praying to be cleansed from all sin, there was a holy calm came over me, I ceased

praying, the Spirit said as plainly as though it had been spoken audibly, it is done, then as quick as thought I felt my heart to leap for joy. That moment I felt the fire of God's love in my heart. O, what peace, the peace that passeth all knowledge was mine. To God be all praise, blessed Sabbath. I then went to class meeting, the Holy Spirit urged me to tell what God had done, and the tempter said, do not be in a hurry to tell it, the Spirit replied open your mouth and I will fill it, the enemy said I had better wait and see if I could live it first, the Spirit replied, and I did not confer with flesh and blood but went forward in duty.

I immediately arose and as soon as my lips was opened to tell what God had done for me, there was such a gush of love flowed into my heart that it appeared I was floating in a sea of love and my soul was filled entirely full of glory and of God. Glory be to God, I feel that Jesus is ever with me. It is now over three months since I received the blessing of perfect love. To the praise of God I will say I have felt His presence ever with me; when I retire to rest I feel the presence of God is there. Often I am so filled with the love of God that I cannot sleep and have to rise, and fall on my knees before the Lord to praise Him for His mercy. I feel it thrill through my entire being, often I am lost in wonder when I contemplate the mercy of God that he does dwell in my poor heart. To the praise of God, I will say, duty is now a pleasure. I feel that the love of Jesus constrains me. Formerly duty was a great cross, it is now a great wonder to me that all do not obtain the blessing.

The Scriptures now appear as *the word of God*, in a light they never did before. When I take up the blessed book and look upon it there is a brightness, a luster that shines upon it I never saw before, and as I read it I understand it as never before. With shame I tell it before I received this blessing, at family prayer I generally selected the shortest chapters I could find and hurry through, but bless God now they are all too short,

I now want to linger long, and O, what precious times I have while holding converse with God. Oh, that all would taste and see that God is Love.

For the Guide

THE HEAVENLY GUIDE.

REV. F. H. WHEELER.

That ignorant and erring man needs a guide through this land of shadows and darkness to the unseen world admits of no doubt whatever, especially when we consider the manifold dangers which beset his pathway to the skies, and that so many are finally and forever lost, in spite of all that God is doing for the salvation of men. This "Guide" that we so much need comes to our aid in the person of Christ, and we are told to "look unto Jesus" as the One who shall guide our wayward and wandering feet in the "new and living way." The "Good Shepherd" that leadeth Israel like a flock who forgets not even *one* of the "lost sheep," and who beareth the "lambs" in his arms.

This is He that led ancient Israel from Egypt through the Red Sea, and across the wide and terrible wilderness to the shores of the Jordan, and thence over the river to the promised land. "This is He that went before them in a pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night lest they should wander from the path His wisdom had marked out. Psalm 48, 14. David says "this God is our God for ever and ever. He will be our Guide even unto death."

He will lead us, if we desire it, from a worse than Egyptian bondage to a better land than Canaan, by day and night, in sunshine and in storm, through all the obstacles and perils of the way to the "Jordan of death" and there if we have like Caleb and Joshua "held fast our confidence" and "kept the faith" we shall finish our course with joy and "go over to possess the goodly land" forever and ever.

As He "took not away" from the children of Israel His guiding presence so Isaiah says "He shall guide us *continually*" and shall "never leave or forsake us"

Oh, what a consolation to know this in a false and fickle world like ours. *That one* Friend at least will be ever true, He will be the "Guide of our youth," the prop and comfort of middle life, and when old age creeps on apace, chilling the life-blood with its wintry breath and causing the limbs to tremble in its icy grasp, the promise greets us as we totter to the tomb—"Even to *hoar hairs* will I carry you"—and when at last we enter the valley of the shadow of death, His voice comes up from the *sepulchre* to cheer us in our conflict with the last enemy, and we press on into the gathering gloom to grapple with our unseen foe—saying with the Psalmist, "I will fear no evil, for *thou* art with with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." We shall not have signs and wonders as did the Israelites, for we are heirs of a better covenant and "walk by faith," but David says "He shall guide us by his counsel." Now God counsels in three principle ways—viz:

1st, By His Holy Spirit—our guide "into all truth"—the still small voice within; or, as Isaiah has it *behind* us, saying "This is the way walk ye in it." Well will it be for us if we heed this gentle monitor, the sentinel of the soul—always on the alert and prompt to give the alarm of danger from lurking and unseen foes.

2nd, By His word—"A light unto our path," revealing the "highway of holiness," as the only safe and certain way. All other paths than this are but by-ways to the downward road, leading alike to *death*—"there is a way that *seemeth right* unto a man but the *end thereof* are the ways of death." Oh, then "avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." The path of *duty* is the only path of happiness—the only path to glory.

3rd, By His *Providence*—gently teaching us in the school of experience "the good and the right way"—caring for our wants—ministering to our comfort—chastening us when we need such discipline—opening our way to usefulness and making "all things to work together for our spiritual and lasting good.

Thus He guides us by His counsel un-

erring, while we live, and as David says, "shall receive us to glory." Christian—sinner—will you not lay aside every *weight* and the sin that doth so easily beset you, and (henceforth if never before,) run with *patience* the race that is set before you, *looking unto Jesus* the author and finisher of your faith, 'who *for the joy that was set before him* (and which is now also set before you) endured the cross *despising* the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God, where, if faithful, you shall sit and reign with Him forever.

For the Guide.

LINES SUGGESTED

WHILE GAZING AT THE NORTH STAR FROM MY BEDROOM WINDOW.

REV. C. D. BATTELLE.

Welcome, welcome, bright shining one,
Thy twinkling rays so long have shone |
Upon my pleasant cottage room,
And cheered me in my quiet home!

'Mid silent night I muse on thee,
And think of those I cannot see,
Whose *home* is far beyond thy light;
In brighter, purer, holy light!

Shine on, shine on, thou faithful guide,
The traveler's hope, the sailor's pride—
Thy brilliant rays have led the way
Of thousands, seeking freedom's sway.

While thus I gaze on thy fair face,
My kindred friends in other space
Look on thee too—so let it be—
One point attracts both them and me.

Another star my faith hath seen,
Its light and beauty, all serene,
Its brightness, like the "Morning Star,"
Shines ever bright, though seeming far.

Star of my hope to thee I cling,
Thy radiant light my feet shall bring
To walk amid the sapphire stones,
Far, far away from earthly thrones!

The raging storms will then be past,
And triumph crown my toil at last.
Till then, bright star, I'll look to thee,
And in THY LIGHT, THY GLORY SEE!

God himself alone can know the price at which his Son, Christ Jesus the Lord, purchased our redemption.—*Jas. G. Wilson.*

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

JOHN E. PICKNELL.

S. A. F. P.

Last March a dear husband passed from earth to a higher and holier life. Although but a babe in Christ, his walk was close with God. Five years ago, under the labors of Brother C. Nichols, he was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth; like others, he sought to know more of Christ, to be a living Christian, and did not rest short of entire consecration and heart purity. The Guide was an ever welcome guest, and the spiritual food it contained eagerly sought for. While at Yarmouthport camp-meeting in 1865, he was wonderfully blessed with a rich baptism of the Spirit, and continued a willing witness for Jesus until his death, which occurred on the 21st of March. In August, 1867, his health began to fail gradually; slowly but surely did that fatal destroyer, consumption, do its work, yet so firmly were his feet planted upon the rock, Christ Jesus, that his faith failed not in that trying hour. His great burden of prayer was for the purity of the church. Holiness of heart. His latest moments were spent in pointing to Jesus a dear sister who had for some time been a subject of earnest prayer by us. Other friends stood by his bedside, tears filling their eyes, while listening to his dying petition for God to bless and save them.

His last words were, "Weep not for me." Thus passed a loved one from my side, after a union of two short years, in the flush of youth and in the field of labor. Yet I know God does not afflict willingly, and that my loss is his eternal gain, I am fully assured.

Pray ye the Lord, that he may send forth more laborers into the harvest field.

For the Guide.

MISS JULIA M. BRADON.

Miss Julia M. Bradon sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, October 22, 1868, aged thirty years and seven days. She early gave herself to the Saviour, and united with God's people. By her consistent Christian walk and amiable disposition she endeared herself to many

friends. She taught school in various places, and gained a large circle of friends, of these she often spoke during her illness with gratitude. Her scholars were not forgotten in her loving prayerful solicitudes, and she desired that she might meet them all in heaven.

The last six months of her life she suffered intensely, yet her mind was clear and peaceful. She has been a reader and lover of the Guide. Five years she hailed its visits with delight. Holiness of heart was her chief aim. To her, sin was a subject of dread, far more than death. She drank of the waters of life daily, and as she neared the shore of immortality, her prospects brightened. A little before her death she wanted her friends to sing, but tears prevented their immediate compliance. She said, "If you felt as I do you could not help singing. If I had strength you would hear me sing as never before." A few hours before her death, she called the family around her bed, and gave them her parting counsel, charging them to live faithful and meet her in heaven, and bade them farewell one by one, and soon passed joyfully away, saying, "I am happy; mourn not for me."

For the Guide.

EARLY CALLED.

G. L. GAYDE.

Mary Lizzie, eldest daughter of Absalom and Angeline Bernhard, of Cheltenham, died October 2, aged fifteen years and ten months.

She was connected with the M. E. Sabbath school of that place, and was thoughtful beyond her years.

She had been trying to live in the fear of God for about two years, but did not realize satisfactory peace until a short time before her death. She was confined to the house a few weeks with consumption. She was naturally hopeful, and looked upon the bright things of life. Her last moments were wonderfully marked by the divine presence. She talked much of heaven, and of Jesus, her precious Saviour, and exhorted her parents and all who came to see her to seek the Saviour while they were in health. When her feet touched the cold waters of Jordan, she exclaimed, "The angels have come for me," then closing her eyes as if the light was too strong, she again said, "The angels have

come for me," and shouting the praises of God, she entered into her final rest.

The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. M. A. Day to a very large audience. The children of the Sabbath and public schools were present, and followed in solemn procession her remains to the grave. Many mourn her loss, but our loss is her infinite gain.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JANE BARTON,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AUG. 29, 1868.

B. L. HAGER.

She has gone from the galaxy here,
Where once in mild splendor she shone,
To revolve in that heavenly sphere
Around her Redeemer's bright throne.

Through clouds, and through tempests,
she past,

While a star in this ether of time,
But drawn by attraction at last,
She moves in that glory-lit clime.

With the "Stars of the morning" her light,
Gleams away in that canopy clear,
Where the patriarchs—satellites bright—
With Apostles and Prophets appear.

We will hail thee, O blest one, again
When we shoot from our orbits of clay,
And revolve round the lamb that was slain
In rainbow-lit orbits for aye.

Editorial.

WAYS AND WORK FOR JESUS.

ZANESVILLE, O., Dec. 28, 1868.

DEAR SISTER:—We left home early in December in answer to invitations to labor in the Churches in these regions, intending only to spend a few days at each place.

Our first visit was at Steubenville, O. We were delightfully entertained at the house of the Rev. E. Hingely, the beloved pastor of the first M. E. church in the place. This, you know, is rather against our principles, as it has long been a cherished opinion with us that there is danger our ministers may be overtaxed, through thoughtlessness on the part of the people of their various charges. Their removal every two or three years necessarily creates an extensive acquaintance, the demands of which, if met, would leave but little time for anything else but to be an-

swerable to the claims of hospitality. In this case, through the rich bounty of our Heavenly Father, the cup of cold water was munificently rewarded, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Both the dear pastor and his beloved help-mate in the Lord were blessed with the witness of entire sanctification, and witnessed a good confession before many. About twenty were newly-raised up to testify of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, and the altar was also nightly surrounded with seekers of pardon, several of whom found Jesus during our short stay. But, as a whole, the church did not come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty as at most places where we labor.

The devoted minister in charge expressed it as his opinion, that the good accomplished would be far reaching and much greater than conceived of by us. The Lord grant that the fruit may remain, and be safely garnered in heaven. The excellent presiding elder of the district, Rev. B. Watkins, and also the Rev. Mr. Woolf, of the Hamline charge, with ministers and people from surrounding places, participated in the work, and added to its hallowing interests. From Steubenville, we went to

PITTSBURG, PA.

He, who took upon himself not the nature of angels but of men, knowing the weakness of the flesh, said to his wearied disciples, "*Rest awhile.*" Himself was wearied as he sat on Jacob's well. But how short was his rest. Samaria's daughter came. Though He had withdrawn from the multitude, He now again taxes his wearied energies in discouraging with one lone woman. Blessed Jesus! how truly wast thou as man with men! How unremitting, despite weariness and pain, 'in finishing the work that the Father gave thee to do! We pant for more of thy image.

Love thy image, love impart,
Stamp it in our face and heart.

Intending to take a short respite from incessant labor, we retired to the house of our friend, J. Grier, Esq., Pittsburg, who, with his precious wife and lovely family, seem to prize the privilege of entertaining strangers. Here we remained from Friday afternoon till Monday. Rev. Dr. Miller, of Smithfield

Street Church, is openly endeavoring to rear the banner, HOLINESS TO THE LORD, here. We called on him the afternoon of our arrival, and had a precious meeting with his people in the evening. On Sabbath morning we listened to a very interesting discourse in the Liberty Street Church, by Chaplain McCabe, from "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this," Esther iv., 14. In the evening we took the service at Smithfield Street Church. Had a large concourse, and felt the conscious girdings of Omnipotence. It is inspiring to rely on the word of the Eternal, "It shall not return unto thee void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it." Alleluia! On Monday we went to

WHEELING, W. VA.

Arriving in the evening, we were again pleasantly at home at the house of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Little. The glorious revival in which we participated at this place over three months ago, is still permeating the town. May the flame continue to spread till all the region around about is enveloped in the blaze of salvation. Rev. R. A. Arthur, on whose charge the Moundsville camp-meeting was held last summer, is still reaping most precious fruit as the result of that meeting. Many of his people have since received the sanctifying power.

Tuesday, we called on some of the friends. Rev. E. Ball, pastor of Zane Street charge, has for several weeks past been called to endure the trial of his faith, having so nearly lost his voice as to be unable to attend to the duties of his pastorate. He has been spending a few weeks in New Orleans and other places South, with but little seeming advantage to health. His friends will join us in asking that the Lord will restore our dear fellow-helper in the promotion of scriptural holiness to the effective ranks, if it is His will. In the meantime the work of holiness is still progressing among His dear people.

Fourth Street charge, of whom the Rev. W. M. Mullenix is pastor, is still going on from strength to strength. The pastor's faith is being followed by many of his people. It is delightful to witness how many within the past few months have been led up rejoicingly be-

side still waters and green pastures. O, if all ministers only knew, how much more they might do for their people, by the exercise of a pioneer faith, not one would rest short of it. What a solemn day will that be, when those who have been called by the Great Shepherd as overseers of Christ's flock, shall be required to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. This is in fact the grand ultimatum of all Christian ministrations. Remaining one day at Wheeling, we had a precious crowning service in the evening, and on Wednesday, in answer to an invitation some time since given, went to

MARTINSVILLE, O.,

Where we engaged in a series of services till Saturday. Here the friends of the M. E. Church have a good commodious edifice. The people came out largely at every service. The Lord of the temple manifested his hallowing presence, and many will, with ourselves, love to remember those three days of precious interest. Friday morning, at half-past ten o'clock, service was particularly signalized as a season of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Early that morning I said to a dear one, "This is my birth-day, but as I am so far from home I suppose I need not expect a birth-day present, but O how I do wish my Heavenly Father would give me a birth-day present! Little did I imagine what a rich birth-day present my blessed Heavenly Father had in reserve for me. During the sanctuary services of that morning, while opening my lips for Jesus, streams of light and salvation poured through my soul, and upon others. There was a dear child of Jesus present, who I felt greatly needed the baptism of fire, not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the cause, God requiring that she should be a help-meet with her husband who, as one of the captains in Immanuel's army, was endeavoring to plant the banner, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," in this place. That this, the desire of my heart, might be granted me, I had that morning at an early hour asked of the Lord. Prayer that opens heaven had been offered, and while we were singing

Glory to the Lamb!

For I have overcome, through the blood of the Lamb, the windows of heaven were opened, and

copious showers descended. The dear minister's wife, for whose entire sanctification I had specially asked, received such an overwhelming blessing that she could not contain. With amazement she cried out, "O, such a blessing for me! Such a blessing for me! Glory! Glory!" And then, as she went about pouring her wondrous joy in every ear, the stream flowed in copious measure from vessel to vessel. Sweeter than an angel voice, the Spirit said, "Behold the answer to your prayer. Your birth-day present!"

On Saturday morning we left for

ZANESVILLE, O.,

A home camp-meeting having been appointed to commence on the afternoon of that day, at which we had engaged to be present. We arrived between three and four o'clock, found many of the precious friends of Jesus assembled in the Seventh Street Church, who affectionately greeted us. The meeting had already commenced. Both afternoon and evening services were crowned with the felt presence of the High and Holy One. The meeting thus favorably begun, went on with increasing power during the entire of our ten day's service. Every afternoon and evening, both seekers of pardon and purity crowded the altar and its surroundings. Over one hundred, we trust, received the blessing sought. God is faithful. They that seek do find. About sixty obtained pardon, and fifty obtained the witness of holiness. Many of whom were leading persons in the Church and the community. If one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, what may we hope for in the future of Zanesville, where so many having put on the whole armor are now coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty!

CHRISTMAS

Was a day which many of our precious friends in Zanesville will never forget. Surely, He who was born in Bethlehem's manger was crowned Lord of all in glorious acclamation that day. In many hearts had he been newly enthroned as the all conquering Prince of Peace, and each in burning love and holy aspiration vied in exalted praise. Nature and grace conspired to make the day glorious. The atmosphere was bland, and the skies bright, serene and beautiful. In

the morning we contemplated the rich mercy of God in the gift of his Son, "Whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us," and the specific object for which God gave his Son, that is, "that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him, without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life." And then how did the anthem well up from the recesses of many newly-filled hearts,

Hail! Prince of Life, forever hail,
Redeemer, Brother, Friend,
Though earth and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

But we could not close. So we did just what it was fitting we should do—that is, resolved to have an adjourned

PRaise MEETING

in the afternoon. We wish all "Merry Christmas" pleasure-taking Christians (?) might have been but one hour with us. He, who though equal with the Father, robed Himself in human form and became obedient unto death, was gloriously present in his resurrection power. Many in whose hearts he was enthroned as the Prince of Life, conspired in crowning him with their praises. "On His head were many crowns." So said the Revelator, and so thought we as we heard, and in vision seemed to see the once Incarnate Son of God so gloriously crowned Lord of all on that happy Christmas day. The meeting in the evening was one of increasing power. Several newly received the new-born Prince of Peace into their hearts. Never before did I enjoy such a happy Christmas, echoed from lip to lip.

Gladly would we have remained longer, as the scene of revival was manifestly intensifying with every passing hour, but we were engaged to go to regions beyond. Our last evening (Sabbath), convictions were multiplied. Many bowed as penitents at the foot of the cross. We think not less than fifty of all classes and ages. Jesus revealed Himself in saving and sanctifying power, and amid Alleluias of praise to Him alone to whom all praise is due, we took the parting hand. We must not omit to add that "Zanesville for Jesus!" is the battle cry of the hosts of Israel encamped there. Rev. C. D. Battelle is the energetic and beloved commander of the hosts (under God) who, with his dear

devoted help-meet, is by example and precept empowered to lead them forth by the King's highway to glorious victory.

WABASH, IND.,

was our next scene of labor. Here also the God of Battles wrought most graciously. The beloved minister, Rev. J. Comstock, has for some time been standing forth before the people in these regions, testifying of the power of our heavenly Joshua to save his redeemed ones to the uttermost. But hitherto the people have been slow to believe. The masses who have been brought out of spiritual Egypt, like Israel in their journeyings, have been going around and around the mountain instead of going up into Canaan and fighting the Lord's battles. But O how glorious has been the change within the past ten days. Many have come up out of the wilderness, and are now marching up victoriously toward the interior of the land, resolved to take the strong citadel of Satan for Christ. Many of the members of the official board, class leaders, etc., have entered the rest of faith. We have reason to hope that about one hundred have decided for Christ, about seventy of whom have united in fellowship with the M. E. Church. Several devoted members of the Society of Friends have, in the sweetest unity of the Spirit, mingled with us in praise, worship, and labor. Two or three of these who are engaged in the ministry, have during the progress of these services sought definitely and obtained clearly the full baptism of the Holy Spirit. How overwhelming-ly does the baptism of fire, or in other words the baptism of love, overthrow all denominational barriers. Among the converts was a young man, the son of one of these ministers of the Society of Friends, also a daughter of another dear laborer of our Lord belonging to that body. O, it is sweet to be baptized into one spirit, and it is a point we all arrive at when perfect love becomes an experimental verity. During the last few days three meetings were held daily at half-past six o'clock in the morning, half-past two in the afternoon, and seven o'clock in the evening, so that some, particularly the dear indefatigable pastor, seemed to abide in the house of the Lord. Added to this, the pastor of the M. E. Church, and Rev. Brother

Clark, another spirit-baptized minister, preached at noon in the open air in the heart of the town, gathering quite a concourse in the business mart. O for an increase of spirit-baptized ministers and people.

Sabbath was the last great day of the feast, at which we were permitted to be present. Meetings were kept up almost without intermission from half-past eight in the morning till late in the evening. The multitude came. We doubt not but that it was through the inspirations of the ever blessed, all pervading Holy Spirit that the assembly gathered, and He who cared for the multitude in the days of his flesh, was now gloriously present in the power of his Spirit, taking of the things of God, and revealing them to the people. After we had talked about the ordination of power with which Jesus would fain endue all his people, we asked who of all present would stand forth before God, men and angels, declaring themselves candidates for this special ordination. We think that at the least computation from two to three hundred stood up, and remained standing long enough for the recording angel to engrave each name in full in the book of God's eternal remembrance. O, if each one who were thus signalized at that solemn hour as candidates for the ordination by which they may be empowered to bring forth much fruit, how far-reaching and mighty will be its results. What an ingathering of souls into the Redeemer's fold will the day of eternity present as the fruits of that ordination. May not one rest short of it.

The afternoon was but an adjournment of the morning service, and the evening also. Many did not leave the church, and the afternoon and evening service was one continual scene of power. The audience room being crowded long before the hour for evening service arrived, meetings were held simultaneously in the audience and lecture-rooms, in both of which the power and presence of the convicting, converting and sanctifying Spirit was gloriously manifest. Thus closed our last day's service with our beloved Christian friends at Wabash, Indiana. Ere we parted, hundreds rose to say that they would meet us in our Father's house above, where there are many mansions. Thus pledged, we

yet once more together sung in anticipation of soon joining voices again in the presence of the Lamb once slain for us.

Glory to the Lamb!

The next morning we were met by a number of the friends at the railroad station. Believing that the children of the kingdom have rights, inasmuch as this world belongs to God and his Christ, we again encouraged each other's hearts in the Lord, talked of the things appertaining to the Kingdom, sung the songs of Zion, and united in prayer, when the swiftly passing train paused, and quickly bore us away on our homeward course.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

HOME CAMP MEETING PROTRACTED.

REV. G. D. BATTELLE.

All praise, all honor be given to our blessed Redeemer for the gracious work wrought for us in the Seventh-street charge, Zanesville, O. The meeting opened December 19th, under the labors of Brother and Sister Palmer, and two services were held each day for ten days, when these evangelists left us. At every service souls were blessed—some converted, some reclaimed, and some entered into the full enjoyment of salvation. We continue to hold meetings nightly; our blessed work continues. Our members are much revived, many are fully consecrated to the Lord to live and work for Him. The extent of the good resulting from the labors of our camp meeting in December may never be fully known here. Some came from a distance on purpose to seek the baptism of power, and they were gloriously baptized! The conflict was severe in some cases, but generally victorious. But how difficult it is to particularize in such a blessed campaign! Some who were opposed to the doctrine of holiness in life gave up their opposition under the influence of *plain Gospel truth*, as presented by Brother and Sister Palmer, and became open witnesses and advocates of Christian purity. Many who had been seeking for a clean heart for months were able to testify that "the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." What a triumph of grace to see the proud rebellious heart bow at the feet of

Jesus and receive at his hands pardon and purity!

About fifty members received the baptism of power and purity, and sixty profess to have received pardon; forty-four have applied for membership in the church. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory!"

Christmas morning will not soon be forgotten—it was a day of praise, of holy joy, and happy triumph. The angelic song was heard anew; the cloud of glory rested upon Israel; "Emanuel" was present, and never did the "Prince of Peace" receive more hearty greetings, "Glory to God in the highest!" God's first and second great gifts to man were gratefully realized and happily acknowledged. Some exultingly exclaimed, "Jesus is mine!" others said with rapture, "I am saved indeed!" others, "The blood of Christ it cleanseth me, for I his word believe!" Many said, "This is the happiest Christmas I ever saw!"

We enter the new year with warm hearts and renewed energies to live for Jesus. We thank the Lord for the very efficient service rendered by Brother and Sister Palmer. May our Heavenly Father continue to bless them in their labors! Seventh-street charge is greatly indebted to them, and would rejoice to meet them a second time at our altar in months or years to come. May we meet in Heaven!

ZANESVILLE, Jan. 7, 1869.

CONVERTS AT WORK.

Rev. J. B. Foote, Presiding Elder of Rome District, gives an account of a precious work of grace which has occurred in Ava, illustrative of the fact that God—even our God—can with a worm thrash a mountain. Young converts, read this, and ask Jesus if he will direct your mind to some way by which you may be enabled to diffuse the light kindled in your own soul, so that it may become a mighty flame.

An interesting revival has occurred at Ava, on this district. A gentleman and wife from the place were converted at our camp meeting. They told their neighbors about it. Brother Robert Flint, whose father was in the vicinity, preached four nights of the following week. Brother Adam Flint, a local preacher, continued the meetings. The Holy

Spirit operated in power on the entire community, so that in the course of five or six weeks nearly or quite one hundred persons were converted or reclaimed. The work will result, we trust, in a good and permanent Society and a house of worship. Preliminary steps are already begun for both.

REVIVAL OF HOLINESS.

REV. R. A. ARTHUR.

The work of Holiness is triumphing most gloriously on Marshall Charge, West Virginia Conference. Within the last month sixty-seven have professed this great blessing; and since Conference, March, 1868, one hundred and sixteen have received the blessing of perfect love. The work is still going on, and we confidently hope that by the close of the Conference year two hundred may have received it. The *GUIDE TO HOLINESS*, Wesley on Christian Perfection, and other works on this subject, have been urged as valuable helps, and a number of copies of the *GUIDE* are taken; many of Wesley's tracts on Christian Perfection have been sold. The people and brethren are deeply interested on this subject. What a change in this region within the last six months! It is most wonderful, and it has only begun. Holiness must conquer—must take the world.

WHEELING W. Va., 1868.

VIRGINIA.

It will be gratifying to the readers of the *GUIDE* to know that the Rev. John T. James, of the Church South, who received the baptism of fire at Manheim, has since realized that "holiness is power." Being forced to leave his mission in Alexandria, Virginia, by some opposers of holiness, after he had seen ten of his charge obtain heart purity, he was "led by the Spirit" to another field, where in a short time he was the God-honored and God-honoring instrument in the greatest revival ever known in that section of the work, resulting in upwards of eighty conversions and three cases of entire sanctification. The most remarkable feature is that the church almost as one man has been so impressed with the beauty and possibility of holiness in this life, that it is the one-absorbing topic of conversation in the community, the interest being shared even by sinners. The work

is sustained by the distribution of quite a number of the publications of W. C. Palmer, Jr., on the higher Christian life; and, as a very important auxiliary, four copies of the *GUIDE* now make their way into that section—the garden of Virginia—as pioneers of a much larger number that it is hoped will soon follow. May God hasten the "spread of Scriptural holiness all over these lands." "Even so come Lord Jesus!" Amen.

THE WRATH OF MAN SHALL PRAISE HIM.

God has more than a thousand ways by which He can cause the wrath of man to praise Him, though we in our short-sightedness cannot see one. Some time since we referred to the case of Lord Cecil, who had been censured and resigned his commission in the British army, because of his persistent efforts in holding revival services among the soldiers and others.

Since he resigned his commission he has taken a wider range, and we will hope is doing still greater disservice to Satan's kingdom. How true it is that those who bear the image of the Heavenly, whether high or low, rich or poor, will manifest an all-controlling, self-sacrificing zeal in the salvation of souls. What a

BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE

for persons in high life does the following incident, which we clip from a Canada paper, present:

"PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—The *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent says: "Lord Cecil has advertised preaching twice each Sunday, and on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, in the theatre, which he has rented at his own expense for those days. It appears his religion does not consist merely in preaching, as it is stated that a few days ago in a neighboring township, while visiting, he found a widow who was in danger of losing her farm, it being mortgaged for \$100; Lord Cecil presented this poor woman with a check for the amount, and secured her a receipt in full."

NEW CASTLE, DEL.

Rev. L. Dobson says: We have had in progress for several weeks a meeting of remarkable power, and the work still goes on. Several have been converted, and quite a num-

ber have experienced the blessing of *full salvation*.

When the invitation is given, the altar is not unfrequently filled with earnest seekers after holiness. The church is being thoroughly aroused. God is lifting his people up into the fullness of a life of liberty and love. It is positively glorious to hear the experiences of some of these entirely saved ones. It makes one think of the power of God, and the coming glory of the Church, when she shall shine forth in all the "beauty of holiness."

P. S.—Dr. Hammette, of the Missouri and Arkansas Conference, writes me that he has had a wonderful revival at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Over two hundred souls have been converted and added to the church.

REVIVAL ITEMS.

A powerful revival has been in progress in North Granville, Troy Conference, for the past five weeks. *Two hundred have professed to be saved*, and over three hundred have requested prayers. The whole region for ten miles around is moved. Rev. A. C. Rose is the pastor.

Wea Circuit, Northwest Indiana Conference.

—G. W. Warner says: November 14th I commenced a meeting at Grandville, on the north side of Wea Plains. Up to last night one hundred and one had given their names for membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church—the greater number of them converted. Over forty are heads of families, and several are over sixty years of age. Yesterday morning I baptized forty-five adults and five children, all by applying the element to the subject.

A friend writes: Brother Morgan and others have established a Believers' Meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, London, in a fullness of fellowship in Jesus Christ which my words cannot convey.

Rev. L. N. Carhart writes: A Tuesday afternoon meeting has been commenced at Cascade, Iowa. The prayers of all lovers of holiness are requested.

Correspondence.

[This excellent article would have appeared in our January number, but came a little too late for insertion.—Ed.]

"LORD, AND WHAT SHALL THIS MAN DO?"

BY W. J. GLADWIN.

PILGRIM.—"Happy New Year!" But, oh! how much happier could I be if I would only perform my whole duty, and enjoy more religion. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

GUIDE.—Let me suggest one of your many duties. Do you believe the many hundreds of written, and thousands of oral testimonies of the incalculable benefit secured to your fellow-travelers by the instruction, warning, and encouragement of my monthly counsels?

P. I cannot disbelieve them.

G. Ought you not then to introduce the same to all you possibly can?

P. I do try a little, but they all with one consent begin to make excuse as soon as I speak of a religious magazine.

G. "Try a little!" Why, you try *much* for far less important matters. Look at my "List of Premiums!" "They that be wise (in winning souls) shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." For heavenly jewels you seek "*a little!*" I can only exclaim, in the language of the Rev. Dr. Church, respecting one of his brother ministers: You "need to be struck by lightning" to awaken you to a sense of duty, and its sure rewards.

P. Truly, the Holy Ghost fire is just what I need and desire. I will do more in the future; but many, even church members, positively refuse to subscribe for a religious periodical.

G. I will tell you what one poor, yet devoted pilgrim, has done in such cases. Finding but few in his city willing to subscribe, he ordered copies of the GUIDE TO HOLINESS to several families (most of whom are in high official position), trusting Him who commands, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," and promises due returns. He was more than rewarded. Within one year *three conversions occurred in these families*, while some paid the subscription price, and from the others he obtained the numbers for distribution. A prosperous

merchant, being "unable to subscribe," he pursued the same course, and the speedy result was that the gentleman's wife secured four new subscribers, so that this *one* talent brought forth *five*. Now, can you not think of some friends to whom you could thus send eternal blessings? "Lend to the Lord," says Heaven's banker. Can you; will you "risk the security?"

P. Yes; *I will invest.*

BATESVILLE, ARK.

"WITHOUT EXCUSE."

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

If you are not holy, you are "without excuse." Jesus shed blood enough to cleanse you. The infinite Holy Ghost is your sanctifier. The process is by consecration and faith—operations that you, the Holy Ghost helping, can easily perform. Light has been given to make the way plain. Motives of love, interest, and safety, are appealed to, in order to move you. God *commands* you to be holy, Jesus *entreats* you, and the blessed Spirit *moves* you. So if you are not holy in heart, you are "without excuse." You can't say you know not the requirement, that you know not the way, that you have no help. You are going down to the bed of death "without excuse." If you could in that solemn hour offer a valid excuse for not being holy, you might put it as a soft pillow under your head, and die in peace.

You are going up to the judgment "without excuse." If you could on that august occasion say: "I am from Ethiopia; I was among the most neglected and benighted in that dark land; but though I did badly enough, yet I did as well as I knew how," you could face the Judge without alarm. But you can offer no such excuse. Bibles lie thick all around you; churches stand in solemn grandeur along the very streets you walk. So much light has been flashed upon you, that you have had to shut your eyes to keep it out. You are going up to the judgment "without excuse."

You are going down to Hell "without an excuse." If you could, there in that dreary world of wo, find just one excuse for your present sinful course, you might wrap it as a fire-proof mantle about your soul, and defy all the flames of hell and the tooth of the worm that never dies; but you cannot, and hence your poor soul, unshielded by a single excuse

as a barrier, must endure all that is denounced against those who presume to live and die in sin.

Fellow-travelers to the bar of God, will you not lay aside your sins, plunge into the "fountain filled with blood," and be clean? Blessed Holy Ghost, help us to remember that we have no excuse for sin!

"THE NIGHT OF FAITH."

A Christian sister, writing from Pleasant Valley, says: "I do feel that I have given myself to the Saviour in an everlasting covenant. But I have been walking in the night of faith eighteen years. I read my Bible, and weep and pray over it. I also read the GUIDE TO HOLINESS and other good books. Being advanced in age, and infirm, I have now given up to discouragement, bordering on despair, fearing I may go down to the grave shrouded in darkness. For years I think I have laid all upon the altar," &c.

ANSWER.

No! my dear aged sister, you have not laid all upon the altar. Christ is the Christian's altar. If you had indeed given up all to God *through* Christ, you surely would not have had such a long night of darkness, sorrow, and sin. Christ is the Light, and do you not hear him saying: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." John, viii. 12. And again he says: "I am come a *light* into the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not abide in darkness."

That you believe in God, and are endeavoring sincerely to yield yourself up to Him in an everlasting covenant I do not doubt. You think of His demands upon you as your Creator, of his justice and power, and you are *troubled*. But you seem to have forgotten the voice of your loving Redeemer and Saviour, "believe also in me." Had you been ever listening to the voice of your compassionate Saviour, "Look unto me!" and *through* Christ looked to God, your heart would not have been so troubled; but He would

"Lift up His countenance serene,
And let His happy child
Behold without a cloud between
The Godhead reconciled."

Now, my dear sister, do not linger another moment. The time is far spent. The Father

himself loveth you. But He is grieved with you that you have thought so little of His great gift to the world. How little have you indulged in thanksgiving to the Father, for the great gift of His only begotten son! How inattentive have you been to the ever-speaking voice of your Lord and Redeemer—Look unto *me* and be ye saved! You have been looking at *yourself*. Your shortcomings appal you! No wonder that you tremble and weep, and thick darkness enshrouds life's pathway. And thus will it ever be till life's latest hour, unless you hasten to look away from sin and self. Rise, daughter of Abraham! Though bound by thy infirmity eighteen years, and in no wise able to lift thyself up, Jesus *loves* you, and compassionates thy condition, and he is longing to say to you even at this moment, "Woman, thou art loosed from thy infirmity!" Be assured that He is nearer to thee than to that one so long bowed down with a spirit of infirmity. How *near* is Jesus to you just now! He is *in your heart*. You need no longer say, Lo, here, or Lo! there! Will you not say to Him just now:

"Eighteen, or eight and thirty years,
Or thousands are alike to thee;
Soon as thy saving grace appears
My plague is gone—my heart is free."

[Ed.]

For the Guide,

"A GARDEN OF SPICES."

REV. J. S. INSKIP.

The large number of books specially designed to promote the "higher Christian life" that have recently been issued by the various publishing houses of this country is a most significant and encouraging fact in the current religious history of the times. The demand for works of this character seems to be constantly increasing, and the supply, thank God, promises to be equal to the demand. The hearts and minds of devout thinkers are moved in this direction to an extent that implies the special interposition of Providence.

Connected with the publication of the work bearing the title at the head of this article a remarkably suggestive incident occurred. Two clergymen, Rev. L. R. Dunn, of Jersey City, N. J., and Rev. Dr. George, of St. Louis, Mo., strangely enough had their minds simultaneously drawn to the "Letters

of Rutherford," and were both impressed with the idea that the devout sayings of this remarkable man ought to be gathered together and published to the world. The large work containing Rutherford's letters already published by the Carters of this city, although one of great excellence, was adjudged to be too large and expensive for general circulation. The plan brought out in the "Garden of Spices" was suggested to the minds of both of the clergymen referred to. Without any knowledge whatever of each other's movements, they both proceeded according to their impressions and prepared their manuscripts for the press.—Dr. George submitting his to a publishing house in Cincinnati, and Rev. Mr. Dunn tendering his to a house in this city. Perceiving it to be a work of unusual merit, both houses accepted the manuscripts offered to them, and both determined upon their publication.

This fact coming to light, the two authors met, examined each other's arrangement, and found a most striking and wonderful similarity. It was finally determined that Mr. Dunn's selections should be published, accompanied by the thrilling introduction from the pen of Dr. Cuyler and the lucid sketch of Rutherford's life by Dr. George.

To the pious mind, upon reading it, will at once be apparent why it is called "A Garden of Spices." The divisions of the work are admirable. There are fifteen sections; the first is entitled "Christ," and the last is designated "The Heavenly Vision." Every page is full of "Christ," and the whole is most truly a "heavenly vision." Here and there may be found a quaintness of style and expression which perhaps some, failing to understand, will not relish. Yet even this quaintness helps to add to the beauty of the garden, and increases the sweetness of the odors one inhales in passing through it. There are some spots at which the reader will love to linger, and to which he will often—very often—return. I cannot now take time to point them out; nor need this be done. It is a garden so beautiful and redolent that you may anywhere tarry, gaze, wonder, and be delighted.

Hitchcock & Walden, the publishers, have done themselves great credit in the general

appearance of the work. It is indeed well gotten up. All who want a real feast for the soul ought to procure and read this book without delay. I am glad to learn it is on sale at 14 Bible House, where so many excellent works on the higher forms of religious life and experience can be found.

NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1869.

HOW I GAVE UP SMOKING WITHOUT EFFORT.

When a Christian is through grace in the position where *the will*, the central life, is given up to God, the victory has been won, the citadel of sin has been captured, and the outworks will surrender at the first summons. A life-time is often occupied in trying to capture the outworks successively, while too often those behind are re-occupied by the enemy in the citadel.

This is the explanation why the life-time of some is spent in wearying contests with sin that are oftener defeats than victories; while others seem to know nothing but the victory that overcometh the world. Let but the *will* be yielded up perfectly to Jesus, and everything becomes easy. It is then that the promise of the easy yoke and the light burden is realized. Our Lord's commands are indeed grievous to a resisting will; but with an extinguished self-will they are only a joy. It is then that we find Christ our yoke-fellow in a yoke which, now that is no longer resisted, is lined with contentment. Christ carries now not only our now light burdens, but ourselves too.

Myself a smoker, when I had heard of one or another of my friends giving up the habit, I had smiled, with the remark that they would soon begin again; and this I found almost always true. In my own case, I supposed that I had a sufficient reason for it in overtaken nervous and physical powers, which found immense relief in the moderate use of the cigar. I believed that should I give it up my labors in the Gospel would be greatly abridged. It was, therefore, without condemnation of conscience that I smoked tobacco even in public, for I scorned to do in secret what I would not do openly.

I read the medical argument, but I had for over twenty years—ten years before my conversion, ten years since, and one since my entrance in the walk of sanctification—smoked

tobacco with apparent advantage. I did not drink coffee, I did smoke, and I could see no difference between them.

I mention this somewhat in detail, to bring out a truth that is liable to misapprehension. When the soul is practically sanctified to God, it is not perfect in knowledge, in judgment, or in practical walk, its perfection is that of the expanding blossom, and not of the matured fruit. It trusts Christ, and through faith acts up to the knowledge of the Lord's mind, which it has. This is the keeping of the conscience (or knowledge) void of offence. Smoking was not *then* sin to me, for I did not believe it contrary to the Lord's mind. Christians should remember this principle, and not judge others by their own line of duty. I walked in the light then as now, both then and now with eyes partly dimmed, but growing in the knowledge of my Lord and Savior, and of His will. It was well for me that I did not act on the conscience and injunctions of others, for they would have proved insufficient to prematurely cancel a habit of twenty years' standing. There was a better way.

I reached Manheim meeting very unwell with overwork and the heat, and found my usual solace in a cigar outside the camp. Having returned, I was sitting in the congregation, when the Presiding Elder, most unexpectedly to me, read out my name as about to address the meeting. I could only cast myself upon the Lord to give me conscious guidance, and He did graciously make strength of my weakness. When I had done speaking, Brother A. came across the platform to take me by the hand as I sat down. Immediately there came upon me the sense of the impurity of the use of tobacco in one who had just been preaching a walk of full sanctification to them. It was not reasoning; it was not by an argument; it was not natural judgment. It was above all these—the divine consciousness in the soul of the Lord's mind. I could have presented many arguments for an indulgence in what was the principal physical solace of an overtaken life, and had not my *will* been given up so as to discern the voice of my divine Shepherd, I should have found sufficient reasons for continuing the practice in the moderate form of my previous habits. But having had my own will laid aside, through grace, I could among the many voices in the world

hear a word behind me, saying, This is the way; walk in it!

From that hour, when thus I first discerned the Lord's mind on this subject; from the very moment when I knew that I could not follow Christ by smoking, the inclination to it left me, and has scarcely been felt for one moment since. God's will had become my will in the very centre of my existence. I was conscious of no struggle nor effort. The feeling, when with those who smoke, has ever since been that of gratitude that I am no longer under the bondage of the habit, nor even of the desire.

I may add that though my physician assured me that, in my condition of health, the sudden disuse of a twenty years' stimulant was enough to cause me a serious illness, I found no such results; none of my anticipations of impaired health or abridged Gospel work have been realized. At the close of revival services continued for six weeks I found myself with average health and energies.

My purpose in relating this otherwise unimportant matter of personal history is to illustrate the lesson that we are to press full consecrations of the *will* to Christ, knowing that when this is fully reached the details of duty will be adjusted with increasing light in the divine and real harmony of oneness with Jesus. Holiness is then from the will within to the life without. This is very different from imposing, in things not directly commanded, our own line of duty, which would commence in law and end in transgression. Let us lead Christians firstly to a full resignation of the will and all its powers to the Lord, leaving them to the guidance of the Spirit in detail; being ourselves careful, meanwhile, that where-to we have already attained we should walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing.

S.

PREACHING HOLINESS.

I am on my first circuit, La Prairie. Some fifteen years ago I believe I was made every whit whole. Glory be to Jesus forever and ever! is the language of my Heaven-bound spirit. I am trying to follow the sainted Wesley's advice, to preach holiness in every sermon. I cannot tell you how wonderfully Jesus loves me. I am a wonder to myself, O glory! glory!

My daily experience is, rejoicing now in earnest hope, I stand, and from the mountain top view all the land below. Rivers of milk and honey rise, and all the fruits of paradise in endless plenty grow.

O, how few, how few, there are who can and will suffer reproach for Jesus' sake. Enclosed within is an order for seven "GUIDES TO HOLINESS."

URIAH WARRINGTON.

QUINCEY, ILL.

WORDS OF CHEER.

I send you herewith eight more subscribers to the "GUIDE," making twenty. I hope to send you many more. I am truly ashamed that I have done so little in the past towards circulating this dearest and best of publications, the "GUIDE TO HOLINESS."

It is truly amongst the multitudinous publications of the day, the bright and morning star. Persevere in your good work; success must crown your efforts. With such a GUIDE the flocks of Israel shall be led out from the cold and turbid stream of Church ritualism, icy formalism, and spiritual deadness, to drink again of the Pentecostal fountain, which flows now, as in days of old, clear, full, and free.

A. ORR.

SALINA, Iowa.

For the Guide.

UNION OF PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

While reading Rev. J. Baume's missionary sermon in the N. W. C. A., I was convicted of a great neglect—that of not *daily, with great desire and faith, pleading* with God for the descent of the Holy Ghost upon all connected with our foreign missions.

How many readers of the "GUIDE" will join with me this new year in such prayer? Jesus in his love bids us "ask," "seek," "knock." He commands us to look at the fields white for the harvest: to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth more laborers. He who spent the long night alone praying taught us by the parable of the unjust judge and the widow to be *importunate* in our petitions. He is a faithful promiser.

TRUSTLAND, Dec. 1868.

MINA.

Rev. T. M. Hartley writes: We rejoice in what God is doing for us, and also for what He is doing *in* us. Since the first numbers of

the "GUIDE" you sent us, two have been able to testify that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. The preacher in charge, myself, and our only local preacher, Brother H. Foggy, we could not do anything else but talk and preach about it; and wherever we have been the good work is taking root, and now a number are seeking the blessing of perfect love,—and they ask me to send for the "GUIDE." We believe we are on the eve of a glorious awakening to the subject of holiness, and we feel like saying, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be [in holiness], but we shall be like Him." Like Him! Yes, like Jesus. That will do. Eternal glory! Be like Jesus!

Rev. J. J. Thatcher writes: I feel to thank the good Lord that we have such a periodical as the "GUIDE." Through its instrumentality I have been brought from *bondage* into *perfect liberty* through the present constant, all-powerful efficacy of our blessed Jesus applied by faith. All is love. Jesus saves me now. *Glory!*

I obtained the blessing of perfect love at the Moundsville camp meeting, West Virginia. I came home, told the story to my congregation. I have been trying to preach and practice holiness since. The names I send you are part of the fruit.

HEBRON, O.

A correspondent writes: Some say they consider the GUIDE too strong meat for young converts, but I do not think so. I consider it just what they need.

EXODUS, CHAPTER 33

JEROME ROWE.

A mountain stands in Eastern clime,
Where Moses met in early time,
As friend meets friend with face to face
In love's own chosen trysting place,
The God who guides the tempest's rush
Who flamed within the burning bush,

A fissure in the rocks gaped, wide,
And down within their clefted side
The Seer lay hid, while past time trod
The footsteps of the mighty God,
And glory from the God on high
From worlds of light beyond the sky
Flashed full before his mortal sense,

The glory of Omnipotence.

God laid his hand above the Seer,
To pass his face before him there,
For mortal man in flesh unshrived
Ne'er saw the face of God and lived,

Who can live here when Heaven has come?
Oh take from earth thy glories home,
For mortal man can't bide to see
The light, Oh God, that burns round thee.

ITHACA, N. Y., 1868.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

A congregational minister said that he had to speak of things so simple as to make him feel very humble. I wish I could speak better than I can, but I must be truthful. I find it always best to walk in the way God appoints, and enjoy such privileges as he gives. My former life for some years has been one of trial. (The brother referred to the fact that for some years he had not been in the active duties of the ministry.) I tried to break out of my way of life, but it did not work. I then bowed before the Lord and said, "I'll stay here." He kept me there a little while after that. By-and-by he broke down every barrier, nay, he made each one a help to leave that position. He gave me a pastoral charge. I have felt that there was not the power I needed. I kept up private and family worship, but I felt that I did not go through all the day with the power of God on me. I was compelled to say: "I have not got up early to the study of the Word. I have not got up in the night to pray. I have not set up myself to serve God as formerly." Then I got up in the night to pray. In a few days I had convictions. I was tried, was tempted. There was anguish in my spirit. I said to my wife, "We have not prayed together much lately. There is a horror in my mind." I was at a loss to know whether God or Satan was in these feelings. My wife suggested "both." The Bible had not been open to my spiritual vision in some time. But now, oh, how the Bible began to open to me! Oh, those passages in God's

word! They were the things my soul needed. God gave them to me. I felt as though God had given me the Bible over again. I have the indwelling Christ. I have had deeper feelings before, but this was a wonderful welling up of the love of Christ!

Sister P. felt an appreciation of the brother's testimony. The way of holiness is a narrow way. The spirit of holiness does require sacrifice. The foundation of the Christian religion was laid in sacrifice. "He who was rich for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich." A friend asked me, "Are you happy?" If to be altogether the Lord's is happiness, then I am happy. It is true that we have a three-fold enemy, but I feel that I have the victory. If in anything I wear or eat, Jesus is not glorified, I could not be happy. I do belong to Jesus. This sister spoke of a young convert who came to her during one of the evangelistic visits for advice. She said to him, David, if you rise about an hour earlier than you are accustomed to, you can talk with God. I will tell you what God will say to you, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." You would say to the Master, "What shall I do?" I think he would tell you to ask your young acquaintances to come to Jesus. The next evening David came to our meeting, and brought a friend to the altar; he agonized for his conversion, and the friend was converted. The second evening he came with two, and they were saved. Don't you think David was happy? We need a spirit of sacrifice. The time is come when we are to sacrifice to God that which costs us something.

A dear sister, whose lungs were quite weak, had been struggling to get everything on God's altar, and about five weeks since had succeeded in getting the last idol away from her. Then commenced great joy, She felt the words spoken to her, "Thou art all fair my love, there is no spot in thee." The Word of God has been very, very precious, since that time. Since that she has been perplexed. Would like to know what is in the way that keeps me from Jesus every moment.

A brother said that God had led him. He took the truth as sown by a mother's lips, and brought me up to see the light. Then the Lord let me see how far I could go from him, and he brought me back.

A friend put sister Palmer's works in my

hand. I found her writings in accordance with the Word of God. I felt now I needed the work right in my heart. One night, as I heard a few brothers, God's truth came to my mind. I felt that I must have there what I desired. The words came, "If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him. Ask and ye shall receive." There I gave my heart, soul and body, away to God. I tell you, brethren, that chamber was full. I went home to tell what God had done for me, that had brought me to a higher Christian life.

Sister S.:—Never a day in my Christian life that I have felt so glad that I am a saved sinner. Every drop in my veins thank the eternal Three in One for saving me. I must live so near to Jesus, that if the judgment should set to-day I can be ready to go. As I look back these years, I know and feel that Jesus led me along. And I know the convoy will attend me to His presence when I go hence.

Children's Corner.

GATHER THEM IN.

"Gather the children in,
Gather them into the Sunday School."

One Sabbath morning, while engaged with the Infant Class, a lady placed the hand of little Annie Poor's in mine, whispering, "Keep her until I come, so that I can return her where I found her, and don't fail to give her a paper."

Found her! found her! why did she not say take her home? Where else could a little girl of six years be found? Where do you suppose Annie was found? By a saloon her father and mother attended.

The next Sabbath Annie brought her little brother, Eddie, to see if we would give him a "picture paper." Several weeks found the children attentive and well behaved pupils in the School.

One day Annie said, with more than usual sweetness, "I have learned to pray; mother has taught Eddie and me a little prayer,

"Jesus, gentle shepherd, &c."

We sought Annie's home, and found her mother awakened. She had pious parents when she was a little girl, and lived in England, but she had grown up, and married Annie's father, who brought her to America, where she has lived twelve years without hearing the sound of the Gospel, staid from Church, and put all thoughts of God from her heart, "because people would not expect to see any one in that business at Church."

But now Annie brings *those papers* home to be read, and talks so much about what she learns in Sunday School, that I cannot keep this saloon; I am going to sell out; it's no place to live; I can't die here."

Blessed Bible.

WORDS BY MRS. PHOEBE PALMER.

FIN

1. { Blessed 'Bi - ble, how I love it! How it doth my bosom cheer! }
 { What hath earth like this to cov - et! O what stores of wealth are here! }
 D.C. Could he from earth's treasures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this?

D.C

Man was lost and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss.

Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
 Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'rings;
 Tell how far thy roavings led,
 When this Book brought back thy wand'rings,
 Speaking life as from the dead.

Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
 Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
 And in death we will not part!
 Part in death! No! never, never!
 Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;
 Then in worlds above forever,
 Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1869.

For the Guide.
VERBAL CONSECRATION.
THE VICTORY GAINED THEREBY.
REV. S. P. BAILEY.

BORN of devoted Christian parents, and consecrated to God, even in infancy, for the work of the ministry, I was the subject of many prayers, and early became acquainted to the praise of God with renewing grace. In childhood and youth my experience was not uniform, but through the mercy of God I was brought at length to a more fully established Christian life.

To the importance, both for my own satisfaction and usefulness, of a deeper work of grace in the heart, my attention was directed in my early experience, by the perusal of the "Guide to Christian Holiness," and similar works. And after my Christian life became more settled, such works as the "Way of Holiness," by Mrs. Palmer, and the works of Wesley, and Fletcher, together with the testimonies of those who had obtained the blessing of a full salvation, drew out my heart in more earnest efforts to secure for myself this precious experience.

When the call to the ministry became distinct, there was no hesitation, knowing well the yielding of that point to be a most important part of that consecration which I knew must precede the perfect acceptance on the part of God. But the first year in the work was a year of great effort, with comparatively small results, especially in my own experience. I fasted, prayed, wept, and toiled, seeking with much effort the great object of desire for which my heart had so long been

yearning. To ask for pardon, though often needed, still did not satisfy. The Spirit was inspiring a deeper prayer within the soul.

In the fall of that year I decided to go down to E. Camp meeting, where so many yearning souls had obtained their heart's desire. On reaching the meeting I immediately began my old way of work to secure the blessing. But in vain, though many precious seasons of enjoyment were granted.

On the third day of the meeting, an invitation was given to those seeking this blessing to come to the altar for prayer. This at first I could not submit to—that I, a preacher of the Gospel, should go forward for prayer like a poor sinner. But perceiving the importance of humbling my heart, I yielded the point, and although I did not there obtain the blessing, yet it was a very important step in bringing down my heart to that condition where "love crowns the meek and the lowly."

I continued praying and hoping, and on the last night of the meeting, about eleven o'clock in the evening, I rose in the tent and expressed my earnest desire that I might obtain that for which I had purposely come a long journey. I spoke of the depravity of my heart; and as I began to speak of that, God seemed to lift the "veil," and I saw not only my own heart, but the human heart, the heart of men.

Expressing the view, I said, "Brethren, I profess to be a preacher of the Gospel, but it seems to me that a spirit from the pit is as well prepared for the work as I am." Continuing, I said, "I shall not

obtain the blessing here; I must go back to my conference, and there confess to my brethren the depravity of my heart." As I sat down, a sister whispered in my ear, "Brother, Satan is going to lead you a long way around to obtain the blessing." A remark which impressed me deeply.

Bro. C. N., sitting near, remarked, "I advise you to commit yourself to God in verbal consecration." Said I, "Brother, you would not have me say that I am the Lord's, before I feel in my own heart that I am!" He asked, "Are you willing to be the Lord's?" "Yes, I want to be." "Then," said he, "I advise you to take the course I suggest." The plan did not seem just the right one. But I thought, "he has seen it succeed, and I will do so."

Rising before them, I said, "Brethren, it is time this matter were settled between God and my soul, and now in the presence of God and angels and before you, I commit myself to him soul, body, and spirit, time, talents, influence and reputation, friends and property, all I possess or ever may possess, I consecrate to God for time and for eternity." I thought I had but little feeling, but I did it deliberately, and God helped me to do it with much decision. Yet somehow it did not seem fully to reach the heart as I wished.

But as I sat down I was much strengthened, and felt as though I was gaining victory. I rose again. "Brethren," said I, "this matter must be settled." And then with much decision, I repeated my consecration. The Spirit was leading me, for I sat down still more strengthened in spirit.

I resolved, "I will repeat this a score of times, if necessary, till I feel in my own soul that my whole conscious being goes with the words," I was about to arise again for the same purpose, when Bro. C. N. said, "Let us pray." And as he commended my case to the blessed throne of mercy, I saw the last item that was to be yielded to God. I was enabled by grace to submit it to Him, and then the consciousness, clear as the knowledge of my existence, took possession of my heart, that all was given up. O, the rest, the satisfaction of KNOWING that I

was the Lord's, wholly the Lord's; the consciousness of it clear as the sunlight.

"I will receive you" was gently whispered in my soul by the voice of God the Spirit. I saw I could rest upon that, and all was well. There was no opening of the heavens, no wonderful manifestations. I said to a brother, "I feel as though after laboring and toiling for years, I have found a RESTING PLACE." Sweet, blessed rest! Hear it, ye who sigh, "O, where shall rest be found?" Hear it, ye burdened pilgrims! Lay down yourselves at Jesus' feet, and your burden will be gone. Yourself is the heavy load you carry, burdened one. Come to Jesus with the heavy load, and then how light the heart.

Said Bro. C. N., as we left the ground, "You will have to speak of this many times when you have no especial feeling." I had occasion to remember it, for it is a resting upon a fact, the atonement of Jesus and not feeling.

I need not speak of the efforts made by Satan to wrest the blessing from me, nor the glorious victory some weeks after, since which "not a doubt doth arise to darken my skies."

In His Word I have Him ever. "The Word is nigh thee." On that Word, "I will receive thee," I first rested—and on that for every moment do I rely. Thus sweet peace and precious rest of heart is mine, through a constant resting by faith in the atoning blood of Jesus.

For the Guide.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT IS GENTLENESS. No. 5.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE, CANADA.

Speak gently! 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it shall bring,
Eternity shall tell.

Gentleness, is, in a general sense, defined to be "the quality of being well-born, of good extraction." Gentility and gentleness are the same, and mean genteel accomplishments, softness of manners, sweetness of disposition, kindness, meekness, clemency, benevolence. The word the Apostle used in naming the rich cluster of graces, is *χρηστοτης*.

It comes from *χραω*, "to use," and means "usefulness, utility, benignity, gentleness, affability, clemency, leniency, kindness, goodness, worthiness, innocence, purity,"—*Groves*.

The terms gentle, tame, mild, soft, are synonymous, and are used both in a physical and moral sense. It is only in a moral sense that we have to do with the word as descriptive of the "Fruit of the Spirit."

Gentleness, in morals, is a quality of the mind opposed to rudeness, roughness, fierceness, wildness, moroseness, austerity, and is applied to the temper, disposition or behavior.

There is but little said or written on this virtue or grace of the Christian character; and yet it has much to do in forming the true character of the Christian gentleman, and in recommending the religion of Christ by the power of example to those who have it not. That gentle-lady or gentle-lord who has consecrated their all to God, through Jesus Christ, and is rich in all the graces of the Spirit, possessing love, joy, peace, long-suffering, and gentleness, etc., and exemplifies those graces in Christian activities, brings in large harvests of credit and honor to the cause of God by their amiability of character, their sweetness of disposition, and their gentleness of spirit, and they are distinguished from the masses of their brethren, whose behavior, temper and disposition shows an entire want of those finer finishing touches that complete the picture of true godliness. How unseemly a thing it is to see an old scholar of twenty years standing in school learning the first principles with those pupils who entered yesterday. And equally unbecoming is it to find old disciples of Christ, "ever learning, and yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," with a sourness of temper, an austerity of manner, and a roughness of disposition that would indicate that they had but lately escaped from the quarry of a deeply depraved human nature.

Paul said to the Church at Thessalonica, "We were gentle among you, even as a nurse," literally as a mother. Again

he says to Timothy, "The servant of the Lord must be gentle," and to Titus he said, "Put them in mind, to be no brawlers, but gentle, showing all meekness unto all men." David said, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." In these passages we are taught to cultivate that disposition which enables us to bear the infirmities of others, to forgive injuries, to interpret all things for the best, to put the best construction on things, and as far as possible accommodate ourselves even to those who have wronged us.

Dr. A. Clarke says, "It is a very rare grace, often wanting in many who have a considerable share of Christian excellence."

A good education and polished manners, when brought under the influence of the sanctifying grace of God, will bring out this grace with great effect. In many cases where natural and acquired advantages are entirely wanting, persons are found under the gracious baptism of the divine spirit, making rapid progress in the school of Christ. Early learning self-denial, and self-control, as they, in entire submission to the will of God practice the higher virtues and graces, until they are put into possession of the "mind of Christ," and can say and sing,

"Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on me, God reclined;
Jesus is a gentle mind."

This, gentleness, is to be clearly distinguished from that natural tameness of mind, or flexibility of character which leads the young and inexperienced into an almost unlimited compliance with the maxims, habits, customs and fashions of the world.

In this Indian-rubber age, we have a great deal of trouble with the elastic principles professed by the true-born sons of Mr. Pliable. They are the time-servers of the age. Poor men, they inherit all their father's weakness, are far too pliable to retain an unbroken peace, abiding joy, perfect love, or a whole conscience. The fact is, they are too elastic, with them it is all elasticity, and no stability; all accommodation and no firm-

ness ; all pliability and no abiding principle. Such men are like our weather-vanes, which always shape their course as the wind blows, driven about, says Paul, "with every wind of doctrine," "unstable as water, they cannot excel."

That passive tameness of spirit which submits without a struggle to every encroachment of the enemy, and yields with complaisance to the opinions and manners of others, is so far from being a virtue that it is itself a vice, and the parent of many vices. It is, indeed, at war with all virtue. It overthrows all sound principle, and produces that sinful conformity which taints and vitiates the whole character, and robs the man of every vestige of true godliness. The spirit which turns an ear to every call the world may make, and yields a sure, though tardy compliance with the seductions of the flesh, is a mean spirit found only in the heart of real cowards and true sycophants. To all the allurements of the world, the flesh and the devil, the true gentleman, or the man of true gentleness, will say No ! with such an emphasis that the stoutest tempter quails in its echo. The man of true gentleness is as firm as the rock out on yonder craggy cliff, where old ocean has tried its thundering batteries for ages, and all in vain. Gentleness is unyielding and immovable as the rock, yet courteous and kind. It stands firm to truth, renounces no principle from fear or from favor. Neither flattery nor fear can move it from the well-known path of duty. It stands opposed to harshness and to pride and arrogance ; to violence and oppression on the one hand, and to the brainless faithless policy of the timid time-server on the other hand. It removes the roughness of untutored nature, polishes the mind and the manners, refines the taste, sweetens the temper, and makes the man unwilling to give pain to any of the common brotherhood of mankind. "Compassion prompts us to relieve the wants of the brethren, forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries, clemency disposes us to forgive their wrongs, meekness restrains our angry passions, candor our severe

judgments ; but gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manner, and by a constant train of benevolent attentions studies to alleviate the burden of common misery.

If the first three points, viz.: love, joy and peace, are plants of heavenly origin, exotics brought from a far country, having a divine origin, the next three may be said to be home productions, the growth of the new nature in the garden of the heart, planted by the Holy Spirit, watched over by the eye of vigilance, watered by the sun of righteousness, and cared for and cultivated by the constant exercise of the new-born powers.

The first-named three are especially ascribed to God. Love is called "the love of God shed abroad in the heart." Joy is called "the joy of the Lord." Peace is called "the peace of God ;" but patience and gentleness are no where spoken of as the patience and gentleness of God in the same sense. These latter fruits are the results of the operation of the Spirit developed in a life of watchfulness and diligence. The first three are the fruits of the Spirit, usually bestowed instantaneously when the assurance is given that we are the children of God. The others are the fruits of the spirit requiring time and growth for their cultivation and development.

In the cultivation of this fruit, patient culture is necessary. Some plants require more than ordinary care to their growth and development. That care must be in proportion to the difficulties arising from soil and climate, locality and surroundings, as well as the dangers arising from destructive insects and noxious vermin. Our own happiness will be greatly promoted by its cultivation ; the peace of home and of the church greatly enhanced, and the name of Christ glorified. If you would be useful to mankind, then

Speak gently to the erring,
Thou yet may'st lead them back
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And feeble yet must be ;
Deal gently with the erring one
As God hath dealt with thee.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Guide.

BELIEVERS NEVER DIE.

REV. J. BUFFUM.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord.—John ii. 26 and 27.

In the December number of the "Guide" is an interesting article from "Emma," entitled "Living and Dying," upon which I wish to offer a few remarks. That there is, in us all, more or less of a natural shrinking back from death, as we call it, is certain. Even the holy Paul, when in danger of a watery grave, when on his tempestuous voyage to Rome, seems to have had fears of drowning. Else, why should the angel have said "Fear not, Paul." (Acts, xxvii. 24.) Death is not, as some call it, a debt of nature; it is unnatural and was brought about by sin. Man was not made to die, but to live; but by man's transgression death came into the world. Now, if we are disciples of Jesus, so far as we are concerned, Jesus, our Saviour, "hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." (II Tim. i. 10.) And so I want "Emma," and all others to see that, if we are true followers of our Lord, as he said to Martha, "we shall never die." True, unless we "remain unto the coming of the Lord," (I Thess., iv. 15) we must (all saints), with David, "walk through the valley of the shadow of death," and I trust, with him we can say, "I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod, and thy staff they comfort me." Death is for the ungodly, not for the saints of God; eternal life is theirs, as the Lord said to Martha. Death, and the "shadow of death," are quite different things. When we stand in the sunshine and look at our shadow projected on the ground, we see an outline, an imperfect resemblance of the shape of our bodies; but how different from the substance, save in outline. So the "shadow of death," which is all we have to do with, if we are the Lord's, when compared with death the substance, which casts its shadow only over the saints when they fall asleep in Jesus, even then "He is with them, and his rod and his staff shall comfort them."

Blessed be his name. Moreover, we know that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." (Psalm xxxiv. 7.) Well, if God has commissioned an angel to attend us all the way through, we shall be led through safe, however Satan may rage and pursue us even unto the pearly gates. Praise God! Again we read in Luke xvi. 22, of a poor saint, who died or departed this life and was carried off by the angels into Abraham's bosom, a figurative expression, no doubt, but certainly into Abraham's presence, and where he "was comforted," (v. 25) while the sinner was "tormented." So the Lord's angel not only watches over us in this life, but goes through "the valley" with us, till we get home. Glory to God. These precious truths comfort me exceedingly, and I hope they may add to Emma's comfort, and also to that of many other saints. Let us all daily renew our consecration to God, and so live that we shall have an "entrance administered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." (II Peter i. 11.)

For the Guide.

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

REV. B. S. TAYLOR.

Go, ye sons of Gospel morning,
Work for God—all hardship scorning.
Work for man—the dead and dying,
On the brink of horror lying.

Show them where their steps are tending,
Show them how the heavens are bending,
Open wide the light-clad portal,
And unvail the dread immortal.

Point them to the Lamb that's bleeding,
Weeping, dying, interceding:—
If you love for lost men cherish,
Wake them, wake them, ere they perish.

See them lying all around you
In the pit where Jesus found you,
With your own hearts weeping, yearning,
Save them, save them, from the burning.

Work, your own hoped heaven to highten,
Work, your own life-crown to brighten,
Work from youth till old and hoary,
Work for man, and God, and glory.

For the Guide.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE, NO. 2.

REV. D. NASH.

Secondly, That the intermediate state is a state of conscious existence. Some celebrated mental philosophers have held a contrary opinion; they believed in the sleep of the soul between death and the resurrection. This is also a favorite notion of the Second Adventists. This, of course, however, when exhibited in the light of revelation, involves an absurdity. It is the same as to fancy that when a man's house is blown down about his ears by a storm, he must necessarily sink into a state of insensibility, though he continues to live. In the estimation of the Apostles, there is no more connection between a capability of thinking and knowing and the body which man possesses, than there is between man as an intelligent being, and the house which he inhabits. The mind not only dwells in, but knows and surveys the body. It knows its construction, its component parts and its final dissolution, and retains the identity of man when the body is wasted by sickness, mangled by accident, or dropping by piece meal into a state of complete dissolution. Why then should it not consciously exist independently of the body? Does not the contrary notion make mind dependent on matter for its consciousness and thought? It involves the concession that matter can think and thereby materializes the soul and degenerates into infidelity. See the Believer, however, on the verge of dissolution. He knows that if this earthly house were dissolved, he has a building of God. He lives because Christ lives in him. He is conscious of his indwelling presence. His every faculty and affection expand to embrace Him in all His fullness. As the outward man perishes, so the inward is renewed and becomes more and more ardent to depart and be with Christ. Even when the power of speech is gone, his languid eye expresses unutterable things, and indicates the presence of his God. He thinks of nothing, knows nothing, desires nothing, comparatively, but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. At

last "the silver cord is loosed, the wheel is broken at the cistern," and the happy spirit wings its way into the presence of God. But, according to the doctrine of the sleep of the soul, its thoughts, knowledge, desires, hopes, and consciousness fall into a state of insensibility in the very attempt to make its flight. Is this agreeable to reason and the experience of the children of God? When hope is in its fullest bloom, is it to be blasted just at that very instant? Is the conscious knowledge of God's presence to sink into oblivion when the believer expects it to increase and arrive at its consummation? Is the life of God in the soul to become extinct in the very act of stepping into the region of life and immortality, and the immediate presence of the living God? Is paradise a mere dormitory between death and the resurrection? Is it possible that insensibility can reign in the direct presence of Christ, who is the life and fountain of all knowledge and happiness? He said to the dying thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Did this mean a state of oblivion? Surely not. Paradise indicates not merely a place, but a state of happiness. Is there any happiness of which an intelligent being is not conscious? Was not Abraham conscious when he replied to the rich man? and was not the rich man conscious of misery when he complained of being tormented in the flame? When the souls under the altar that we read of in Rev. vi. 10, cried with a loud voice, saying, "O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth," are we to conclude that they only spoke in their sleep? Away then with philosophy when it would usurp the throne which Revelation alone could occupy. The whole current of divine testimony carries us to the conclusion that all separate spirits subsist in a state of conscious happiness or misery. "As the tree falleth so shall it lie," and hence it is our present and eternal interest to prepare in time for the happiness of eternity.

Thirdly, The intermediate state is one in which all former relations and modes of

knowledge are dissolved. The soul being now divested of mortality, "naked and unclothed," is deprived of every inlet to knowledge which it formerly enjoyed in this world. It can require no new ideas of anything through the medium of the senses, for of these it is now destitute. It is cut off from the material universe, can view the fair face of nature no more, has ceased from the converse of man, and never again can derive pleasure or instruction through the medium of letters or any artificial representation of ideas. Thus it is like an astronomer without his telescope, a musician without his instrument, or a pilgrim without his former house or home. How applicable here is the language of the wise man, "The dead know not anything—also their love and their hatred and their envy is now perished, neither have they any more a portion forever in any thing which is done under the sun." Whatever was known may be recollected, but no addition can be made to the stock of ideas carried into eternity. The soul is now totally thrown on its own internal resources for happiness. The peasant, the mechanic, the merchant, the soldier, the philosopher, dying without God, may now try to find happiness from former recollections and associations of ideas, for they shall derive none from God. In vain, however, with the idea of a spade or a plough, a hammer or a saw, a bank bill or a government bond, a spear or a cannon, a theory or a problem, extinguish the voice of conscience, obliterating unpardoned guilt, reduce the worm that never dies to a state of insensibility, or drown the fire that is unquenchable. The reflex operations of mind upon itself in the invisible world can never purge away sin, or reconcile a man to God. It is far otherwise with the Christian who died in the Lord. He is consciously and eminently happy in the enjoyment of God's favor and smile, God's presence makes his paradise and absorbs every other contemplation. No doubt, as the rich man remembered the things which he enjoyed and abused in this life, the believer will remember and survey all the way which God led him

on earth, and will rejoice in the recollection of the time and place in which he was born of God. He will think of the trials he encountered, the hardship he endured, the temptations he overcame, the support he received, the full salvation he realized, and the conquests he made through the blood of the Lamb. Such associations will no doubt rise in the mind, but the simple but blessed conviction, that God is his, and his for evermore, will fill his soul unutterably full of glory, independently of every other consideration. In this world of spirits he has now returned to his rest after all his wanderings, and he waits with perfect resignation for the resurrection of the dead, when he shall be no longer "naked or unclothed," but furnished with new organs as inlets to superior knowledge and enjoyment throughout eternity. His removal from the relations of earth into his present state is cause of joy, not of grief. All his thoughts are swallowed up in the feelings and contemplation of God. As the light of the sun absorbs the light of the moon, so all his former knowledge will resolve itself into the superior knowledge of God and His perfections. This knowledge alone make the spirits of man happy, and all other knowledge without it will leave it miserable.

To be Continued.

For the Guide.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

REV. J. MUDGE.

THE HOLY GHOST.

A greater measure of His pervading presence is the pressing want of the church. He will do wonders almost beyond belief for those who will place themselves entirely at His disposal. He will pour upon them a baptism of fire before which none of their enemies can stand. He will make them so redolent with grace that the sweet perfume of their lives shall be pleasanter than the odor of all spices. He will take up His abode in them and show forth in all their actions, the blessed fruits of His indwell-

ing; perfect love, perfect joy, perfect peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, will appear in rich abundance, and unceasing flow. He will anoint them with unction from on high, and swiftly change them into the image of God from glory to glory. "He lays the rough paths of nature even, and opens in the heart a little heaven." He will do all this for us, just as soon as we comply with the conditions of His reception. Whenever we throw open the door of our hearts, from which all that defileth shall have been cast out, He will come in and take up His lasting abode. He is the true source of power. He can cleanse and fill us with divine prevailings, energize our ransomed souls and strengthen us with might in the inner man, breathe upon us a courage and wisdom not our own, and make us and the whole Israel of God such valiant soldiers of the cross that we may bring the whole world to the feet of Jesus. Even so, come, O spirit of the living God!

GROW IN KNOWLEDGE.

Yes, it is quite as important as to grow in grace. We read that "God is light" as well as love, and it is to those who "walk in the light" that the precious promise of cleansing from all sin is given. To many emotional natures this growth of knowledge is irksome, they do not understand how necessary it is to all permanent progress, hence they make small headway, stumble, and perhaps fall. Being cleansed from sin does not include an acquaintance with all we need to know in order to be stable and stalwart Christians. Hence the Apostle prays for his Phillipian converts that their "love may abound more and more in knowledge and in all judgment;" he exhorts the Corinthians, "In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men;" he wishes the Ephesians "to know the love of Christ," even though it passeth complete knowledge; he intercedes for the Colossians that they "might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." "Add to your virtue, knowledge."

MODERATION.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men," said Paul. Not sluggishness either of body or mind, much less of soul, is meant here, but self-restraint, equanimity, freedom from excess of any kind. That which makes one reasonable, fair, equitable in judgment, is the signification of the original. It is used by the sacred writers in close connection with the words peaceable, easy to be entreated, and in direct contrast to brawling. It forbids that state of mind which hurries one to precipitate conclusions, looks at only one side of questions, and takes extreme views of matters. It insists upon a calm, judicious, temperate attitude of thought and feeling, and is alike opposed to eager desires and rash sentiments.

HUMILITY.

No grace is kept unsullied with greater difficulty. The more virtue one possesses the stronger is the temptation to regard one's self with complacency, and draw comparisons with one's neighbors, the easier it is to look upon one's self as belonging to a select circle, from which nearly all the world are excluded. No grace is more essential, more vital to the true Christian character. So necessary is it that the scriptures bid us be clothed with it, using a word which refers to the long, coarse frock worn by slaves. Humility, then is the badge of service which we are to wear constantly as a distinguishing mark, showing that we belong to Christ. Let us see to it that we have the genuine article, no mock modesty, no false self-abasement, but that true meekness which is the highest ornament and of great price in the sight of God.

BOSTON, MASS.

For the Guide.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

OF REV. THOS. COLLIN'S FATHER TO HIS SON IN HIS FIRST CIRCUIT.

REV. D. NASH.

"Serve Bramwell's God as Bramwell served Him, and He will be with thee, as He was with him. God with thee,

thou wilt find no difficulty but may be surmounted, no burden but may be borne, no enemy but may be conquered, no people but may be moved, no sinner but may be converted, no foul heart but may be cleansed. Dear Lad, may God keep thee faithful unto death, and then give thee a crown of life. And when the victory is won and the harness off, I in glory, see thee wave a conqueror's palm, I shall shout a thousand 'Hallelujahs' through the heavenly air, and if the Lord permits, will give such a thunder-silencing burst of 'Glory to God,' as shall make heaven ring, pervade the midway spaces, and shake earth to its utmost poles. A shout, loud enough to make earth hear from the celestial city, will be none too big to utter thy father's joy when he shall see thee crowned."

— ♦ —
For the Guide.

HOW TO LIVE BY FAITH.

REV. J. S. INSKIP.

You desire me to tell you how to "live by faith," &c. Have you ever reflected upon the great difficulty of explaining the mental exercise that we call faith? I have often found myself endeavoring to make the explanation by saying faith means trust. But then the inquiry has at once arisen, what is *trust*. One will say to trust in Jesus means to *lean* upon Him. I think this last idea is about as near as we ever get to the exposition of this interesting theme. I very much like the phrase leaning on Jesus. "Looking unto Jesus" is, however, full as explicit, and is, moreover, scriptural.

"Looking"—steadily—intently—confidingly unto Jesus—so that we lose sight of ourselves—both as to what we are and what we do. Faith in the sense of trust leads the mind away from itself—both as to its state and its endeavor. It is not such a huge intellectual effort, that, by its very bulk and power, demonstrates its presence and action. We may believe, and not be conscious we are doing it at the moment. Just as respiration goes on, even when we are asleep, and know nothing of the fact un-

til we awake—so the mind acquires the habit of "looking"—and has no need to make an examination to ascertain that it is done. We may believe as we breathe—so quietly and so peacefully—that those who look for "signs and wonders" fail to perceive it.

By "looking unto Jesus" we become enamored with Him, and forgetting ourselves, we feel He is made unto us "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." If we turn away from Him to look at either what we are or what we have done, at either our experience or our deeds, we must despond and fall into darkness. In this matter of faith and holiness there is an immense amount of Jesus. All the way along it is Jesus.

I can get along in the way of faith if I keep my eye on Jesus. The moment I look away from Him I begin to doubt. Looking to Him I discern His smile, and feel He draws me closer and closer. I become absorbed with the glories that gather about Him, and feel I'm saved because *He is my Saviour*. There it is. I am not saved because I feel, but because He died. I don't believe because I feel, but I feel because I believe, and I believe because He died, &c., &c. I start with the fundamental idea that Jesus is my present, all-sufficient Saviour. This I learn from a divine source—even from God's own word. Believing this there springs up in my soul a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." The order is Christ—faith—and then feeling and fruits. It is wonderful how easy is this way. Perhaps its simplicity is to our minds its greatest difficulty.

I find it necessary to come down humbly and very low. If I don't *come*, the Lord sometimes will *bring* me down. I have to forget that I'm a preacher, and know so much, and have read and studied, and done so many great things. The fact is I need to be as a "little child,"—and to be willing to learn anywhere, and to be taught by anybody. Glory to the Saviour's name. He saves me—and I know I'm saved.

— ♦ —
"Thy faith has made thee whole."

For the Guide.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

P. J. OWENS.

With Heaven's promise on her lips,
 Its sunshine glowing in her heart,
 Whatever storms the day eclipse,
 She firmer clasps the better part.
 The distant palm its shade expand,
 And the cool fount, that like a star
 Gleams o'er the waste afar.

As wild and loud the tempests beat,
 And fast and fierce earth's trials come,
 She says "why heed the ills we meet
 Upon the road that leads us home?"
 We're going home, rejoicing home,
 The clouds may hide the skies blue dome,
 But past the sunset walls of night
 Shines everlasting light.

She scatters flowers on the tomb
 And whispers, "Earthly flowers fade,
 But words of life shall break the gloom
 And raise the dust here which is laid."
 Yes, perish earthly pleasures bright,
 While Heaven keeps its word of might,
 And love and truth which God has given,
 Still live in Heaven.

Rejoicing Hope, she reads enscribed
 God's promise in the sun and dew,
 And wintry skies of gray unfold
 Some gleam of comfort to her view.
 She gathers wild flowers as they grow
 Along the thorny paths below,
 Yet wreathes her brow with amaranths
 bright

From Heaven's groves of light.

For the Guide.

REMINISCENCES OF ANN HERBERT.

MARY D. JAMES.

PART FIRST.

Among the most pleasant recollections of my early experience are those of the hours spent in the company of Ann Herbert; who, more than forty years ago, was a beloved member of the M. E. Church, in the city of Trenton, N. J., subsequently removed to Philadelphia, Pa., and was connected with St. George's church for a number of years, until her pure spirit went up to join the Church triumphant.

Although so many years have passed

since it was my privilege to commune with that saint of God, the beautiful exhibition of Divine grace in her spirit and life is as vivid to my mind as though it were of recent occurrence—and I love to cherish the remembrance of her radiant countenance, her glowing expressions of love to Jesus, her sweet communion with Him, her enrapturing views of His character, and her perfect delight in His service; investing the religion she professed with charms, that excited in my young heart a longing desire to be such a Christian as Ann Herbert.

I was a little child when I first listened to her precious words, which were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." She was a frequent visitor at the house of my parents, being intimate with a pious young woman who lived in our family. When Ann's voice was heard in conversation with Hannah, no attraction of the parlor or sitting-room could equal that of the kitchen, and I would hasten to join them, and listen with eagerness to Ann's burning words about Jesus, for my little heart had learned to love Him, and there was a charm in her words and manner of setting forth the wonders of His grace that quite captivated me: and not me only—for others who were listeners to her conversation were also impressed deeply—and many were the souls which she won to Christ. As she would speak of the bliss of "this GREAT SALVATION"—of her triumphs over "the world, the flesh, and Satan"—her "unwavering trust in God"—her "rejoicing in tribulation." She seemed to those who knew her an object of envy, and her experience more to be coveted than the richest of earth's gifts.

Is it a matter of surprise that a character and experience so remarkable and so exalted belonged to a poor, hired girl? A position looked upon with contempt by the proud world, and even by some professors of religion! Are such, indeed, followers of Him who "is no respecter of persons?"

We have sometimes been pained to see an expression of scorn upon the countenance of church-members when such persons approached the altar as peni-

tents, especially if they had been vicious in their habits, and the expression would be heard, "Such a one is a 'servant girl,'" or "a vile character" should not be allowed to kneel there," &c. As if the soul of a servant girl were not as precious as that of a princess!—and as if the blood of Jesus were not sufficient to cleanse the most polluted heart, and save the vilest of the vile!

Blessed be His name! there are trophies of His saving grace, which the Omnipotent arm has reached down in the deepest depths of depraved nature, and brought them up from the "horrible pit of miry clay," washed them in the all-cleansing fountain, arrayed them in the spotless robes of His righteousness, and presented them before the world as examples of the saving power of Gospel grace, proving the truth of His own blessed words to the penitent sinner, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red, like crimson, they shall be as wool."

He loves to take the sin-stained soul
From deepest depths of guilt,
And wash it in the precious blood
For its own ransom spilt:
Clothe it with robes of spotless white,
And to Himself that soul unite!

In early childhood, deprived of her parents, Ann Herbert was placed under unfavorable influences—having no religious instruction, nor any restraints upon her evil propensities, and to use her own words, was "as wicked as Satan wanted her to be."

She naturally possessed a most irritable and malicious temper; was full of revenge toward those who injured her, and sought their ruin—was disposed even to take the life of an enemy had opportunity offered.

When about the age of twelve years she was placed in a religious family, where she first felt the influence of Christian precept and example. She was sent to Sabbath-school, and soon was brought under the awakening influence of the Holy Spirit, and gave her heart to God. Her subsequent life gave evidence of a thorough conversion.

After she became of age she went to reside with another family, where her trials were very great, and no religious helps except the advice and encouragement of a seamstress employed in the house, who was a devout Christian.

In this aristocratic and worldly minded family Ann's privations and vexations abounded. There was one person in particular who seemed commissioned by Satan to torture her daily, and to her great regret she found her old temper rising up again to trouble her. The contempt and unkindness with which she was treated was a source of constant vexation and repining.

One evening, oppressed beyond endurance with a sense of the wrongs and her inability to rise above them, she went to her friend, the seamstress, spread before her the woes that crushed her spirit, and with tears lamented the evil and resentful spirit that she found still remaining in her heart, which she had not felt so much since previous to her conversion. Her agony of mind was so great that she wept aloud—exclaiming, "What shall I do?" Her friend replied, "Come right to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness;—the Bible tells us that 'the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.' It is your privilege to have all that evil temper taken away, and to have your heart filled with perfect love, and be 'preserved blameless' even amid all the provocations and trials you have to bear, and so to be raised above them, that you can even 'rejoice in tribulation.'"

"Oh!" exclaimed Ann, "if that is my privilege, I will not sleep till I experience it."

Kneeling at her bed-side she engaged in fervent prayer, and continued to plead with "strong crying and tears" all night. About daybreak it became morning to her soul! "The sun of righteousness arose with healing in His wings," and she rejoiced in the assurance that the all-cleansing blood had washed her heart and made it pure. Jesus had come in, and taken full possession. She entered upon the trials and labors of that day fully equipped for the conflict before her

—and soon her graces were tested. The adversary—as he always does in such cases—marshalled all his forces against her; the vexations of her daily life seemed aggravated seven-fold, and her troubles continually multiplied, but strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness, she would come to her friend with a smiling countenance, and speaking of her sore trials always added, “But Jesus has been with me all the time, and I have not felt the risings of evil nature through all I have had to bear.”

Thus, day after day, and week after week, her language was, “Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph through Christ.” Months and years rolled on, and still her song was, “VICTORY, VICTORY all the way!”

For the Guide.

CONFESSION AND CLEANSING.

REV. C. P. HARD.

One result of the “confession” spoken of in 1 John i, 9, is presented to us in the promise that Jesus will cleanse us from all unrighteousness. A precious privilege and a glorious state are revealed to us in these words. We must understand them to mean just what they say, that Christ has the power to cleanse the heart from impurity, so that it may be holy unto the Lord. The Apostle would not speak thus of an imaginary state, but one which is real, which is to be sought and experienced, of which he was a witness as well as an advocate. Inspiration does not use words carelessly.

There is no suggestion that the last two clauses of that verse refer to periods remote from each other, that in time we may have the forgiveness of our sins and in eternity the cleansing from all unrighteousness. It speaks of the mightiness of Christ as sufficient to do these things for us wherever they are sought. Probably no Christian minister or member is particular concerning the mode of another's coming into this state, in which it may be said of the heart that it is cleansed. No one will be critical respecting the series of experiences which have been

passed through, provided only that the privilege has been reached.

But our most successful ministers, those who have been acquainted with thousands of the experiences of the justified and sanctified, have left the testimony of their observation that they have not seen any case in which the two blessings were received at once. Yet the position has not been assumed that they may not be.

The testimony, however, of thousands has been that they sought forgiveness of sins and received that by faith. He who is thus rejuvenated is a new creature, has power to conquer Satan, and lives without the commission of known sin. For a true child obeys. But, to carry on this illustration just at hand, the child sometimes goes toward duty to obey the parent, when strong preferences to do the opposite arise in the heart. There is a great conflict within. Evil desires in the soul urge towards disobedience. A fierce struggle has to be passed through to bring the mind and the hand to the proper action.

So the soul, though in a nearly justified state, often hears the voice of enemies within crying out in opposition to the voice of God and duty from above. The heart becomes the battle ground of conflict between God's will on the one hand, and pride, impatience, fear and self-will on the other. If the soul maintains its justification, it conquers in the battle. But it has many tossings and bruises and aches because of the enemies in the heart which spring forth from their hiding places to help the foes from without. But if this child has the peculiar tastes and preferences and ways of feeling which the parent has, the commands are in harmony with the child's wishes, and obedience is desirable and easy to it. Or, if the child has complete confidence in the parent's skill and trust in his tenderness, and loves the father with an absorbing affection and has a higher delight in satisfying his wish than in gratifying itself, then the powers gladly combine to offer obedience to his will.

The transfer from one state to the other has been the happy experience of

many. The Spirit has produced a hunger and thirst after righteousness. Then Christ has been presented as able to conquer all their enemies. Taking the promises of the word, they have experienced faith. Wanting a perfect cure, they have touched the garment of the Great Physician. The glorious summer has come, "Thy faith has made thee whole." And they have said, "And I know that thy promise in John's epistle is true, for it is experience to me."

This is the privilege of all. Great and precious promises are given us that we may become partakers of the divine nature. Christ says to my soul and to yours to-day, "Go wash!" The tide is flowing and the white raiment is provided. The offers of full salvation are being accepted by thousands. The spirit of consecration is descending upon the church. Purity of heart and life is being recognized as the secret of the great triumphs in the past. The duty of being thoroughly qualified for labor is pressing itself on the heart of the people of God, as the eye sweeps over the mighty harvest field ripe for the gathering.

Let us study our privilege in the promise. "Rise, let us be going," towards the light and after the Saviour. Let us follow him from Gethsemane, where the wickedness and war of a world weigh down His soul and ours also, to Calvary, where the stream is flowing from the heart of the God-man, which can cleanse us from all unrighteousness, though realization of need must precede our full salvation. Entire consecration, and faith in the promises used by the soul which cries out for God will bring the saving presence of Him who can cleanse.

Nothing shall be able to make successful opposition to the church of Christ, thus prepared for God's work, as it moves forward to take the world for Jesus.

CORNING, East Genessee Conf.

Dr. Payson on his death bed said, "I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me to the great fountain."

For the Guide.

JUST BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

ANNIE A. CLARK.

Just behind the curtain yonder,
Lies the sunny fields of bliss,
I can see, as through a shadow,
Over in that land, from this.

I can see the terraced mountains,
Clothed in Eden's fadeless bloom,
See the flowery landscape, rising
In the land beyond the tomb.

King of terrors, draw thy curtains,
Faith can look beyond them all,
Drop thy shadows o'er my pillow,
Let the thickest darkest fall.

I can hear sweet music yonder,
Richly sounding o'er the plain,
Borne on gentle zephyrs earthward
To the living o'er the main.

Just behind the curtain yonder,
Opens wide the pearly gate,
Swinging on its golden hinges,
Just without, the angels wait.

Just behind the curtain yonder,
Dawns the light of endless day,
Soon we'll join the holy number.
Earth-born shadows flee away.

PORT MATILDA.

For the Guide.

RIGHT TO ENTER

EDITORIAL.

We were engaged in a series of labors in the town of Madely, England. Many were turning to the Lord, and thereby securing a right to enter through the pearly gates into the city of the Heavenly Jerusalem.

One morning we sallied out to visit the pastor. The parsonage was pleasantly situated, surrounded by an airy green-clad park, which was entered by a large iron gate. We would have entered, but its massive fixtures seemed to resist all our efforts, and we were about to turn away when an athletic man, who had witnessed our ineffectual attempts, came up and exclaimed:

"Can't you open the gate?"

"No; we have been trying some time,

and have just concluded that we must give it up."

"Let me try," said he.

Understanding the construction of the fastness, the gate quickly yielded to the force of his muscular arm, and wide open flung the two-leaved gate.

We thought of the abundant entrance spoken of by Peter in his letter to his brethren scattered abroad, and thanking the benevolent stranger, said:

"May the pearly gates of the heavenly city be thrown as readily open to you at the close of life's short journey as you have thrown these open to us, and you have an abundant entrance administered unto you into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Let me ask, my friend, have you obtained a right to enter?"

He readily answered, "I hope so."

In England, as is well-known, the National Established Church has such a large ascendancy that a sort of hereditary religion prevails, and as almost everybody belongs to the Church, few but would say "hope so," in answer to a question similar in bearing as the above.

Wishing to know whether the "hope so" of our new made friend was scripturally founded, I repeated the test-text, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city."

And what are God's commandments, I asked. Here is one. "My son, give me thy heart." Now have you given your heart to God?

"Yes, I have."

"When did you do it?"

"During the services in which you were engaged at the Wesleyan Chapel last Thursday evening."

We will not prolong our narrative by saying how rejoiced we were to find that the stranger who had kindly opened the gate for us to our friend's residence had through any humble effort of ours been aided in securing a right to enter in through the gates into the eternal city.

"Him that overcometh, will I give to sit with me on my throne."

For the Guide.

STEP ON THE PLATFORM: OR, FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

REV. C. D. BATTELLE.

Sometime since, in company with a friend, I visited a large manufacturing establishment, in which a movable platform was used for passing grain, flour, &c., from one story to another. My friend said, "Step on the platform, and let us go into the fourth story." I hesitated, and by word and look expressed some doubt as to the safety of the operation. He assured me there was no danger.

Taking him at his word, I stepped on the platform, and instantly began to ascend, and in a moment we were in the fourth story. Not by my skill—not by any physical effort of mine; but by a power beyond myself. I consented to be *elevated* by that *power*. It was not necessary that I should know how that power was originated; or how it moved the platform. I believed the word of my friend, that it was safe; I relied upon it—all was done for me which he said should be done. I might have remained looking at that platform an age without being elevated.

The blessed word of God is the sure foundation of our hope. He that relies upon it, with all the soul, is saved—saved now! "It is God that justifieth," and He is the justifier of Him that "believeth in Jesus." "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

For the Guide.

MY CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

DAVID FEELEMEYER.

I rejoice to say when but a poor boy, without any religious surroundings, in the providence of God, I was led to seek an interest in the blessed Saviour, when I did find him to the joy and comfort of my soul.

Forty-three years have since passed away—yet, through the abounding mercy of God, I am still steering for the Land of Canaan. I have often felt the need of a deeper work of grace; often cove-

nanted with prayers and tears to obtain a clean heart, but always failed to realize the desired blessing. Satan said not now; then would settle down to my former position.

I heard of the National Camp-meeting to be held at Vineland. I attached myself to the company from Baltimore and Washington, who were in attendance on that sacred spot. My first meeting was at that ever memorable bower of prayer. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer led the exercises. I heard the soul-stirring experiences of those holy men and women. My heart said within me, "Though you are so fast, and I am so slow, I'll follow Jesus too."

I heard the consecration. My soul fully assented, then and there, to be the Lord's entirely. I tried to consecrate all. Yes, all!—to lay all on the altar. I plead with God, for Christ's sake, to accept the sacrifice. Yet no abiding evidence.

It occurred to my mind that I used tobacco—smoked and chewed—will you give that up? I answered "this is but a small item, and of no moment;" but will you let it all go with the consecration? Immediately I answered, "Yes; all." Then I believed I had completed the offering, and by a living naked faith I trusted and believed in God's naked word, "I will receive you." He said "Come." I said, "I am coming;" and the altar sanctified the gift, while my trembling faith ventured out on the blessed assurance, "I will receive you;" my heart responded, "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." Now, yes, now. I had no extraordinary emotions of joy. I had no course shaped in reference to the evidence of my feelings, but I had the abiding assurance that the work was done, and my soul was resting sweetly in the blest assurance of the fact of its being accomplished. Glory be to God in the highest.

It is now some eighteen months since that blissful day at Vineland Camp, where I saw more holy men and holy women in the humble attitude of prayer than I ever saw before, I still enjoy this same blissful experience, and intend to

tell of this wondrous grace and saving power; that

"High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

I know of six of my brethren and sisters who now enjoy this perfect love. May the Lord increase the number. I earnestly recommend "the Guide to Holiness" to all who love the blessed Saviour.

For the Guide.

"WILL A MAN ROB GOD?"

Mal. iii., 8.

REV. J. H. H.

Written after hearing a sermon by Rev. J. B. from this text, while the author was watching in the sick-room of Brother G. B., Sunday night, March 8, 1868.

My Saviour, Lord, and King,
I fall before Thy feet,
To Thee my little all I bring
A sacrifice complete.

Thy every claim, I know,
Is just and true and right,
To all I have and am below—
Though sinful in Thy sight.

Yet, oh, my sin absolve,
My guilty soul forgive,
As by Thy grace I now resolve
For Thee henceforth to live.

Shall I e'er rob Thee more
Of service I can pay?
Shall I not e'er thy name adore,
Thy mandates all obey?

My God, my Maker, Thou,
Father, Redeemer, Light—
My heart with holy zeal endow,
And clothe with saintly might.

Jesus, my Master, Friend,
Forsaking all for Thee,
Let now Thy saving power descend,
And my Instructor be.

In sorrow's bitter hour
Henceforth on Thee I'll call,
That from the cruel tempter's power
No ill shall me befall.

My Shepherd Thou shalt be,
To lead in pastures green,
And by still waters pure and free,
From earthly pleasure wean.

Thy straying lamb receive,
And in Thine arms entwine,
And into this cold heart now breathe,
The life of love divine.

Thy words of promise sweet
Shall cheer me on my way,
And help me life's stern toils to meet,
And never more to stray.

HINSDALE, N. H.

For the Guide.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

S. H. C.

A crown is an ornament worn from time immemorial as a token of pleasure, position or power. They are made of different material according to the importance of the occasion on which they are to be worn, and the position the wearer occupies in society. One kind of crown is a wreath of flowers, and is worn by a May-day queen. And the bridal crown, also of flowers, which carries to its wearer such a thrill of pleasure as is never felt but once in a life-time: but the first rude breath destroys them. Monarchs and powers in authority wear them in times of gladness and of triumph; occasionally they bestow them on their military chieftains, and they wear them as emblems of victory and honor. Such crowns are made of pearls and precious stones, richly set in gold, and their weight is even sometimes burdensome, and though they wear long they perish at last, and their wearers are forgotten. These crowns suppose preceding trials and conflicts which now are ended, and everything is in harmony, for the idea suggested by the term crown is beauty, richness, quiet, power. Crowns are symbols of delegated power, of dignity and honor; diadems of imperial power and authority.

But there is one crown that far outweighs them all in durability and splendor and value; it is the Christian's crown, the crown of righteousness. It is

composed of precious stones, stars—souls saved—set in gold, the righteousness of Christ, as the soul's passport to heaven. It is worn when the warfare is ended, the conflict over, in victory, in triumph; emblem of power, delegated power, or grace, by which we conquer sin and evil. It is not perishable, but lasting as its Giver; it is not burdensome. It is a crown of glory. What that glory is no mortal eye ever saw, but we seem to hear faint whispers, and catch a glimpse now and then of the glory awaiting the faithful ones as they cast their crowns of gold before the throne, and unite in ascribing praises to the Triune God, saying, "Holy is the Lord of hosts. Thou art worthy to receive glory, honor and power, for Thou hast redeemed us."

In this present life we hear Him say to his chosen ones, "Thou shalt be a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." For "I have chosen you that ye should bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain;" souls saved, gathered as stars for the crown.

The writer had a dream representing this form. The attention was directed upward, when it was observed that the sky was dotted with crosses, nearly a foot in length, each of equal brightness. But as I continued to look, some of them grew brighter, little perpendicular lines were formed at the extremities of the arms of the cross until they were filled; when filled the cross was enlarged, new arms were added; these again were filled, and the crosses were constantly increasing in brightness till each was a perfect halo of light. It seemed as if the crosses were to illustrate individuals, and the labors of each invited others to greater diligence, and every soul saved by their instrumentality added another line, or stars, to their cross, which was their crown in the form of a cross. There were some that always remained, but the single cross, but almost every one increased in brightness and size, some very fast, till the sky was filled with them, and became too bright for mortal vision.

"Those who turn many to righteous-

ness shine as the stars forever and ever." And lo! a great multitude of which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, saying "Alleluia unto the Lord our God!"

For the Guide.

III. CHRIST THE WAY.

T. C. V.

Just as I am, I take my stand,
With gates and bars on every hand;
And, with one act of faith and love,
Behold! the gates and bars remove,
And heaven comes brightly from above.
It was not done by books and creeds,
By tears, and prayers, and outward deeds;
I tried; but these could not control
The storms and tempests of the soul;
'Twas Christ, that came, and made me whole.
In Christ, who rules the stormy wave,
I found the arm with power to save;
He rent the gates and bars of sin;
He let celestial glory in,
And taught me God and heaven to win.
Oh sinning one! No more delay;
Christ is the true, the living way;
BELIEVE, and Christ's celestial art
Shall bid thy sins and fears depart,
And heal and save thy bleeding heart.

For the Guide.

IV. THE FIRE OF LOVE.

T. C. V.

If thou would'st slay thy wrong desire,
Thy hate and ills of every kind,
Plunge them in LOVE's consuming fire;
Love is the furnace of the mind.
Whate'er their kind, degree, or name,
The evils, which thy heart enthrall,
It matters not, LOVE's mighty flame
Shall burn or purify them all.
'Tis true, it costs thee much of pain,
And thou dost seem to suffer loss;
But wisdom bids thee not restrain
The fire, that only burns the dross.
The golden ore, which thou hast cast
In LOVE's consuming fire and strife,
Fears not the fiercest furnace blast,
But brightens in its flames of life.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

DELIA L. DWIGHT.

SUSAN S. SHARP.

In the death of our dear sister Delia L. Dwight, wife of Rev. Mosley Dwight, the M. E. Church has lost a devoted member, ever ready for every good word and work. She labored with all the strength God had given her. The doctrine of holiness, which her husband has for so many years advocated and preached, was dear to her. She loved "the Guide" as its faithful herald. Owing to an extremely sensitive organization, a very frail body, and a loving heart, the itinerant's life was a struggle with her—her prominent virtues were conscientiousness and humility, which she possessed in a degree rarely equaled; and in so low estimation did she hold herself, and so fearful that she should come short of duty, that it kept her from that high degree of spiritual enjoyment which a more hopeful and self-reliant spirit possesses, and which her pure heart and life might claim; but though of a desponding nature, I have seldom met with one who had so sure a power to comfort others. In frequent correspondence with her for eighteen years, her letters breathed such a heavenly spirit, and were so full of encouraging words, that my heart has been often cheered and lifted up.

But suddenly the silver cord was loosened—the summons came—in the evening of December 9th, while tending upon her sick husband with an anxious fear that he might be taken from her. The angel of death entered that chamber, and in a moment prostrated that form, and ere morn the loved spirit was ushered into endless day, leaving the sick and sorrowing companion alone—no, not alone; Jesus was with him. The faithful partner of all his struggles, his trials and labors, had only gone a little before to those mansions prepared for her.

"Our friend is restored
To the joy of her Lord,
With triumph departs,
But speaks by her death to our echoing hearts:
'Follow after,' she cries,
As she mounts to the skies,
Follow after your friend,
To the blissful enjoyments that never shall end."

For the Guide.

MRS. ABIGAIL TEDROW.

E. SHOWERS.

Departed this life, near Reid's Chapel, Martinsville Circuit, Indiana Conference, on the 16th of August, 1868, in the thirty-third year of her age, Mrs. Abigail Tedrow, consort of G. Tedrow. She was born in the province of New Brunswick, May 20, 1836. She removed with her widowed mother to Ohio in the year 1846.

At the age of eighteen she was married to Brother Tedrow. About a year since they moved to a farm near the Chapel named above.

She was converted and joined the Church when thirteen years of age. Some time after she sought and obtained a clearer evidence of her acceptance with God. In 1855 I became acquainted with her; placed in her hand "the Guide to Holiness." She was a lover of "the Guide" until death. She became an earnest seeker of the blessing of perfect love, and on the 20th of June, 1864, she entered into the full enjoyment of the rest of faith in lovefeast in Bloomington. While in the act of confessing that she was seeking the blessing, Jesus applied the all-cleansing blood. She felt the sanctifying stream go through her heart, and she was every whit made whole. Looking around, she exclaimed, "Sister S. I've got the blessing. 'Glory be to God!'" All that night and next morning wave after wave of glory passed over her soul, till she seemed to be lost in the great ocean of God's love.

She lived in the full enjoyment of the blessing until death, and upon every suitable occasion urged upon others the duty and importance of seeking and obtaining the same great privilege.

She was eminently useful in the Church, Sabbath school, and social circle, always being a faithful and diligent worker in every field of Christian enterprise. So untiring was her zeal for the cause of Christ, that the Society at Reid's Chapel passed unanimously a series of resolutions, commendatory of her usefulness in the Church and Sunday School, and expressive of the great loss which they had sustained by her death.

When near death she was asked if she

wanted her favorite song, "Home of the Soul," sung. "O, yes, I am going home," and smiled at the thought. She helped sing the song through, after which she shouted the praise of God. When asked if she had victory through Christ, the words died on her lips "have it," and she was translated from earth to heaven. Long will her memory live in the hearts of all who knew her.

BLOOMINGTON, Ind.

Editorial.

WORDS AND WORK FOR JESUS.

On Wednesday, January 27th, we left our home for Buffalo, N. Y. Knowing that *holiness*, as a specialty, had been placed on the back-ground, or, perhaps, well nigh repudiated, by many in these regions, it was not without much prayerful waiting before God that we consented to accept the invitation.

But say some, Do you favour making

HOLINESS A SPECIALTY?

We do. And let us give you our reasons for so doing. First, and above all, the God of the Bible makes it a specialty. How special is the command, with its inferences, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." "Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me, above all people, for all the earth is mine; and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation." Surely there is something, to an extraordinary degree, *special* implied in these divine teachings. God would have these solemn verities ever kept in all the distinctness with which they were spoken before His people. He does not leave it optional with His ministering servants whether they will keep them as a specialty before those whom they are over in the Lord, but says, "These are the words that thou shalt speak to the children of Israel." See Exodus xix. 5-6.

The New Testament echoes the voice of the Old Testament Scriptures. Hear the

WORDS OF JESUS,

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Again,—“Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.” In regard to HOLINESS as a *specialty* to be *experimentally* apprehended, and acknowledged by all the Lord's redeemed people, the Bible is too plain and explicit to need comment. Peter, divinely fired with the Spirit of his Master, says to those who take upon themselves the Christian name, “Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light.” Can we conceive of anything more definite in view of the enjoinders of holiness as a specialty, than is implied in these words.

And yet the definite teachings of the WORD in regard to this doctrine, so *vital*ly connected with the soul's interest for time and eternity, has been treated with

INDEFINITENESS,

and not made a specialty with a large portion of God's professed people in this place and the regions round about.

The result is that the force of truth has been weakened. Questionings in regard to the teachings of Scripture, whether anything beyond justification is implied in holiness, have been indulged in. Also, in case holiness be a definite attainment, whether it should be *professed*. Yet how emphatically is the will of God designated, both in regard to the attainment of holiness and the testimony of the Holy Spirit thereunto. Are we justified before God? The blessed

HOLY SPIRIT TESTIFIES

to the fact; for we have received of the Spirit whereby we *know* the things freely given to us of God. Are we, in obedience to the will of God, sanctified wholly, as in justification, the Holy Spirit *testifies* to the reception of the further grace, and thus

also in relation to all succeeding attainments in the way of holiness. God demands the glory due to his name. He says, “Ye are my *witnesses*.” That is, you *know* what I have done for you, therefore

TESTIFY FOR ME.

Have you through grace been justified freely, tell it to my praise. Have you been led onward by the All-gracious Spirit, where the prayer of the Apostle has been fulfilled in your experience,—“the very God of peace sanctify you wholly,” &c., *testify to the fact in praise* EXPLICITLY *of God's faithfulness*. You have not done it for yourself. To testify of God's work, by way of ascribing the glory to his name, honors the great “I AM” and humbles the creature. To *withhold* the glory due to His name brings *condemnation* upon the soul, and forfeits the grace.

It is thus by wrong teachings on this subject, that many, like the devoted Fletcher, have lost the witness of holiness, and brought leanness upon their souls. Fletcher says, “I lost it by this

BAIT OF SATAN,

let your life take the place of your lips.” Some may think it a harmless error to weaken the force of truth on this the all-crowning grace of this the crowning dispensation, but He whose name is truth, will call them into judgment for it. How solemn and unlooked for will be the issues of eternity with such, inasmuch as it stands written, “Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of the least of these commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the

LEAST IN THE KINGDOM

of heaven,” &c.

We had been speaking of the importance of present holiness, as a prerequisite to usefulness, when a lady of prominence in the Church, said,

“Do you know that the profession of this grace is not popular?”

“O yes, we know that,—*certainly* we do.”

In view of her position in the Church,

having others entrusted to her care as a *class-leader*, we asked,

"And *why* do you not enjoy this blessing?"

"Because I am not willing to be

SINGULAR

for Christ's sake. If I should get this blessing, I know that I should be called to be so unlike the mass of professors, that I really am not willing to make such a mark of myself."

Dear woman! she was not willing to pay the cost of being holy. But why did she not count the cost of *not* being holy, in view of the account she will be called to give in the day of reckoning for those whom she might have led by her example and teachings in the way of holiness.

Said one to us during our labors here,

"Do you think that the Bible teaches, *definitely*, the difference between justification and holiness as a distinct state?"

"Can it be possible, Brother, that you are no further on your way than that? I thought that was settled some days since." It was a very *definite* matter for that great army of 600,000 to be brought out of Egypt. But what where they brought out of Egypt for? Was it not for the *specific* purpose of going up into Canaan. But though their being brought out of Egypt was a *definite* matter, it was only in view of another *definite* purpose, that was, to go up into the promised land. And in view of the fact that the definite purpose for which God brought them out failed, what did it avail that great army that they had been brought out of Egypt?"

This brother had been brought out of spiritual Egypt some years ago, but because he did not obey the command, "Go forward!"—had backsliden, measurably, and during the progress of our services here had presented himself to the altar, acknowledged his wanderings, and was now rejoicing in a sense of forgiveness.

We, therefore, said, the cause of your backsliding was that you did not obey the *definite* command, "*Be ye holy!*" after you

were brought out of spiritual Egypt years since. Now if you would not backslide again, you must resolve at once that you go immediately forward.

The Apostle was writing to his *Christian brethren*, who had been brought out of spiritual Egypt, when he said, "Let us fear lest a promise being left *us* of entering this rest, any of us seem to come short of it through unbelief." God not only gave a *definite command* that His Israel should "*go forward*," after he had brought them up to the borders of the land, but He had also given them a

DEFINITE PROMISE

that He would save them from the hand of their enemies. Their sin was that, "*they believed* not God, neither trusted in his salvation." "They entered not in because of unbelief." I then entreated this dear Brother, who had now been reclaimed from his state of backslidings, that he would never again indulge in questionings in regard to the attainment of a state of grace that the Lord had made so definite, but at once go up and possess the good land, and thus have the *bent* to his backslidings taken away.

On the evening of that day, he came forward, with a hurried step, when the invitation to seekers of the great salvation was given. Most truly did he obey the divine admonition,

"LABOUR TO ENTER

into that rest that remaineth for the people of God." The Holy Spirit mightily helped his infirmities, and in less than an hour he was enabled to testify most definitely to the faithfulness of God,—"*We who believe do enter into rest.*"

During our twelve days' labor here we have witnessed some memorable victories of grace. On Sabbath morning, as we talked about the multitudes who, instead of going up directly into Canaan to fight the Lord's battles, go around and

AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

for years, battling with their own inward corruptions, the God of battles seemed to set the seal of the Spirit in a remarkable

manner. We have reason to know that it was made the occasion of many getting an insight of their true condition. Not less than fifty, we think, rose to express their resolve, that they would no longer wander around the mountain of unbelief, but go up at once and possess the land. A large number flocked toward the altar, filling not only the altar, but all its surroundings. Many were enabled to get much nearer to God. One brother and his wife were so manifestly enabled to get into the *rest of faith* as the result of this service, as to furnish a demonstration of the fact, that holiness is indeed the power that is to bring the world to Christ. Holiness is not only a rest from *sin*, but a *rest from self*. Conscious that they had received the sentence of death in themselves, that they should not trust in *themselves*, they went forth *daily* in the might of the indwelling Holy Spirit,

BRINGING FRIENDS TO JESUS.

Another who had received the *gift of power* during the services, demonstrated the principle, that holiness in the individual membership of the Church is just what is needed to bring the world to the feet of Jesus. Among other things illustrative of this, he expressed at one of the afternoon meetings his great *happiness* in working for the Saviour,—said *six had promised* him to-day that they would come to the evening meeting, and he was fully expecting to see them at the altar, etc. It is not difficult to see how soon the world might be converted if all the disciples of Jesus would thus seek to be endued with power from on high. But, alas, how few in comparison to the masses will take *time* or make the sacrifices necessary to be holy. They *do not*—*WILL* not *LABOR* to enter into the rest from *sin* and *self*, which *through Christ* it is their *privilege*—aye, *DUTY* to enjoy. A holiness without power is not the

HOLINESS OF THE BIBLE.

We will trust that not a few did get this power, and that the work of God in Buffalo will be abiding. Since the extra services

commenced, the Rev. D. H. Muller, the beloved pastor of Pearl Street Church, informs us, about one hundred have decided for Christ. To God alone be all the glory!

As pilgrims and sojourners, we are ever being permitted to enjoy sweet companionships by the way. Surely

"The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

We have met with many in Buffalo, both among ministers and people of different denominations, who we shall love to think of during all the future of life, and whose companionship in heaven will make our eternal home the sweeter. Prominent among these dear ones is the beloved pastor of the Pearl Street Church, Rev. D. H. Muller, and his estimable little family. With these we have made our short pilgrim stay. May pastor and wife have an abundant entrance ministered unto them into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We subjoin a brief notice of the work in Buffalo, as given by the excellent pastor of the Pearl Street Church, which has just come to hand.

"God is working gloriously in this city! At Pearl street, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer have been laboring successfully for a week, and many of the members of the church have sought and found full redemption through the blood of Jesus. Nearly one hundred have been converted, and more than this number have asked the prayers of the Church for their salvation. The church is nightly thronged, and on Sunday as many were turned away as obtained entrance into the sanctuary. At North street the mercy cloud still hangs over the church, and over fifty have been converted, and conversions occur nightly. At St. Mark's, both pastor, and his people have been ordained by the baptism of fire, to work for Jesus. Many are seeking and finding Jesus there. The number now is unknown, but sufficiently large to be encouraging.

"Dr. Heacock's and Dr. Calkin's churches both Presbyterian, are enjoying a gracious revival. Many have been converted. God is of a truth among his people, and such displays of divine power have never been witnessed before in this city. May the work go on to the glory of God and His Son Jesus.

"I believe there is a revival on every charge on the Buffalo District, save one, and *hundreds* are being converted."

ATTICA, N. Y.

Leaving Buffalo, in answer to urgent solicitations from dear friends of the various churches, we are spending a short time at Attica. We are happily entertained with J. Pickard, Esq., and lady, whose residence is on a pleasant rise a little out of the city. Many most gracious reminiscences, quite beyond our present ability to transcribe, stand connected with our visit here. Our beloved Methodist friends have not been as distinct in their utterances on the all-important theme, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" as we could have wished. They have therefore not been as signally owned in the one great mission of Methodism, that is, "to spread Scriptural holiness over these lands" as might have been anticipated. But our hearts are greatly encouraged. Zion is now shaking herself from the dust and loosing herself from the bands that have bound her. Our hearts are contemplating a blessed future for our beloved Zion in this place. Surely God, even our God, will own and exalt us to just the degree we own and honor him by being answerable to the purpose for which he raised us up to be a people.

The dear minister, Rev. J. O. Wilsea, whom the Lord has set over this division of his sacramental host in the M. E. Church, is now exercising a faith which through the blood of the everlasting covenant leads into the holiest. His people, as divinely admonished, are following the faith of their pastor, and we are hoping for great things for Attica.

We have had meetings in the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist Churches. Have

talked about the great salvation with as much freedom as if the meetings had been exclusively in our own Church.

In the Presbyterian Church we witnessed a scene which would greatly have rejoiced every pious heart in Christendom, and which angels must have with rapture beheld. Dr. P. read the second chapter of Acts, and talked of the baptism of fire as the present and *absolute necessity* of all Jesus' disciples of every name. Dr. P. asked all that would be of one accord in seeking the full baptism of the Holy Ghost would come forward. Ministers and people, elders and deacons, leading brethren in our own church, with male and female disciples of the different churches, all, with one accord, knelt on, and around the platform, and in the front seats and aisles, and truly did we have a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. At the evening meeting in the M. E. Church, Presbyterians and Methodists were alike earnest and urgent in bringing sinners to the Lamb of God. No one more active in going from seat to seat in seeking out the lost, and bringing them forward, than the Presbyterian minister and his devoted wife.

The Lord Jesus, by the power of His Spirit, brought out the a multitude; and many, we trust, found Jesus. Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! We had arranged, that our visit must not exceed three days, but have yielded in view of the urgent demands of the work and the opportunities of the people to remain till Monday, the 15th, when we return home.

SECRETARIES IN REVIVALS.

It is always greatly desirable wherever we labor, that one or two persons of deep consistent piety should be appointed to the secretaryship of the meeting. A male and female secretary would be most proper. The work of these should be particularly to take note of every case of *conviction* and *conversion*. We very much prefer that all who receive the witness of entire sanctification should also stand written in connection with the records of the work.

We desire that all the subjects of the work should thus stand carefully recorded, for various important reasons, a few of which we will state. The *conviction* of a sinner is not a small matter. It proves the *presence* of the Divine convincer, the blessed Holy Spirit. What an honor conferred upon a church that God the Holy Spirit should be sent in answer to the intercessions of Jesus to arrest if but *one* sinner. Surely this is not a light matter, but is of sufficient importance to call forth the abundant thanksgivings of every member of that church community. And what should greatly add to the importance of this glorious fact, is that God never sends His convicting Spirit to arrest a sinner, without intending to save that sinner. This furnishes work for the church. The *name* of the convicted one presented at the altar of prayer ought to be taken in order that some one or more of the church members may, as *workers together with God* in the salvation of that soul, follow up the convicted one by home visitation, assisting them again, if necessary, to the altar of prayer, and other means of grace, till fully born into the kingdom.

That the names of those who are newly-born into the kingdom should every one of them be carefully recorded, is too obvious to need much comment. SOULS ARE THE WEALTH OF THE CHURCH. It is only to the degree that it is written on the archives of eternity that this and that man was born there, that any church community will be recognized in the eye of God, otherwise than to increase their solemn responsibilities. The fact that *one* soul is born of God in a church, is more value to that community than a legacy of fifty thousand dollars. Let us imagine for a moment that a sum of fifty thousand dollars was bequeathed to a church, yet though bequeathed there was some danger that the will might be contested and the property lost. What pains-taking assiduities would be called forth to secure the bequest, and place it beyond contingencies. But is not one soul born to Zion of more value to a church than fifty thousand dollars. May He who expended the wealth of heaven to redeem the soul, have mercy upon any church community who does not regard the acquisition of one soul of greater value than fifty thousand dollars ten times told.

It is because we, as individuals, do thus place a greater estimate upon one soul than untold millions of silver and gold, that we desire that the name of every convert should be noted with the utmost carefulness. It is the will of God that the new-born one should be eternally saved. He has committed it to the watch care of the church militant, that it should shine as a star in the diadem of the Redeemer's crown forever, yet though this is the *will* of God, Satan will endeavor to contest the Divine will. What pains-taking assiduities will be necessary on the part of the church to *ensure* that soul for the Redeemer's crown. Who will gainsay, when we insist that the name of every convert should be most carefully recorded, whether they be many or few.

It also aids in giving *stability* of feeling to the *convicted* or *converted* one, to know that their name has been written as having decided for Christ. That in heaven's book of remembrance a record of the names of all such as are thus signalized as subjects of the Holy Spirit's working is kept, we cannot doubt. Shall we think it too much, then, for the church militant to maintain a careful secretaryship in time of revival?

Neither can we doubt whether a record is not being kept in the heavenly world of each one who through the blood of the everlasting covenant enters into the holiest. Surely the blood-washed throng around the throne strike their harps to a higher strain when a redeemed spirit newly-washed in the blood of the Lamb enters by the new and living way within the vail, and begins the new eternal song, "Unto him who hath loved us and redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," etc. That the church of the first-born in heaven takes note of the eventful fact we know. And shall the church militant refuse to take thankful note of the fact? Surely not. Then let the name of every one who receives the witness of entire sanctification be recorded to the glory of God and the further establishment in holiness on the part of the recipient. It adds to one's stability to feel that they stand written in the eye of heaven and earth, *wholly the Lord's*.

A careful secretaryship, comprising brief notices of incidents of more than ordinary

interest, if taken at the time of their occurrence, will add greatly to the zest of revival reports. The state of the church is militant. This world is the Christian's battlefield. Every church community is an organized division of Immanuel's army detailed to make attacks on the kingdom of Satan.

What more proper reportings for church papers than brief inspiring revival incidents. How seemly when a victorious battle comes off that the report be sent to headquarters, so that all the divisions of Christ's army may send up one general shout of praise to their all conquering Lord. And is this not a religious duty, inasmuch as Christ the captain of Israel's hosts demands the glory due to his name? Paul gives as a reason why recordings of the divine goodness should be made, "that through the thanksgiving of many praise may REDOUND TO GOD." For the same reason we say that a record of revival incidents ought to be given, that is for the glory of God.

WRITE PLAINLY.

If an article is not regarded of sufficient importance to the writer to re-write, in case it is not written plainly, it is not of sufficient importance to place before our fifty thousand readers. The last hour has been spent by one of the editors in re-writing an article because written too unintelligibly to put into the hands of the printer. This would not have been done had not the article been the production of a valued correspondent. But we have resolved fully never to do it again. Our subscription price, and the wages of printers, neither will our time as editors, afford that hours should be spent in deciphering articles. We therefore desire that all who cannot afford time to write legibly, or if unable to do so themselves to get some one to do so for them, will defer sending us articles till this can be done. Articles for insertion must come prepared for the printer. We pity the taste of persons who think so lightly of the responsibility of writing for the press.

Four or five clerks are employed in deciphering names and finding out post-office addresses, etc., when three might possibly do the work, if care was taken to write legibly. Can we, can you, afford so much carelessness.

The publisher of the "Guide" would like to add a word to the above.

Will the friends of the "Guide" in sending in their subscriptions, please write the Names, Post-office, County, and STATE very plainly and *entirely separate* from remarks or matter intended for the editors. Editorial matter or letters intended for Dr. and Mrs. Palmers should be directed to them personally, and be written on an entirely separate sheet from the subscribers names, or any business matter connected with the magazine or books.

W. C. P. Jr., Pub.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide:

The good work at our recent field of labor referred to in our last, still goes on. Rev. Bro. Comstock writes:

WABASH, Ind., Jan. 22, 1869.

I have never been more busy at work for the Master. The work is assuming great proportions. Every day some souls are pardoned and others sanctified at almost every meeting. The membership has never been in such working condition. The motto is Holiness to the Lord, with hardly a dissenting voice. With grateful hearts you are remembered by this entire community, and we are endeavoring to build upon the broad foundation which you laid. Bless the Lord that the people are seeing that holiness is pre-eminent the Bible doctrine for a ruined world. Over 100 have united with the Church, Sister G— included.

REVIVAL ITEMS.

REVIVAL AT RED CREEK.—Rev. A. N. Damon says that it will be gratifying to the many friends of this old Church to learn that we have been favored with a gracious revival of religion. Our extra meetings have been in progress over eleven weeks, resulting in one hundred and twenty-five converted and reclaimed, and still the work moves on. We have a list of the names of all those who have been converted and reclaimed during the meetings, carefully prepared by one of our principal sisters, which enables us the more successfully to look after all of the interests, following this blessed work. We have, up to this time, baptized sixty-five, and

received seventy-five on probation, in the Church. Many will yet unite with us, while some, perhaps, will seek homes in the other Churches.

NOTTING HILL, LONDON.—A very gratifying evangelical work is at present being carried on at Notting Hill, a north-western suburb of London, the origin and progress of which are deeply interesting. A few years ago a tradesman in that neighborhood, grieved with the ungodliness and utter carelessness about religion which prevailed among the working classes, set himself to labor among them. He brought to his good work a warm, earnest believing heart, and sterling sense, and so greatly did God prosper his efforts, that a chapel was erected to hold about a thousand people, in which he regularly preaches to a crowded congregation, and in connection with which large day and Sunday-schools have been established. It is now proposed to erect a chapel, with a basement story divided into commodious rooms, which shall be occupied during each evening of the week as reading, class and lecture rooms, with a view to the mental and spiritual welfare of the working classes especially. This enterprise has been a signal success, and just shows what thorough Christian devotedness may accomplish.

Rev. W. H. Tiffany of the Troy Conference, writes: We are having a gracious revival at Granville Corners, N. Y. There has been no general revival since 1842. About forty have joined the M. E. Church. Perhaps fifty more are converted or reclaimed, and the Church is being built up in spiritual things. While the work is continuing among sinners and backsliders, the work of distinct holiness also goes on. Praise the Lord.

A very powerful revival has been in progress for several weeks at Power's Corners, Pa., under the pastoral supervision of Rev. J. F. Hill, of the Greensburg Circuit. The conversions number over two hundred, most of whom have united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At Allen street Church in this city, Rev. L. S. Weed, pastor, nearly fifty conversions have been recently reported.

A revival, deep, thorough, sweeping, has prevailed for weeks at Martinsville, Ohio, Rev. W. H. Morton, pastor. It has greatly stirred the community. At latest dates over fifty persons were converted, and seventy-five accessions to the Church are reported, while many had also experienced sanctifying grace. The whole church has worked faithfully in singing, praying and exhortation.

Boulder and Ralston Charge, Colorado Conference, Rev. Jessie Smith, writes: During the past two months the head of the Church has been with us in great power. Fifty-five souls have been converted, and a goodly number have received the blessing of full salvation, and still the revival goes on. Readers of the "Guide" pray fervently for Colorado.

REV. P. O'HAVER, Newton, Stewart Co., Indiana Conference, Jan. 25th, 1869, writes: We have just closed a meeting at Mt. Zion, which resulted in the addition of 67 members to the Church, and about the same number of conversions. 35 of these are heads of families. Since conference 75 have joined, and we hope the work will continue, for surely God has come in power.

The Thirty-seventh street M. E. Church in this city is now enjoying a very gracious revival. Over thirty professed conversion last week. The pastor, Rev. W. McAllister, has been efficiently aided by the services of Rev. R. B. Lawrence, of the New Jersey Conference. On Sunday last the meetings were conducted by the members of the New York praying band with their usual success.

An extensive revival is in progress on the Edinburgh charge, Troy Conference, Rev. Brothers Slocum and Williams, preachers. About two hundred have professed conversion.

Over sixty have recently united with the M. E. Church at Piercetown, Ind., as the fruits of revival during the past four weeks. Rev. E. M. Baker is pastor.

At Hartland, Michigan, Rev. A. J. Richards, pastor, seventy have professed conversion, in connection with a revival work still in progress.

REV. R. L. CUSHMAN, writes: On an adjoining work, Rockport Circuit, about 120 have been converted, and an adjoining county, Warwick, is all in a blaze of revival. At one place in the county, Brownville, between 90 and 100 have made a profession of religion. To God be all the glory.

SPRINGVILLE—Rev. J. P. Miller, pastor.—A glorious revival has been in progress. One hundred and forty have been converted, and one hundred and nine added to the Church sion.

Over sixty recent accessions to the Church are reported on the Monroe Circuit, Pittsburgh Conference, Rev. L. Hewitt, pastor.

Seventy accessions to the Church are reported on the Harrisonville charge, West Va.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

BISHOP HAMLIN'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

REV. GEO. W. MITCHELL.

I have just passed through the pages of this most excellent work with great comfort to my soul. I recommend it especially to the careful perusal of all God's children. He was a remarkable man, his zeal for God and his almost constant enjoyment of an indwelling Saviour and sweet communion with the Father, Son and ever-blessed Spirit, should excite all the readers of the sayings and doings of this heavenly-minded man, to emulate his holy life and godly conversation. The thoughts of his sanctified soul were almost constantly in heaven, his conversation was there, and occasionally he was so filled with God's love as to desire to depart and be with Christ.

This book fell into my hands through my beloved wife, who is ever in search for something good just at a time when I seemed most to want the strengthening influence to be derived from one so deeply experienced in the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

TWO SONS PASSED OVER JORDAN.

It was a time of trial when we were called to witness the sufferings of two dear sons, both of whom have now passed over Jordan to the other side, within the last few days,

and within five days of each other. The eldest was in his thirty-fifth and the younger in his nineteenth year. Both died with Consumption. They are gone, and there is a vacancy within these walls of solemn import, their familiar steps through these halls are heard no more, their voices no longer reverberate, their forms and affectionate bearing around the family hearth are seen no more. We mourn, deeply mourn, but not as those who have no hope. We believe they have both gone home to unite in the swelling song of the redeemed. The death of Brisco, the younger, was joyous to behold. While surrounding his death-bed, brothers and sisters weeping, just after a fervent prayer by Brother Krebbs, his mother and myself kneeling in supplication his mother just in front of him, he exclaimed with his dying breath, "praise God," and in a few moments after asked his mother to pray. She did so, and while engaged in audible prayer, just at the moment of alluding to the poetic sentiment of "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are," a smile, unearthly, spread over his features, when he threw his arms around his mother's neck, and then my own, his features still lit up with an expression joyous to behold. All in the room saw and felt its thrilling power. This was but a few moments before he died. This visible sign and seal, which God in his condescending and infinite love was pleased to give of his acceptance of our dear son, is daugueretyped by the light of heaven upon my inmost soul, never to be forgotten while life shall last. This heaven-inspired countenance, so full of comfort to us all, lingered like the rays of the setting sun until the light of life melted away into the light of heaven.

For the Guide.

PUT THE STAMP ON.

M. B.

I stepped into the post office yesterday to mail a letter. Not having a stamp, I asked the clerk for a three cent stamp. I laid down my letter with the three cents and turned to come away, when the clerk said, "you must put the stamp on yourself." Oh yes, of course. And turned quickly and did

as required. As I passed out the words seemed to linger with me, "you must put the stamp on yourself." In the evening I found myself in our prayer meeting. While the first prayer was being offered I was wondering whether it would be stamped. I knew if it went the conditions must be met. "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe ye receive them and ye shall have them." The stamp of faith must be on our prayers or they do not go. They never reach heaven, and that is the reason no answers are received. The prayers are very perfect. How many times we listen as the Holy Spirit is invoked to descend upon us as at the day of Pentecost, and that sinners may be awakened and converted in our midst. But sinners sit perfectly unconcerned and listen to all this; and if some humble believer should say that God had sanctified him or her throughout body, soul, and spirit, there would be a shrinking on the part of the very ones who had prayed for this baptism.

There's trouble somewhere, and it is time the Church found out where it lies. God cannot lie. He will do as he has said. Whatever ye ask in prayer believing ye shall receive. But that stamp must be put on, and we must do it ourselves.

Oh how it would shorten our prayers if we asked only for what we believed we should receive. Nay, more than this, "Believe ye receive, and ye shall have." Thank God we have in our churches some who do abide in Christ, and his words abide in them, and in answer to their prayers souls are converted; but add to this number and there is an additional power. If one can chase a thousand, two can put ten thousand to flight.

I listened in the afternoon of the day to which I have referred to, a prayer from one who has long known and taught the way of faith. I have often listened to her teachings, but never I think but once before had heard her pray. That prayer lingers with me still. It was very simple. She prayed that those who had just stood and said by that act that they wanted the full baptism of the Spirit, that they might go and bring forth much fruit, might then receive it, and then she trusted Jesus to answer her prayer. She left

it with him, so sure that he would attend to it. And then she ceased. She put the stamp on and it went. I dropped my letter before going to the meeting in the place assigned for letters, and had no more care about it. I had no doubt it would reach its destination. The post office arrangements are very perfect. Are they more perfect than God's arrangements? Are we expecting answers to communications we have sent to the skies? Were they stamped?

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARE'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. Mr. B., of the Congregational Church, regarded it as a sweet privilege to come into the holy fellowships of the Tuesday meetings, and of others like it, and join with them in ascribing praise to Jesus as a full and present Saviour. During last week he was called to attend the funeral of an old friend in New Jersey, and while he was visiting with the afflicted household the evening before the funeral, a number of the friends came in, one of whom he had known a number of years ago as a professor of religion, and charity would require to say he was a child of God, yet there was nothing special about him. But at this last interview there seemed to be something quite special about him, as he wanted to talk about Christ and divine things. The difference in the brother was very manifest, and the secret of the improvement he soon made known. A little over two years ago he attended a camp-meeting, with the purpose fully formed that with the assistance of Christian friends he would have all there was in Christ for him, and he found it and carried it away with him, and by the grace of God had kept it ever since, and now there was something special about him, a quiet sweet power. The difference could be seen in his conversation, which was very interesting and different from what it used to be, although he was always a pleasant man, but now there was something special. When he had an opportunity to speak

of him to show off his righteousness, they said he was one of the most active and efficient members of the Methodist Church of that place, though formerly he belonged to the Congregational Church. Everybody believed in abiding in Christ; all Christians believed in that as a desirable thing, but practically they did not get at it, unless they were taught and entered upon the blessing of sanctification. He knew that that was so. He would not pretend to say that there were no living Christians who did not receive the doctrine. We all live and speak about here, but he had remarked that they had had hard work of it.

He had read with profit the biographies of Payson and Brainard, the missionaries, and they did live near to God; there was a power in their ministry, but they had not been taught some precious truths that had been taught us, or they would have got along a great deal easier. It is true the Holy Spirit uses the truth as an instrument, and the Holy Ghost never comes in full power to a soul unless there be light and instruction in the way of truth, and the more fully the great truths of the gospel are understood and received by any one, the more fully does the Holy Ghost work through that soul when he works at all. It is true His servants we are to whom we obey. The influence to which we yield ourselves will sway and guide us. You will find that to be so all through life. Religion is a voluntary matter. The will is free. It may be disputed by some in a philosophical sense, but it is true. Now those who give themselves to this great truth that Christ is a Saviour from sin, a full and complete Saviour, who meets all their wants and seeks the fellowships where that truth is held up and maintained, prayed for and testified to, oh, what blessings they have! How easy they find the way, and how glorious. He often felt deeply humbled when he looked at himself and thought of how much he should have learned and how much grace he ought to have with his opportunities, and felt to abase himself and to get infinitely low before God. But he had to thank God that for many years past his heart had gone with a sweet willingness into the appreciations of those who have talked about holiness, who have gone to Jesus to believe him a complete Saviour. He

could have avoided these meetings through the years past, but then he would have lost the sweet blessings that have flowed in upon him while gathered with you, and with those who attend similar meetings. Oh, that God's people everywhere, when they had the opportunity for these things, would throw themselves in the way and put themselves under the influence of this great truth of holiness. He praised God that he was fully consecrated to him, and was trusting him as his full and complete Saviour.

A sister asked for prayer for herself and church. She had been a Christian about ten years, and for eight of these years she had been living a cold religious life, but she went to Jesus and found he could help her to live very differently. She had read of Christians who lived joyfully all the time, but she was sinning and repenting, and read, "There is therefore now no condemnation to those who are in Christ, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit." At this time she felt that that was a very precious truth, and believed in sanctification. She had been led by the Holy Ghost and not by man's teachings. Last week she had been reasoning with the Lord, and asked why his people seemed so dead; and the answer came because of pride and unbelief. She often met with Catholics, and was inquiring of God about them, and the answer was, the man of sin shall be destroyed by the brightness of Christ's coming. She belonged to a Baptist Church, and as they now had a minister who believed in sanctification, she would ask for prayers that the church might be without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

Sister P. wished to acknowledge, to the praise of God, that she had reason to believe she was growing in grace, and in the knowledge and love of God. She had never felt greater jealousy for God's glory, nor more of an all consuming zeal for his cause. During the few weeks that Dr. P. and herself had been absent, had witnessed manifestations that God would answer prayer in more than an ordinary degree. They had just arrived at a certain place, when the minister told us of one of his leading men, a class leader and trustee, who was among his most prominent men who was a great

trial to him. The minister had enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification for three or four months, and before that this brother had been his most ardent supporter, but since he experienced this blessing, such an opposition had been manifested by him, as was almost unendurable. He was uneasy to have a book on the special subject of holiness in his house. It may seem strange, but the enemy tries to do his worst when his citadel is about to be taken. Soon after our arrival his wife sought the blessing and found it, and then she said, "speak to my husband." After this the husband was called on to pray, and as Dr. P. sometimes says, "when a carpenter goes to work and finds his tools dull, he stops and sharpens them, and does not think he is losing any time." So this brother prayed as though he needed more grace. We went to him and said, "you ought to have this grace," and he replied, "I feel as if I shall lose my soul unless something is done for me." We said, "has not Jesus fully paid the debt, and do you not see a reason why you should reckon yourself dead to sin now?" He felt the truth and seemed to be pushed right over the bar of unbelief and O he was a different man indeed, so that during the ten days we labored there nothing that he could do was hard to attempt for souls. In another place there was a brother who was quoting among the people such passages as "no man liveth and sinneth not," and was so active in opposition that the preacher did not know but he would have to take his class book from him, but as he called on us just as we were leaving the place we believe he received the blessing. God has a people and though they are in the world, they are not of the world because they are chosen out of the world. Dr. P. read on a Sabbath the lesson he read here to day, (xv. ch. John) when he said all the people may have this ordination power, quoting, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," etc., and asked who would have this ordination and, she thought, as many as 300 arose, and many did receive it. At another place when this question was asked a young man arose and knelt down, perhaps with the feeling that on his knees was the best place to receive it, and then another and another knelt until they were down all over the house, and then the Spirit

came down, I think the Spirit will come down here if we announce ourselves as candidates for this ordination. It will permeate our whole being. Some have asked "What became of those tongues of fire at the Pentecost? did they remain on their heads?" No they went down into the hearts. There is such a wonderful work to be done, and in this world. God puts his Spirit in his people and then works through them.

SISTER B. did not know what we were going to do in the Churches in this city unless the members of the Churches get this baptism. In the city of Providence, the merchants, business and unconverted men had agreed to hold a protracted meeting, and hired a hall and sent to New York and employed a local minister whom some of them knew as alive in religion, to go on and preach for them because their ministers and churches were so cold that they had better begin outside of them. That meeting is now going on. How many Churches of New York are represented in this Tuesday Meeting. The Lord had been teaching her that the Church would have to work along a different line, so last week she started out in good earnest and tried to "compel them to come in," and brethren and sisters God blessed me in tenement houses, O how he blessed me in those visitations. We must have a strong love to go into the tenement houses and talk of Jesus. She wanted to stand as a candidate for this ordination of the Holy Ghost. She could not go up to God by and by and have no sheaves.

Children's Corner.

SAVED.

I believe the boy came to steal. Why else did he creep into the kitchen without knocking?

Pet was sitting there in one of her thoughtful moods; I could see through the side window, though the luxuriant grape vine hid me completely from view.

At first sight the boy startled me. He was uncouth—he was ugly. Not only that, but his brow was low; and to me his eye was vicious. Some children would have screamed at sight of such an apparition—Pet did not. Instead, a smile broke over her face like a burst of sunshine.

Pet made us often tremble, often sigh—her father and me. Not that she was preternaturally good or given to extraordinary speeches; but there was a strange attractiveness about her—an unearthliness—though we could never say the word to each other. Her little soul seemed to flow out toward you; you felt impelled to speak, ay, even to think purely in her presence.

Nothing human repulsed her; I have shuddered to see her clasp a filthy little creature around the neck. Everybody was “nice” with her, and in her vocabulary, “nice” meant good.

But to go back to the rough intruder.

It startled me to see her smile; but in an instant the boy looked ashamed. A flush spread to the purplish swellings under his eyes.

“Is ‘oo hungry?” cried Pet, in her clear, bird-like voice. A moment after she emerged from her corner with a lovely, rosy apple, that filled both her wee hands, and running toward him, her eyes shining, I thought I never had seen so beautiful an expression in a human face.

“Take ‘is and ‘ool be nice—‘oo is nice, ain’t ‘oo?”

The boy looked down at the small blessing; his lips worked a little. Sure am I no sermon would have reached his poor heart as did that little act. He seemed to hesitate.

“Take it,” said I cheerfully; “Pet would rather you would eat it, I know. What did you wish when you came? Can I do anything for you?” coming in as I spoke.

The tears stood in his eyes now.

“I don’t know as I want anything, ma’am. I—well—I—I—don’t know as I need anything!”

“Have you a home?” I asked.

“A—a—home—that’s what I never had.”

“Div him somefin more, mamma,” said Pet grieving for the tears.

He looked at her with an almost worshipping glance.

“I have two or three cords of wood that want splitting and piling down cellar,” said I.

“I’ll do it,” he cried, brightening.

“I looked at him keenly.

“Can I trust you?” I asked; but I tried to say it with a smile.

“Yes, you may, ma’am, indeed you may,” he said; and then with a swift motion jerked his sleeve across his eyes. He told that he was called Bertie, and I imparted his name Bertie.

So every little while she would pat pat to the cellar stairs and cry out:

“Bertie—is ‘oo nice?” then throw back her little head and burst into such silvery peals of laughter, that I laughed softly to myself every time I heard her.

Bertie came next day to finish his job, and his grey eyes grew positively beautiful at sight of Pet.

“O, I love her, ma’am,” he exclaimed. “O, I’d give any thing if I might kiss her, ma’am.”

“Pet, Bertie wants to kiss you,” I said.

“Is ‘oo nice?” laughed Pet, suspending her busy little operations.

“No—no—I ain’t nice,” he said remorsefully.

She seemed to deliberate a moment, then she said, slowly:

“Well, ‘oo must be nice;” came up to him and put up her rose bud lips.

He kissed her—made that swift, awkward motion with his sleeve again, and hurried to his work.

My husband became interested in the boy.

“Depend upon it, Hetty,” said he, “he’s a neglected genius,” or he never would have showed such sensibility. I’ll see about him.”

He did see about him to some purpose. He gave him occupation; found him reliable and steady. The war broke out—Bertie enlisted—was wounded, and came near dying in the hospital. From that sick bed he returned home, refined, spiritualized. Ah, me! he came home to weep over Pet’s still, waxen features.

“Oh! my little salvation!” he cried, with tears of agony; “under God—my little Saviour!”

Pet, in her home above, must rejoice if she sees Bertie—now an earnest student in Christ; for this sketch is not all fancy. Bertie will be a shining light, a brand saved from the burning, to minister to the heirs of glory.

As for Pet, do not think I ever wished her back. Never!

My waiting angel—my seraph guide to the courts of heaven? My one little child that never gave the heart that loved her a single pang, “Of such is the kingdom,” and with such my blessed darling is safe for evermore.

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Books and Catalogues.

WHAT SCHOOL SHALL WE CHOOSE.

We sometimes receive communications on this subject. We have just been answering a letter from a lady residing in a distant part of the land, bearing on this theme. We have

reason to be thankful that good institutions where piety is prominent, are multiplying over our land. We occasionally receive catalogues or circulars of such, which we have commended to our readers. But of all that we have received, none have given us greater pleasure than one now lying before us, of which the Rev. D. C. Van Norman, LL.D., is Principal. It is an English and French boarding and day school for the education of young ladies. Organized in 1857. Located at Nos. 3 and 5 West Thirty-eighth street, two doors west of Fifth avenue, New York. The edifice, erected expressly for the school, occupies the highest ground, and is in all respects the most desirable site in New York for such an Institution. It is in a quiet street, and yet within two doors of the finest avenue in the city, and fifteen minutes' walk from Central Park.

It is pre-eminently the aim and care of the Institution to ensure thoroughness and to inculcate and impress upon the minds of those committed to its training the principles of true Christianity, courtesy and cheerfulness, industry, patience, discretion, humility, truth, and benevolence, filial affection and obedience, with those other virtues which are the crowning glory of the female character, the ornaments of human society and the basis of all that is good and lovely and permanent. And as the mind can form just conceptions of its relations to God and his creatures only in proportion as its darkness is dispelled, and the chaos of its thoughts and feelings is reduced to harmony and order, by the Word and Spirit of God alone, that can clothe the soul with beauty, and enable it to bring forth those precious fruits by which in blessing it is blessed, while all sectarian influences are guarded against. The religion of the bible, which goes down into the depths of the soul and lays the foundations aright, is inculcated as furnishing the highest and most effective motive influence to moral exertion, the only foundation of true happiness and virtuous character, and the only ground of hope with reference to the eternal future. Dr. Van Norman's system contemplates a practical education, proposing as one of its important aids, to fit pupils for action, to make them efficient in whatever duties they undertake, to train them to firmness of purpose and fruitfulness of resource in common life.

Dr. Van Norman seems to have been prepared by Providence to make the training of girls the great business of his ever active laborious mind. With him we think that the "education of girls requires the exercise of more skill and prudence than that of boys; not only because it has a more important bearing upon the progressive improvements of society, but because it embraces, more particulars, has to contend with stronger prejudices, and involves the necessity of greater circumspection, delicacy and tenderness."

Among the "regulations and requirements, etc.," we observe the following: "Costly toilets and jewelry are deemed undesirable in school-girls, and are therefore discouraged."

Special and extraordinary provisions are made for the comfort and improvement of young ladies from abroad, who are treated as members of the Principal's family. Dr. Van Norman says, "Our ideal towards the attainment of which our highest efforts are bent, is to surround and infuse this department with all the gentle kindly influence of home-life, to exalt and refine social character, to quicken and intensify all those feelings and sentiments which bind daughters to parents and homes, and thus fit them to move with grace and dignity, with heart and intelligence, in whatever sphere Providence may allot." We have given more space to this theme than intended, but we think the subject of such marked importance that we hope our readers will not deem an apology necessary, though we proceed still further by laying before them the opinions of an earnest Christian friend, the Rev. D. Newton, in answer to the question, What schools shall we choose for our children? says:

"Question momentous! On this choice hangs the eternal destiny of millions!

"A first thing is a good teacher—a man of God, well qualified in every respect for his office. 'The value of a good teacher,' says Channing, 'is incalculable. There is no office higher than that of a teacher of youth, for there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in a community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves, to induce such to become the guardians and guides of their children. To this good all their show and luxury should be sacrificed. Here they should be lavish, whilst they straighten themselves in every thing else. They should wear the cheapest clothes, live on the plainest food, if they can in no other way secure to their families the best instruction. They should have no anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with higher and holier principles, and fit them to bear a manly, useful, and honorable part in the world. No language can express the cruelty or folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart.'

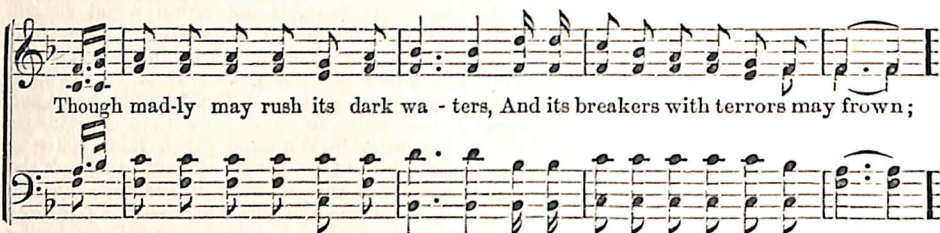
"A school where prayer is offered daily, and where the Word of God is read—inculcated, brought home to every heart. And where the great and all-absorbing aim and motives are to train immortals, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, for usefulness and happiness here, and glory eternal, through life everlasting."

The Beautiful Side.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful side to the Riv - er, The Riv - er twist us and the Throne ;



Though mad - ly may rush its dark wa - ters, And its breakers with terrors may frown ;



There's a glo - ri - ous side to the Riv - er, We need but to cross it to see, ..

CHO.—There's a beauti - ful side to the Riv - er, A sunny bright side I well know,



Untouched by the tide of earth's shad - ows, For - ev - er with Jesus to be...

Where the Robe and the Crown and the Man - sion Our Je - sus on us will be - stow

2 There's a beautiful side to the River,
Though here such farewells are oft heard;
There are smiles for our tears, and forever,
Though here sorrow's depths are so stirred.
There's a glorious side to the River,
In the presence of God and the Lamb,
Where the shout and the song ring forever,
Along all the wonderful strand.

3 There's a beautiful side to the River,
Where many a dear one has gone;
And there we may join them forever,
Praising Jesus for victories won.
There's an ever blest side to the River,
Where smiles wreath the brow with de-
light;
And sickness, or sadness, or sighing,
Never shadow these regions of light.

4 There's a beautiful side to the River,
A sweet, joyous side I well know;
Where friends shall be friends, and forever,
Unreached by a fear or a foe.
Can you tell of the brightness just yonder,
Where a cloud never crosses the sky?
Where the smiles of the Saviour is Heaven,
And the King in His Beauty is nigh?

5 There's a beautiful side to the River,
Though it floweth so darkly along;
And there reigns the wondrous Forever,
An anthem of shout and of song.
There's a rapturous side to the River,
Where they gather from every known clime,
And are crowned by the World's blest Re-
deemer,
Who are saved from the regions of Time.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1868, by Rev. L. Hartsough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1869.

For the Guide.

ABIDING FAITH.

REV. CHARLES W. SWARTZ.

I REGARD it both a privilege and duty to relate what God has recently done for one who has been for years a subscriber to and reader of your magazine. It is needless to describe my wayward and doubting life as a Christian since my conversion at the age of near fourteen years. About four years of my life have now been devoted to the work of an itinerant minister; and though I had occasionally, prior to entering upon the ministry, felt a desire to enjoy a "closer walk with God," yet up to that time I had never been an earnest seeker of *purity of heart* as a separate and distinct blessing from pardon. Since then, however, I have tried to look to the Saviour for a "clean heart" and a "right spirit," perhaps a thousand times, but for want of *submission of my will* to that of God, as well as the want of implicit *trust* in Christ, the blessing was never mine until the night of December 18th, 1868.

Some of the circumstances leading me into the "rest of faith" may be briefly stated: The December number of the "Guide to Holiness" came to hand some time after commencing a series of meetings for the conversion of sinners at one of the appointments within the bounds of my charge. Some days of the meeting had already passed with not a conversion, and I now felt impressed that I ought to urge upon the Church the duty of seeking full salvation, and was well convinced that we could not reasonably expect to see sinners brought to Christ

unless the people of God were induced to strive for a closer walk with God. With these views fully engraven upon my mind, I determined, by the grace of God, to change the order of the meeting, and make the subject of holiness prominent.

It was at this juncture of affairs that the number of the "Guide" already named came to hand, and the first article, by Brother F. Ball, of our Conference, (West Virginia) arrested my attention, and seemed to me to point out the "way" so plainly, and to make "faith" appear so simple, that I thought proper to read it in connection with the services on Sabbath. One statement especially in that article is calculated to confirm the faith of the wavering, viz., *that we no more dare doubt the promises of God than doubt His existence.* Afterward, when on the point of receiving the blessing, it seemed to me that if I were only *certain* of having made an entire surrender to God,—being thus in a position where the *promises* of God would be *mine*, I could not then doubt the word of God, but would feel as well assured that God received me as I was certain of the *existence* of God.

On reaching my home on Friday night, December 18th, having been much drawn out in prayer, and earnestly striving to make a *full surrender of all to God*, I said to my dear companion, that I felt I was *nearer* the great desire of my heart than I had ever been in my past life. Only one difficulty was remaining, viz., *the want of a consciousness that all was given up to God.* The struggle was not long continued. My wife

read to me those consoling lines, beginning,

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou biddest me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

And soon the mists of doubt and misgiving gave way, and my feet were firmly upon the "Rock of Ages." Since which time my "way" has been so *even*, and my peace so *abiding*, that I already felt a thousand fold repaid for the sacrifices made to God.

BUFFOLA SHOALS, W. VA.

P. S.—The first night after the Sabbath above named, which was especially devoted to the promotion of holiness, one soul was converted, since which several have been born into the kingdom, and a number of the brethren and sisters are earnestly groaning for full salvation.

For the Guide.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

No. 6.

GOODNESS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, CANADA.

"Goodness is beauty in its best estate."

"She taught us how to live,
With blameless life girt round with sanctity,
Lowly in heart, in soul and purpose high,
Sweet lessons did she give
Of faith, of love, of hope, for all that shone
Brightest in Christian lives, she made her own."

The word "good" under different forms runs through all the languages of northern Europe, and has a great affinity to the Greek *Agathos*, or *ἁγθω*, and the Latin *gaudes*, to rejoice, to be glad, because joy or gladness is derived from that which is good.

Good and *goodness* are abstract terms, drawn from the same word; the former, to denote things that are good; the latter, the inherent good property of a thing. The good we do is determined by the tendency of the action; but our goodness in doing it is determined by the motives that prompt those actions.

Good, is of a two-fold nature, physical and moral, and is always opposed to evil. Goodness is applicable either to the dispositions of moral and accountable beings, or the qualities of inanimate objects.

As a fruit of the Holy Spirit it means that quality of mind and heart, which

shows itself in a readiness to do good to all, as we have an opportunity.

Dr. A. Clarke says, "it is the perpetual desire and sincere study not only to abstain from every appearance of evil, but to do good to the bodies and souls of men to the uttermost of our ability." "But all this," he says, "must come from a good heart—a heart purified by the Spirit of God, and then the true being made good, the fruit must be good also."

Wesley says the Greek word here means "all that is benign, soft, winning, and tender, either in temper or behavior."

In Eph. v., 9, it is said, "the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness;" that is, goodness in principle and in practice, in heart and life. All goodness comes from God, who is absolutely, originally, essentially, infinitely, and immutably good, the chief good from whom all goodness is communicated. All created goodness is but a rivulet from this fountain of good, and His goodness is the measure and rule of goodness in every thing else.

"To be good is to be happy. Angels are happier than men, because they are better." If men were better than they are, they too would be happier. There are thousands in the church to-day who are not happy. They are not active enough to be happy. If they would only go out in the walks and ways of *goodness*, and work for Jesus in some way, doing good to the poor, the ignorant, the needy, the sorrowful, they would, while doing good, greatly promote their own happiness. "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard." If obeyed, would make many a son happy. Don't sit there any longer freezing with cold and dying with discontent. Up and do good to some of the millions around you; and while doing good, you will get good.

It is a cold winter's day; the mill-pond and bay are all frozen over—a mass of solid ice; but there is yonder the little streamlet, it is leaping and sparkling as merrily as in midsummer; it is in the same temperature as the bay or the mill-pond, and why don't it congeal and freeze up? it is cold all around; nothing but frost and snow around it.

It never freezes. It is *too active* to freeze, *too busy* to be cold.

An Alpine traveler was overtaken by a snow storm at the top of a mountain; the snow flakes filled the air, and piercing winds rapidly hid his path-way from his view. Night came. He lost his way. The piercing cold chilled his blood, and despair his very heart. For a time he struggled on, until bewildered, discouraged, and exhausted, his stiffened limbs refused to move, a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him, and he sank down, to give way to the fatal sleep. The last thought was of home and kindred, and in a half uttered prayer he commended his soul to the Redeemer. Just at that moment he saw another traveler falling in the same path-way, if possible, worse than himself. The call of distress roused him from the death stupor; his sympathies were excited; he made a great effort to help the poor man; crawled over to him—for he could not walk. He took his neighbor's hands into his own, and tried to rub them. He chafed his temples; rubbed his feet; spoke cheerful words, and encouraged him yet to hope, and while using the means, his friend began to recover. The heart grew warm, and the pulse began to throb. He saved his friend. That is not all—in putting forth efforts to rouse and animate him, his activity kept himself from freezing. Earnest for his brother's safety, he saves his neighbor from death, and is saved himself while saving others. They two struggled together—reaching their homes in safety. Christians should be too active to freeze. Activity in doing good, will keep your heart all aglow; your action will keep you warm, and your example will keep others warm. We should be too active to grow cold. We should be like Cromwell, "*Who not only struck while the iron was hot, but made it hot by striking.*" Oh, if there be any happiness on earth, it is in doing good for God. To be healthy, to be happy, to be useful, we must not forget to do good.

"However it be,

It seems to me,

'Tis only noble to be good."

For the Guide.

"I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

GILBERT COLLAMORE.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"—
Psalm 23.

In the dewy morning, gathering his fleecy flock, the shepherd leads them out to seek their daily food. Through rocky plains, that know no herbs, they pass by desert wilds, whose soil may yield no fruits, through the dense wilderness and past the thicket dark—on, on they go. But here the fields seem gay in verdure bright. Why stops he not? His sheep would fain pause here. The tender grass is glistening all about, the flowers are bright, the shades invite to rest—full well he knows no waters bless the place. Not food alone he seeks, but also draughts to quench the thirst of parched throats—so urges on, to find where best to pause. And now a meadow opens all serene. A river flows to offer them their drink. Its banks are lined with juicy herbage fresh, the shade trees grow 'neath which they may lie down—he'll surely stay! But still he presses on; for near by grows the forest thick, and prowling in its dark the wild beasts lurk. No place is this for helpless sheep—security he seeks. And now a gentle hillside, leaning towards the south, offers them its food, its brooks flow down with crystal drink, no beast dares venture to this safe retreat. And here he stays. Now, all secure they spend the day. They crop the clover, filled with fragrant dew, they quench their thirst in waters sparkling clear, they gather in the shade and chew their cud, the lambs in sportive tricks leap round about. And yet, he leaves them not, his sweet songs echo 'gainst the mountain's sides, his smile reflects again the sun's bright cheer. He waits to watch, lest either stray too far and lose the way, lest savage beast invade the harmless ranks—nor is his presence hated by the flock. His face they know, his friendly voice they hear. They play around his feet, they rub against his knee. And if a cloud spread quickly o'er the sky, and distant thunder warns a coming storm, to covert then he guides. There sheltered

in, they watch the lightnings forked flash, and hear the driving drops of rain. Then, when the bow in heaven bends brightly o'er, forth to fresh fields, made sweeter by the shower. So runs the day. And when the shades begin to fall, he calls their names and gathers them for home. No one he misses, counts them o'er and o'er, and marching swiftly, strides along before. When lambs begin to tire, this on his shoulder places, in his bosom that. And thus they come to fold, all safe and sound.

Oh, faithful shepherd, anxious for thy flock! Oh, gentle flock, thus kept in highest good, ye make an image chosen by our Lord to figure forth a Saviour's care for us, and our dependence on His tireless love.

The Lord my shepherd is; I shall not want,
Forth leads He me by many a devious way,
To where the fields are green, the waters clear,
To shade and safety, ere He bids me stay.

The Lord my shepherd is; I shall not want,
No journey shall be weary to my feet,
No pleasant place shall lure me to lie down,
If He calls on, His will I'll gladly greet.

The Lord my shepherd is; I shall not want,
Why vex I then my soul in life's hard road?
Is't hard? No, no, 'tis meadows green, 'tis waters still,
If He leads on. He leads me to my God.

Oh blessed Christ! Oh Shepherd of my soul!
Thee will I follow all the length of life,
Till gathered safely in Thy heavenly fold,
In bliss I find a restful end of strife.

For the Guide.

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE NO. 3.

REV. D. NASH.

Fourthly, *That it is a state in which trial and probation are ended.* This is a point of importance and requires to be well understood. Does the probationary career of men terminate with the present life, or does its line run into that which is to come? A great immovable and impassable gulf was fixed between good and bad spirits, according to the testimony of Abraham, as recorded by St. Luke.

The righteous there could not pass over to the wicked, nor could the unholy find his way into the regions of bliss and holiness. What is the cause of this?

The following consideration will make it plain. The grand leading doctrine of salvation is, by faith from beginning to end. By faith we are justified without the deeds of the law. By faith we receive the Holy Spirit to testify to our adoption. By faith we are sanctified and released from all sin. By faith we run the race set before us. By faith we overcome through the blood of the Lamb. This is the condition appointed by God. It is the decree of infinite wisdom and goodness, and man can neither alter it in time nor in eternity. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." John iii. 36. Without testimony, however, there can be no faith, because faith has relation *not* to what we see or know, but to testimony concerning what we have *not* seen and known. Faith is a substitute for sight, and is said to be "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Now, man cannot be in a state of probation after death, for as soon as he enters into the spirit world, it is impossible for him to believe to the salvation of the soul. When the soul enters "naked and unclothed" into the invisible world, all things there become "naked and unclothed" to it, God—angels—devils—holy and unholy spirits of men—heaven and its glories—hell and its torments—are all laid bare and become not objects of *faith* but of *sense*. The light of eternity beams with such brightness that everything is seen without the possibility of a false perception. Conviction forces itself upon the mind with irresistible evidence, and leaves no room for testimony, and hence none for new acts of faith. While in this world, a man may receive or reject the testimony of God, respecting Himself, His Son Jesus Christ, and the invisible world, but when he enters there, the possibility of receiving or rejecting the testimony of God passes away, from the simple fact of the presence of the objects. As the unbeliever gave God no credit for His word, so God can now give him no credit for the bare perception and necessary acknowledge-

ment of a state of things which forces itself upon his faculties without possibility of denial; even the faith which justifies, sanctifies and saves, loses itself in sight, terminates its existence in the presence of the objects that it apprehended with vigor, and having ushered its possessor into the region of irresistible evidence, it cannot enter itself where testimony is necessarily excluded. Faith is the associate of testimony, with it, is its delight to dwell, and where testimony cannot exist faith can have no being. In a region where neither the one nor the other can exist, of course it can perform no condition. A man is not justified by seeing what is present, but by believing what is absent from sense on the testimony of God. A human spirit in the invisible world requires no testimony concerning it, any more than we need none respecting our existence, or the existence of any thing we gaze upon. As faith, or believing the testimony of God respecting his Son, Jesus Christ, is the condition of pardon, it follows that he, who dies without it, can never receive the remission of sin, simply because he has passed into a region where testimony is necessarily precluded, and where faith, as the performance of the condition, can never be exercised. On the other hand, he who is now justified by faith, has peace with God, enjoys the witness of His spirit, knows that he is reconciled by the blood of Christ, and that "if his earthly house were dissolved, he has a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Let his earthly tabernacle dissolve, let him die in the Lord, and what has faith done? It has acted as a substitute for the sight he now enjoys, has familiarized him to the blessed objects that now claim his attention, and by it, like the ladder of Jacob, he has mounted from earth to heaven, and found his way to the holy and happy side of the great gulf that separates spirits in the invisible world. The ladder is left behind, but the happy spirit by it has returned to God, to be with Christ forever. The great gulf to which we have referred, is the actual impossibility of performing the condition of salvation

any longer, arising from the altered circumstances of the departed spirit. The believer's faith has done its work, and its exercise is no longer required. He, therefore, can never fall or change from holiness to sin. The unbeliever, in the state of separate spirits, can find no faith to remove his guilt or purify his soul, and therefore he can never change from sin to holiness. The altered circumstances, resulting from the appointment of God in laying down faith as the condition of salvation, constitute the unalterable and impassable gulf which separates the parties forever. From all this, see the necessity of retaining faith to the end, otherwise, God's decree will condemn instead of save. We may learn also the folly of the Romish purgatory, and that the great error of Popery lies in renouncing the grand leading doctrine of salvation by faith.

Finally, I will say that the intermediate state *is a state of imperfection*. Here let me not be misunderstood: It is not an imperfection in relation to either pardon or holiness. These must have been possessed in the present life, because both spring from faith. The true believe in this life, "perfects holiness in the fear of the Lord." As love springs from faith, so he is "made perfect in love" in this life, where faith alone can be exercised.

Purification in the article of death is not Scripture doctrine, inasmuch as it arises from faith, and if by faith, why not now? Why not in health, as well as in sickness, why not a year before death as readily as an hour? Full salvation by faith now, honors God, and to shift it to a future period is a species of unbelief. When, therefore, we speak of the imperfection of the dead in Christ, we do not mean an imperfection in holiness, but in relation to knowledge, to the corporeal powers and to the manifestation of future glory. In the intermediate state, the happy spirit of the believer grows in love, rejoices that he can never forfeit pardon or decline in holiness, and consciously feels that he dwells in God and God in him, and that he shall have a glorious resurrection of his body. Still

he is imperfect in knowledge and must remain so until that day "when he shall know even as he is known." He has entered into "the rest that remains for the people of God," but he looks forward with unutterable joy to that day when *all his manhood* shall enter into the free, full, perfect and active service of God in the New Jerusalem forever. The early fathers considered the souls in the disembodied state as having entered into rest, as being with Christ, as being certain of a happy resurrection, and as waiting joyfully for the reward promised to all those who love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. To this the Apostle refers in Hebrews xi. 39, 40, "And these all having obtained a good report through faith (in His word) received not (the fulfillment) of the promise (of a better resurrection) God having provided some better things for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." From the allusion made by the Apostle in the succeeding verses, in which the great cloud of witnesses are represented as having finished their race, his meaning is evidently this, that believers have been running the race of faith in all ages, that the race terminates in death—that the departed soul then joins the multitude, who ran the same race, and that they all rest patiently, not unconsciously nor inactively, until the last racer has arrived, when they shall be all convened together. The resurrection body is the crown of life and glory. The believer is imperfect, his glory incomplete until he receives the crown. His perfection in the separate state is expressed in sentiments uttered by the voice from heaven, "Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them." Still this state is imperfect compared with what shall follow. In the judgment day all the works and their remotest effects shall arrive, being now on their way. The tree shall then be known by its fruits, and the spirit perfected forever by the restoration of the body, which is an essential part of man, as originally

formed. Being thus furnished with new organs, entering into a new region and having new manifestations, the body will be a new source of pleasure and glory to the soul forever.

We conclude, therefore, that the main difference between the condition of saints in the intermediate, and final and eternal state, to consist of two things, namely, that before the Judgment, the body is not raised or glorified, and that the reward is not yet given, for whilst all the blessed shall enjoy all the glories of heaven, distinct rewards will be annexed, "according to their works." Yet this difference is confessedly great, for the body is to be transformed into "the likeness of Christ's glorious body," which must add, in a large degree, to the capacities of enjoyment, and the station of each individual will be fixed according to the capability of his peculiar powers. Surely then these thoughts will be sufficient to rouse every heaven-born spirit to purify itself, and to aspire after glory, honor, immortality and eternal life. "Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent; that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot and blameless."

SOUTHPORT, Conn.

For the Guide.

THE SINNER'S PRAYER.

HELEN M. BRADLEY.

Fain would I burst this goading chain,

That binds me fast with sin and woe,

My weary soul should cease from pain.

And Christ's sweet quiet know,

Put strengthless, lone, I have no plea,

How shall I come to Thee?

Passion and guilt, and hate within,

Have pushed me far from every good,

I loathe myself, I spurn my sin,

And look to Jesus' blood.

Ah! how my soul would leap to be

Welcomed, O Christ, by Thee!

So wretched! Crimson dyed in sin!

My soul, fit only for hell's black despair!

No light, no hope, no love therein,

No pitying Saviour near;

May such a worthless sinner flee.

O Crucified, to Thee?

For the Guide.

DR. BARNES ON ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

REV JOSHUA BUFFUM.
CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

The misunderstanding concerning Christian perfection, or entire sanctification, which seems to be in the minds of many Christians, would be more strange did we not remember our own former darkness and unbelief upon these points. The eminent and Rev. Albert Barnes, a well known and faithful servant of God, who has written so valuable a commentary on many books of Scripture, argues in many places against the doctrine of Christian perfection, but seemingly, without knowing it, bears the following strong testimony to its practicability and the possibility of its attainments. In his "Notes" on 2d Cor v. 15, "that they which live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them," he says, "To live to Him is the opposite to living unto ourselves. It is to seek His honor; to feel that we belong to Him; that all our time and talents, all our strength of intellect and body, all the avails of our skill and toil, all belong to Him, and should be employed in His service. If we have talents by which we can influence other minds, they should be employed to honor the Saviour. If we have skill or strength to labor, by which we can make money, we should feel that it all belongs to him, and should be employed in His service. If we have property, we should feel that it is His, and that He has a claim upon it all, and that it should be honestly consecrated to His cause. And if we are endowed with a spirit of enterprise, and are fitted by nature to encounter perils in distant and barbarous climes, as Paul was, we should feel like him, that we are bound to devote all entirely to His service, and to the promotion of His cause. A servant, a slave, does not live to himself, but to his master. His person, his time, his limbs, his talents, and the avails of his industry are not regarded as his own. He is judged incapable of holding any property which is not at the disposal of his master. If he has strength, it is his master's, if

he has skill, the avails of it is his master's; if he is an ingenious mechanic, or labors in any department, if he is amiable, kind, gentle and faithful, and adapted to be useful in an eminent degree, it is regarded as all the property of his master. He is bound to go where his master chooses; to execute the task which he assigns; to deny himself at his master's will, and to come and lay the avails of all his toil at his master's feet. He is regarded as having been purchased with money, and the purchase money is supposed to give a right to his time, his talents, his services, and his soul. Such as the slave is supposed to become by purchase, and by the operation of human laws, the Christian becomes by the purchase of the Son of God, and by the voluntary recognition of Him as the master, and as having a right to all that we have and are. To Him all belongs, and all should be employed in endeavoring to promote His glory and in advancing His cause."

I think all who believe "that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," will say amen, to the above extract, and if our Presbyterian brethren will accept and act upon these sentiments of their eminent teacher, we will not be particular about the name they may give their doctrine, so long as they embrace and believe the thing itself. This comment of Mr. Barnes is entire sanctification, or, in other words, entire consecration to God, and this is the whole matter. But, "If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established," (margin, "Do ye not believe? it is because ye are not stable.") Isaiah vii. 9

For the Guide.

ANN HERBERT

MARY D. JAMES.

PART II. (Continued).

Words full of Jesus love, and heaven. So pure!
So sweet! Bright gems! Caught as they fell
From consecrated lips, and treasured up
In memory's casket,—now brought forth to show
His wondrous love, who saves from sin—"Saves
To the uttermost."

It was during Ann Herbert's residence in the family alluded to in the preceding chapter, that the rich privileges were af-

forded me of listening to those recitals of the wonders of His grace, who had saved her by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

In speaking of Jesus she would say, "My loving Jesus," "my precious Saviour," while tears suffused her eyes, and holy joy beamed in her countenance, as she told of His goodness to her in the blessed revelations of His presence and the rich comforts of His grace.

She was accustomed to carry a little Testament in her bosom; and often have I seen her take it out, and press it to her lips, exclaiming, "Oh, this precious little book! how I love it! I always open it the first thing in the morning, to get some food for my soul, to strengthen me through the day; and this morning I found such a sweet, precious promise—I must read it to you, and, then, with tears of joy, she would read the sacred words—adding, "Isn't that glorious?" or "Isn't it delightful?" "Oh, it did me so much good!" "It made my heart so glad," &c. "I have had such a hard day's work to do, but it was made easy—all my burdens have been made light while I have been feasting on that promise of Jesus—those words so full of comfort. Oh, bless the Lord, for this book! What could I do without it? It is such a comfort! such a support! I always find in it just what I need. It is like a great gold mine—the more I search the more rich treasures I find. It seems to me I see new beauties in the very same words every time I read them over."

She said the Lord taught her to read the Bible after she was sanctified. She had never learned to read, and her desire to read God's word was so strong, she used to take it with her into her closet, and plead with Him to teach her to read it. Having some knowledge of the alphabet, she soon learned, on her knees, to read the inspired word, and exalted and praised its great Author, that she could read it for herself, and find such food for her soul.

Her testimonies in love-feasts and class-meetings were listened to with thrilling interest. As she would stand

up a witness for Jesus, with her face beaming, and her words glowing—the testimony she would bear was attended with such sacred unction and power from on high, that *all hearts were melted*. Never can I forget that face, so bright with holy light, as she would stand up in the congregation, to speak for Christ. Hers was naturally a *homely face*, yet the expression of her countenance—lighted up as it was by the sunshine in her soul, made her look really beautiful, and struck every beholder with wonder. Although illiterate, her language was remarkably good and appropriate, and in her prayers and speaking in the meetings, her words really seemed to be *inspired*. She was frequently called upon to lead in prayer—both in social and public prayer-meetings—and such power with God had she in prayer, that showers of blessings would come down upon the assemblies of the saints, while her heaven-inspired petitions were ascending to the Throne.

Prayer and praise seemed to be her soul's element. It was as natural for her to be ever offering prayer with thanksgiving, as it was to breathe. Every breath wafted an aspiration to heaven. Every affection, every desire, every aim of her being had a heavenward tendency. By the power of Omnipotent grace her "nature's rapid tide" was, indeed, "turned back, and flowed to God,"—and the language of her heart was not

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love."

But it was,

"Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul."

Glorious results of a purified heart—and a "life of faith in the Son of God." "The substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen" constituted her daily enjoyment—a clear realization of Divine truth, made tangible to her spirit things immortal, and opened in her breast a constant heaven. Her "afflictions" were rendered "light," because she "looked not at the things

which are seen, but at those which 'are not seen.' Heavenly things were ever present to her mind, while earthly things were lost sight of. No wonder, then, that she should "glory in tribulations" and "rejoice in afflictions," for she knew they were "working out for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," and the constant presence of Jesus, shedding its light on all her pathway through her life-journey, was a vivid reality.

One prominent trait in Ann's character has not been mentioned, which might be called the crowning grace—it was HUMILITY. This was apparent in everything. Her spirit, her words, her dress, her whole demeanor, bore indubitable marks of deep humility. She would often say, with much emotion, "Oh, what a poor worm of the dust I am! and to think the Great God should stoop to pick me up out of the mire of sin, and so lavish His blessings upon me! It seems too much! It overwhelms me!" And then her overflowing heart would send forth its hallelujahs to Him who loved her, and gave Himself for her. No one objected to hear a burst of praise from Ann Herbert's lips. She might shout "Glory, hallelujah!" as much as she pleased; and smiles and tears from those who listened showed they felt it came from a *full and pure heart!*

For the Guide.

FAITH DISPLAYED.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

My uncle, John Poole, was a man of great faith. On some occasions it arose in great majesty and power. I send you the following illustration:

He was a living witness for many years of the power of Christ to save from all sin. An incident occurred on the ocean which shows the confidence he had in God, and his courage in the hour of danger. A terrific gale swept o'er the bosom of the deep, dismasting their vessel, and threatened to give them a watery grave. The captain and crew lost control of the ship and then of themselves

—fear blanched every cheek, and made the oldest seaman tremble; the pumps are failing, and the arms that work them grow weak. At this juncture a man is seen standing by the capstan, holding it with both hands, and grasping still more firmly the promise of God. He commenced to sing with a fine, loud, mellow, full-toned voice, "God moves in a mysterious way?" What a hymn for such a place! So full of God. God in the cloud and in the sea—God frowning and smiling—God in the bud and blossom—God unfathomable, yet heard, and seen, and trusted—God making his mysterious way plain to us. He sang it through in full chorus—threw it out upon stormy elements, it went up to the ear of God, and sank down to the hearts of the men, who were petrified by fear. The captain, feeling its influence on his own mind and muscle, called out, "Sing that hymn again." Before it was sung the second time, the captain and his men gained confidence, command and control. The nerveless arm grew strong—the pumps answered every stroke—the ship righted—hope returned—the winds ceased, the waves subsided—and the crew thanked God for the singer and the song.

For the Guide.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

WASHINGTON W. WIGGINS.

There is a light that springs out of darkness as we meditate on these two Greek words. They throw light on the power, purposes, and attributes of God. We are lost in admiration, wonder and surprise as we comprehend God's plan through these profound words. We see why Christ spoke these words to John, declaring to the world—I am Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the ending, which is, which was, and which is to come. What an eternity is here presented. The space of eternity of "which is," the space of eternity of "which was," and of the eternity "which is to come." O, what a Saviour! All-sufficient in all things. Not only "salvation" for this earth but for eternity. He is our Alpha and Omega through this life and through

an eternity which is to come. Oh the depths of God's plan, the treasures of His wisdom, and the eternity of His salvation, as seen in these words. This earth from creation is but the drop in the bucket in the ocean of God's purposes. "An eye hath not seen, nor an ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Is not Jesus the *way*, the *resurrection*, and the *life*? Is He not coming to be glorified in His saints? Is not Jerusalem to become a praise in the earth? In these words we have an answer to these inquiries, "I am Alpha and Omega" the beginning and the ending.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A LOCAL MINISTER'S WIFE.

MRS. R. A. E. BURRIS.

For more than twenty years I have been trying to serve the Lord. In the fall of 1851, through the labors and teaching of a devoted and faithful minister, (Rev. Laudon Taylor), the Holy Spirit revealed in my heart the remains of the carnal mind, and led me to seek and obtain the great blessing of perfect love. But not clearly understanding the meaning of that Scripture, "The just shall live by faith," when the evidence of the blessing was withdrawn my faith lost its hold. I continued, however, after that, trying to live the Christian life, but was very conscious of my loss, and my mind would often run back to those happy hours when to me Christ was all and in all.

One year ago this winter, during the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer at Wesley Chapel in this city—the subject of sanctification was again deeply impressed upon my mind. But the diversity of opinions in regard to the subject among our people and ministers, perplexed and somewhat discouraged me, and the fact that those who make such a profession are the objects of the severe criticisms of those who do not believe in or enjoy the blessing, led me to indulge the thought that it might not be necessary to make

that a distinct work, but that I might obtain and enjoy just as much by seeking in a general way *all the fullness of the Gospel*.

And with that view I resolved to seek all that was in store for me, but not for holiness or purity as a distinct blessing. I did seek earnestly, and struggle hard and long, but made very little progress. I had, at times, the evidence of justification, and often enjoyed happy seasons, with occasional bright glimpses of the promised land, which would be succeeded by seasons of doubt and darkness—feeling all the while that something was lacking.

After trying in this way for nine months—deeply conscious that I was but little, if any, better; and the sense of want being still as great, if not greater, than ever, I was then led to inquire most earnestly what was the matter. The Spirit answered, "You want purity of heart." But I still shrank from seeking that as a distinct blessing. But the Spirit kept that before me day and night, until the second day of October last, when my burden seemed intolerable, and I felt I could not live if I did not obtain relief. In the evening, after having made the usual preparations for the coming Sabbath, as I approached my bed to retire, my eye rested upon the white covering. "Pure and white," I thought; "but, oh! my poor heart! Oh, Lord, make my heart pure." If the blessing of the Lord I was then enabled to make the entire consecration, but realized no relief that evening.

The next morning (Sabbath) I awoke early, and the moment I was conscious my heart cried out, "Oh, Lord, make me pure." After pleading thus earnestly with the Lord for about an hour, and finding no relief, I said to my dear husband, that I could not live unless my heart was made pure. He comprehended my situation in a moment, enjoying the blessing himself, and said to me, "Have you not made the entire consecration." I replied, "I have." "Then," said he, "why not believe at once that God accepts the offering?" My mind grasped the thought, and I said, "Yes;

God has said, 'I will accept you.' It is His word. He will accept. I do believe." And, praise His holy name, just as when Christ spoke to the winds and tempest-tossed waves of the sea, and there was a great calm, so did the tempest in my poor heart subside, and there was, indeed, a deep, holy calm. He seemed to speak, and at the same time to fulfill in my inmost heart those precious words, "I will sprinkle you with clean water; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." I felt a sweet consciousness that the work was done; the aching void filled; the conscious want gone, and my soul filled and satisfied with the presence of a perfect Saviour. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb forever!

The blessed change took place just as the Sabbath was dawning and the sun rising, illustrating beautifully the manner of the change. It came not with a sudden burst; but like the opening day and rising sun, increasing till the sun of righteousness shone upon me in noon-day splendor, and filled all my soul with heavenly light, peace, and joy.

Since then my peace has been as a river. Jesus has truly led me "into green pastures and beside still waters." Though a child of afflictions—often suffering great pain and weakness of body, He enables me to feel not only submissive, but happy and triumphant in afflictions, while I live and walk by faith, trusting every moment in the all-cleansing blood of Christ.

Before that time I had not the courage and strength to stand up in our love-feasts and testify for Jesus, but since then, He has wonderfully sustained me in the performance of this duty wherever the opportunity has offered. Praise the Lord for full salvation! This is what the Church so much needs, and I am sure this is what Christ has provided for all His disciples.

The way seems to me now so plain and beautiful. Jesus so willing and able to save. This full salvation, so precious and delightful, and its effects so great in preparing its possessors to live, suffer, and labor successfully, that I

wonder all Christians do not see and hasten to obtain it. My heart longs to see the entire Church baptized with this holy fire

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace,
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

For the Guide.

ALL CHRIST'S.

MRS. S. J. STODDARD.

I'm not my own,
But thine alone,
O Saviour, all divine!
My ruined soul,
Thou makest whole,
Praise God! I'm thine, I'm thine!

Thy blood was spilt,
To cleanse from guilt,
What price for me was paid!
Henceforth I bring,
To thee, my King,
My all—an offering made.

Mean gift to Thee,
Who bought for me,
Life, light, and bliss and heaven,
Pardon and peace,
And righteousness,
Through Thy dear name are given.

Thy purchased right,
Now with delight,
I gladly render Thee!
I'm not my own,
But Thine alone,
To all eternity.

For the Guide.

LEISURE THOUGHTS;

OR,

COME UP HIGHER.

L. D. CARTER.

The earth that we now inhabit is passing away. Mortality is making its mark upon everything beneath the sun. Even the everlasting hills will one day crumble. Change is going on, and forms and shapes that were, are no more. The lovely faces of many of our near and dear relatives and friends have passed

from our view, and we see them no more. Time, with them, has done its work, and their bodies have gone to the tomb, and we remember them only in the past; but their spirits have just stepped behind the curtain which separates the *seen* from the great *unseen*. Mortality will finally erase from this terrestrial globe the track of man, as well as the very footprints of time itself. The wheels of time are moving on to the great bosom of eternity, heedlessly and carelessly crushing, in their rapid circuit, all opposing obstacles. The high, the low, the rich and poor, the strong and feeble, are all bending beneath the mighty tread of the giant reaper, who needs no gleaner. Day after day, eternity is opening her portals, and closing upon loved ones who had been called to their reward by Him who presides over the destinies, not only of time, but eternity. Truly, there is no continuing city or abiding place for us here. We are but tenting in the wilderness, and journeying, under the shadows of time, to that vast ocean of duration, which is without beginning of days or end of years. Occasionally we catch glimpses of the Heavenly Canaan, and seem to be almost there, but suddenly the clouds of darkness gather around us, and we are brought to realize that we are still in time's chariot, and surrounded by the emblems of decay. Kind reader, there is a land of pure delights; there is a heaven of sweetest bliss, there are joys forevermore at God's right hand, where my Redeemer dwells, and time is but a summer's breeze to bear my spirit home. Sometimes the lurid mornings dawn upon us, and our souls seem to be free, and would fly away and be at rest, but time calls and we awake to a sense of our situation. Although darkness may gather around us, and storms beat in wildest fury, let us remember that our Redeemer lives, and that He will one day come with His angels and bear us through the bright gates of crystal to the home of the good—the city of our God. Then let us endeavor to purify our hearts, live above the contaminating influences of this world of sin, and enjoy

uninterrupted spiritual communion with our FATHER, so that we may enter, in this life, upon that high state of Christian perfection, which God in His mercy designed that we should attain. Then, truly, shall our souls be filled with His love, and rejoice in the rapturous delights of Heaven begun below.

ANDREW COUNTY, Mo.

◆◆◆◆◆
For the Guide
GOD'S WAY OF WORKING.

MARY J. GREEN.

I have been out in the garden a good part of this afternoon, setting out various bulbs, hoping, if God spares our lives till spring, we shall behold in their unfolding beauties, renewed instances of His loving handiwork.

But how dry and bare many of them look now! Can there be life here? Yes, here some have pushed out a tiny shoot—promise of a blooming future, but now I am committing them to the dark earth; and the frost, and the rain, and the winter snow will all work, and seemingly the little bulb will stand a poor chance of life.

We know, however, the frost mellows the soil, and the snow protects from piercing winds and intenser cold, until the warm breath of spring unlocks its guardian chains and the tiny shoot pushes up to our wondering eyes, a miracle of beauty.

And these clay tenements of ours seem very dead and cold sometimes—but there is a living soul there. Often, however, it lays inert, unconscious of its powers, as these bulbs have done for weeks—dry, barren. Then the great gardener above sometimes subjects these souls to the stinging frosts of the world's dread scorn, to the piercing cold of its neglect, to clouds and thick darkness, and storms. And in agony does the tried one exclaim, "all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," but Our Father's is a gentle, protecting hand. "No affliction seemeth for the present joyous, but grievous, yet afterwards it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness." "He will never suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear,

but will in every temptation make a way for our escape."

Trial is often used as the great purifier of the soul; it frees the moral atmosphere from taint, burns out the pestilence of sin, destroys the evil passions, redeems it from the noxious growth that naturally springs up therein, thus rendering it fit for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Then, the beautiful blossoming! Joy, peace, meekness, brotherly kindness—all the graces of the spirit. Honor and praise and glory be unto God forever! Praise to His name for every trial!

Nor is this all. The grave awaits us; cold, gloomy, repulsive to the natural mind, but to the soul thus purified, bright and glorious, because illumined by the Saviour's triumph. Thanks be to God, here is the entrance to life immortal! Jesus bursts the bars of the tomb, drags Death captive at his chariot wheels and ascends "above all principality and power."

Hear him saying, "Because I live, ye shall live also," and now with rapture in our hearts we read John's glorious vision, "these are they which have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Amen.

Esry, Columbia Co., Pa.

For the Guide.

A LOST HOUR.

G. H. W.

It was Sabbath morning. I opened my eyes and discovered that the sun lighted every recess of the room. Hastily leaping from my bed, my eyes fell

upon the clock, and I found that I had slept an hour longer than I had intended. I sorrowfully thought, "the hour is gone—irrevocably gone!" and I kept repeating *gone, gone, gone!* It was suggested to my mind, "make up for it—be more diligent—work more earnestly." "Ah!" I thought, in reply, "I may be as diligent as possible, may work with an intensity of earnestness, but I cannot make up for *that* hour. Do all I can do, and I shall be doing but the work of the *present* hour. No; it is gone! gone!" And an inexpressible sadness, like a cloud, overshadowed my spirits, just as if I had lost a friend.

Was there not sufficient cause for sorrow? Who can tell what might have been accomplished had the hour been spent in earnest, wrestling, faithful prayer for myself and others? Hell might have been filled with consternation, and heaven with joy, because of a sinner turning to God. And thus imperishable treasures might have been laid up within the walls of sapphire.

But lamentation is vain now. Can we recall lost hours? or can we recall the departed, unsaved spirit that we may lead him to Jesus? Let us, then, make use of the *ever present* moment. Let us warn the living, *Now!* Are we at ease while our relations, friends, and neighbors are out of Christ?

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

In the still air music lies unheard;

In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;

To wake the music and the beauty needs

The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master! touch us with thy skillful hand;

Let not the music that is in us die;

Great Sculptor! hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as thou wilt;

Let there be naught unfurnished, broken,
marred;

Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

SADIE J. HART.

When I was quite young my mother died, and I was adopted by a wealthy aunt, who, not having any children of her own, lavished all a mother's care upon me.

One day she was going to see my uncle, and I was very anxious to accompany her. I went up stairs to my own room; knelt down by my bed, and told God, if He would make aunt take me with her when I got big, I would give Him *fifty* dollars.

I went down stairs to find the carriage in waiting at the door, and met my aunt, who asked me where I had been, and told me to hurry, and get ready, and I could go with them. There is not rhetoric enough in the world to have convinced me that God was not a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God; notwithstanding my aunt had taught me that God had fore-ordained everything before the foundation of the world; that whatever was to be would be and couldn't be any other way.

I was afterward placed in a boarding-school—where I remained until I graduated. I left school with an irresistible desire to *teach*. I was not religious—not even a member of the Church—yet I felt I had a work—a *great* work to do. My friends opposed my teaching, and followed my applications for a situation with the information, that I "*didn't need to teach*," until I despaired of obtaining a position. Again I had recourse to prayer. On bended knees I vowed to God, that if He would interfere in my behalf, that a tenth of all I ever realized from my profession should be sacredly devoted to His cause.

My friends consented; but threw me upon my own resources for a livelihood, saying that a little *experience* would do me good. I do not know whether our pastor, a United Presbyterian minister, recognized the handwriting of the anonymous notes that contained my "*mite*" from time to time or not, but I do know that he pronounced me a "*mystery*," and advised my friends to let me teach.

About two years ago I was converted to God, and united with the M. E. Church. About the first of last September I met Rev. J. L. Clark, of Wheeling—In speaking of the Moundsville Camp Meeting—he said it was a glorious meeting, and added, "*over eighty experienced holiness*." I never was so shocked by a speech from a Methodist minister in my life. I felt like asking him if he really believed any one had, but I feared he might be one of the eighty, and considered discretion the better part of valor.

For the first time in my life I gave the subject my serious attention. I believed it to be a *work*—a *progressive work* commenced at justification, finished at death. I got a Bible concordance, and hunted up all the texts of Scripture I could find on the subject, and felt ready for an encounter even with Mrs. Palmer; when one day I suddenly remembered that the Bible said something about a man after God's own heart. I could not recall whom it was, but I knew he must have been holy, else God is unholy. I saw the subject in a different light. I *believed*, and commenced seeking the blessing with all the earnestness of my nature. I thought I had *all* upon the altar, and almost wondered why God did not bless me with that holiness of heart without which no man shall see the Lord. ¶

Several of my scholars were religious, and in the habit of praying in public. As I opened my school daily with prayer, I was called upon to pray at prayer-meeting. I refused repeatedly, and was told that I was setting a bad example before my school. I told them it was a matter of *principle* with me; that I was reared a Presbyterian of the *straitest sect* of the Presbyterians, and that I considered it neither right nor proper for ladies to pray in public.

One evening, a few days preceding our quarterly meeting, I met an irreligious friend. I asked him if he was going to the love-feast, and told him I would enjoy it better if he were not there. He replied, that he wouldn't miss it, and added, lightly, "You ought to seek for sanctification then; you

wouldn't be afraid." I answered, seriously, that I was seeking it. That called forth the laughing exclamation, "Think you'll pray in public when you get it?" I immediately felt that that was the *one* step between me and the kingdom. But oh, it was an insurmountable barrier. I could not act in opposition to a fixed principle.

I went to love-feast, and although coward enough to request an unconverted friend to remain away, I had courage to rise in the presence of half a dozen Methodist preachers, and close what I said something like this, "if praying in public is the one step between me and sanctification, I never expect to be sanctified; for it has been sounded into my ears, until it has almost become a part of my nature, *let your women keep silence in the churches*, if it is not, this morning finds me at the foot of the cross, crying, 'Bless me, even me, also O my Father.'" As I sat down the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. L. Clark, arose in the pulpit—and if ever I got a "talking to," it was then and there. He convinced me it was a *prejudice* and not a *principle*. I laid my *all* upon the altar, and aided by the prayers, Christian sympathy, and advice of Christian friends, principally Rev. J. L. Clark and Mrs. S. H. Allen, I was enabled to *believe*, when God, in much mercy, sent down the *baptism of fire*. I had before felt His pardoning grace, and had had sweet communion with my reconciled Saviour. I had paid the fifty dollars I had promised Him in my childish bargain, and was trying to live the life of the righteous; but never before had I felt so wholly the Lord's. I knew that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.

Since then I have passed through deep waters. The greatest sorrow of my life has passed over my soul. It is the Lord—let Him do what seemeth Him good. The cup which my Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it? The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, let the whole earth be filled with His glory.

MANNINGTON, West Va.

Holiness, happiness, and usefulness are inseparable.

For the Guide.

NOT PURE IN HEART.

MRS. M. E. STUCK.

Not pure in heart—ah me! *not pure*,
Though panting with ardent desire,
To be cleansed from all sin,
And made pure within,
To *know* a full baptism of fire.

Long have I sought, and waited, and prayed
To be washed in Love's healing stream;
To see the glad hour,
When Infinite Power
Should whisper, "I will—*be thou clean*."

Imperfect my life; my poor, aching heart
Is hungrily crying for *rest*;
O, when I shall be
From sin's bondage free,
With Jesus my indwelling guest.

In asking for rest and pure peace within,
Do I ask for trials without?
For a weary way,
And a troubled stay
In a world of sorrow and doubt.

Be it so, Father, yet still must I ask
That this Pearl of Price may be mine;
That Christ may impart,
To my aching heart,
Himself, in His fullness divine.

Possessed of this grace, I'll ask for naught
Of earth, or its glittering toys;
Its pleasures are pain,
Its loss endless gain,
Of pure, unchangeable joys,

Dear Father in Heaven, O has not this boon,
Been purchased and promised by Thee?
Now help me to claim,
In Christ's blessed name,
The *purity* purchased for me.

BRYAN, Ohio.

For the Guide.

SANCTIFICATION A SEARCHING POWER.

M. ANNESLEY.

When the doctrine of purity of heart
comes home to the soul and conscience,
it is accompanied with searchings of the
Holy Spirit—old sins, idols, and beset-

ments are brought to light in their true deformity of robbing God of His throne in the heart. It brings the conviction of sin for evils that were buried in the cares and rubbish of the world—things we did not think were sins we see in God's light, and all are tainted with the leprosy of impure motives and unholy desires—then, indeed, we find ourselves much in the seventh of Romans. Just as soon as this doctrine is willingly received, it becomes a purifier—and many stumble from this point, as they see wrongs to be redressed, confessions to be made, and great humiliation in secret, before God is inevitable—and some refuse to go further, because of the unrelenting laws of purity, and harden themselves in sin, rather than be abased before God and man.

The light obeyed, precedes the joy—for something is to be done before the blessedness is received. Sometimes in conversion, the first stage of Christian experience, the total depravity of the heart is not discovered—only a distress and sorrow for actual sin is known, but afterward, when purity, through the cleansing blood of Christ, becomes the necessity of the soul, then the hidden roots of evil spring up, and are felt, so that with Job we cry out, "I loathe and abhor myself in dust and ashes." Then we see the vileness of the natural heart, and read it, as page after page of a book is turned over and read.

This searching and purifying work may be going on some time before the cleansing blood is applied by faith to save from the uttermost of all this evil.

The doctrine of holiness does not daub with untempered mortar, but it is a crucible in which all that is gold is tested, and all the dross discovered.

No one need be afraid of a lie in the right hand, in view of God's holiness, and our unfitness for his companionship. No! no! this searching, purifying work must be done in the soul if we desire to be admitted to His presence *here*, and His right hand forever more.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." A blessing for this world.

V.

For the Guide.

THE LIFE POWER OF THE BLOOD.

T. C. U.

He dies, and from His bleeding veins,
The fountain of His life-blood drains
To cleanse the stains of sin;
And nothing less than that dear tide,
Which flow'd from Jesus' bleeding side,
Can make us pure within.

But underneath that fountain lies
A fount, unseen by outward eyes;
Eternal from above;
Of which the blood is but the sign,
Which gives that blood its power divine;
The deeper fount of LOVE.

LOVE flows beneath the purple flood;
LOVE is the life-power of the blood;
LOVE, offering to be slain;
'Tis LOVE that to thy heart applies
The emblem of its sacrifice;
And washes out thy stain.

And wouldst thou learn the heavenly art,
To bear about a holy heart,
Let kindred love be thine;
The same dear love, which ever flows,
In tears and blood, for others woes,
And makes thy life divine.

VI.

For the Guide.

BE OF A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

T. C. U.

The bird is happy all the day.
The morning hears his early songs.
The love, that breathes the morning lay,
To evening's shade the note prolongs.
Never weary, never fearful,
Always singing, always cheerful.

Is man less happy than a bird?
Has he less power his song to raise?
Why, then, so seldom is he heard
In the glad notes of joy and praise?
Often weary, often fearful,
Seldom singing, seldom cheerful.

Oh, be a bird, a cheerful bird;
Thy love like his, as pure and free;
Till all the earth and air is stirred
With notes of joy and liberty.
Never weary, never fearful,
Always singing, always cheerful.

For the Guide.

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

Providence permitting, the Third National Camp Meeting will be held at ROUND LAKE, SARATOGA Co., N. Y., to commence Thursday, July 6th, and close Friday the 16th.

OBJECT.

The special design of this meeting is to awaken a deeper interest in the doctrine and experience of CHRISTIAN HOLINESS as set forth in the recognized theological standards of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and taught and enjoyed by many of the people of God of other denominations. We hope by continued and earnest prayer, and thorough heart searchings before the Lord, to induce those who may attend the meeting to inquire for the "old paths," and seek after "the way in which the fathers went." We have no new measures, no doctrinal novelties to propose. Our aim is to press Christian believers onward to a better spiritual life, and to urge them to endeavor to be "sanctified wholly" as well as "justified freely." The great number converted at Vineland and Manheim should encourage the people to bring their unconverted friends with them, and earnestly labor for their salvation. Our experience and observation have amply demonstrated that the work of awakening, conversion, and sanctification may advance simultaneously with great power and success.

We have appointed our meeting thus early in the season, that it may afford the ministers and members of the Church an opportunity to come and wait before the Lord until so filled with the Holy Ghost that they will be prepared for more extended and effective service at other meetings which may be held elsewhere.

LOCATION.

The large and beautiful grove in which the meeting will be held is located immediately on the line of the Rensselaer and Saratoga R. R., about midway between Troy and Saratoga Springs, and is in full view of Round Lake—a picturesque sheet of water, about one mile in diameter. It is the property of "The Round Lake Camp Meeting Association, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Troy Conference." There is a most

abundant supply of good shade and excellent spring water. The neighborhood is extraordinarily healthy; the grounds are in fine condition; and the whole affair is one of the very best camp-meeting arrangements to be found in the country.

DISTANCES.

From the grounds by railroad to Albany, 24 miles; Troy, 18 miles; Saratoga Springs, 12 miles; Ballston Spa, 6 miles; Schenectady, 21 miles; Mechanicville, 6 miles. Two villages are also within a short ride—Maltaville, 1 mile; Jonesville, 3 miles.

RAILROAD FARES.

Negotiations will be entered into wherever practicable with all the Railroad and Steamboat Lines connecting with Albany and Troy for a liberal reduction of fares. Full particulars will be given hereafter. Passengers will be landed immediately on the ground, and will thus avoid the expense and annoyance of omnibus fares, etc. *No trains will run to the Camp on Sabbath.*

TENTS TO RENT.

Those who prefer to hire tents can do so at the following rates, which include all expenses for putting up and ground rent: A tent, size 7x7, \$3.00; wall tent, size 9x9, \$6.00; 10x12, \$7.50; 14x14, \$9.00; 15x20, \$12.00; 20x20, \$15.00; 20x30, \$20.00; 29x40, \$25.00; 24x40, \$30.00. Board floors will be extra—7x7, \$1.56; 9x9, \$2.00, 14x14, \$3.00. The size of these tents may vary a foot or more in length or breadth. New tents will cost from \$3.00 to \$5.00 extra.

It is especially urged that each Church bring its prayer tent. Such as furnish their own tents will be charged a small amount of ground rent, one cent per square foot, except such tents as are used exclusively for general prayer-meeting—these will be free. Those who desire to rent should apply by letter or otherwise to J. HILLMAN, TROY, N. Y., who will give all the information that may be desired, provided early application be made. Persons desiring tents should engage them without delay. The demand is such, that to secure a supply, persons should at the earliest opportunity communicate with Brother Hillman, who has this matter in charge. Brethren, send your orders for tents without delay!

BOARD.

Good board can be secured on the ground at the following prices: Single meals, breakfast and tea, 50 cents; dinner 75 cents; and \$1.00 per day, for three days and upwards. Boarding upon the European plan will also be provided at reasonable rates.

EXPENSES.

The "Association" generously furnish the ground for the use of the "National Camp Meeting" free of charge. No collections or subscriptions will be taken during the meeting. The expenses of the meeting are all provided for otherwise. We are happy to make this announcement, and to assure our friends they will not be annoyed by any financial interference with the spirituality of the occasion.

COME EARLY.

We would urge our friends who can, to be on the ground at the opening services, and endeavor to make their arrangements to stay during the whole meeting. We invite you to join us in earnest and believing prayer for a richer religious experience in the Church, and a mighty outpouring of salvation upon the world. We do not contemplate argument and discussion, but prayer and effort. We seek not controversy and disputation, but fraternal harmony and living faith in Jesus. We hope all who attend the meeting will unite in brotherly fellowship and devout importuning of God for a revival of religion that shall spread over all the land. Dearly beloved brethren and "fellow laborers" let us meet to "worship, wait, and pray," until we all receive a full measure of the "baptism of fire," and then go forth from this great "feast of tabernacles" endowed with power from on high to work zealously and successfully in the vineyard of the Lord. We ask the friends of Jesus everywhere to pray that this gathering of God's people may exceed even the Manheim Pentecost, that thousands may be awakened powerfully, converted soundly, and "sanctified wholly, and that Round Lake—as Vineland and Manheim, may be had in "everlasting remembrance."

We invite all who sympathize with this movement to observe Friday, July 2, as a day of fasting and prayer, that the Lord may

"make bare His holy arm," and that there may go out from this meeting awakening, converting, and sanctifying influences which will be felt over all the world, and continue through all coming time.

G. C. M. ROBERTS, Baltimore; W. T. B. CLEMM, Baltimore; ALFRED COOKMAN, Wilmington; W. L. GRAY, Philadelphia; JOHN THOMPSON, Philadelphia; L. R. DUNN, Jersey City; W. B. OSBORN, New Jersey; R. M. ADAMS, Williamsburg, N. Y.; W. H. BOOLE, Williamsburg, N. Y.; S. COLEMAN, Williamsport, Pa.; J. A. WOOD, Wilkesbarre; G. C. WELLS, Albany; W. McDONALD, Boston; J. W. HORNE, New York; A. MCCLAIN, New York; J. E. COOKMAN, New York, G. A. HUBBLE, Brooklyn; J. S. INSKIP, President; G. HUGHES, Secretary.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

A MARTYR'S CROWN.

MRS. A. L. SMITH.

M. ANNESLEY.

When we visit the invalid and behold the grace that sustains the sufferings of the body, not only without murmuring, but with good cheer, we bless the name of Jesus, for the vital union he bears to his people, so that he is one with them, not only in strength and life, but in agony, suffering and death.

Our dear friend Mrs. Smith was delicate from childhood—but the last nearly three years of her life was one continuous struggle with pain and suffering. When eleven years of age she was converted in the Sabbath school prayer meeting of Willett Street, N. Y. She hastened home and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, said, "Oh mother, I am so happy, I have found Jesus, He has forgiven all my sins." From that hour she strove to lead a life devoted to Christ. She then began to keep a journal, and a part of her first entry was, "To-morrow will be the Sabbath, I hope God will bless my feeble efforts in the Sabbath school." She soon became a teacher and was active in that way until her last sickness, and even on her sick bed wrote for the anniversary. Some time after this Rev. J. Caughey preached in Willett Street, on Holiness of heart, and ever after, this theme was uppermost in all her thoughts

and desires. "Oh I thought why is it I have lived so long without this blessing?" "let me never rest until I give my heart entirely to Thee." "Made up my mind that I must come out and be separate from the world, for Christ says, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon."

She was faithful in all her duties to her unconverted friends and Sabbath school, but for the want of proper instruction in the way of faith, yet receiving increased light upon all her ways, she did not enjoy that blessed state until some years after. She said to a member of her class who was before her in the blessing of purity of heart, "Your testimony every week helps me—it is a sort of beacon light." Again she wrote, "for several years I have been striving to give myself wholly to the Lord, wondering why he did not receive me. Satan often told me I was good enough, that I could not live a holy life, but the Spirit of the Lord would strive with me, and the word of God says," "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

"I came to the conclusion, that God does not command anything that is impossible, but will give grace to overcome the world and Satan. And now when will he help me? I endeavored to give myself wholly to the Lord, yet had not the witness that he accepted me." "When will the time come when my mind shall be fixed—my heart is fixed."

"For several weeks I enjoyed more religion than I ever had before." Sickness and pain seem to be my lot, death has been very near, but I felt the Lord would do all things well—"if he took me, I would be safe." "On the 20th of March 1859 I retired alone to ask the Lord to let me know just what it was that kept me from receiving this blessing?" "I said, Lord I must know—I then told my Saviour I had given myself up to him—then came these words to me, "Ye are not your own, you have given yourself up to Christ, now reckon yourself his, *he is able and willing to keep you.* From that moment I felt that I could rest my all with such a friend—it was then that his spirit bore witness with my spirit, that he did accept me. Oh, how happy I felt! I could not help praising Him, Glory to God! Praise His holy name, and he still keeps me. I will trust Him, yes, I feel that Jesus is mine, and I am his, may I ever

look to him, until I look at him in glory." Again, "I can say my will is lost in his." "May I ever feel that his blood cleanses from all sin—Lord grant it for Jesus' sake."

"This poor body is wasting away, I know not how long it will last. Could not go to church to-day."

CONFINED BY SICKNESS.

"To-day is my birthday, I praise God for his great love toward me, and infinite compassion—he yet spares my life. I have been now confined to my bed more than a year and not able to sit up. I have one year less to live. I am called to suffer, yet in how many ways the Lord blesses me.

"But I know that God is love and I will not murmur if I have to lie here fifteen years—Heaven will be so much more desirable. I feel that I need extra help to-day—well, then, I may have it, for the Lord says, "I am the helper in every time of trouble.

"What peace, what rest, even in pain and suffering, we can say the Lord is good. A few days ago a young lady said to me, 'It is too cruel to see you suffer so, why does not God help you if he loves you so, I'd help you if I could?' 'I answered, God loves me better than you do, and if he saw best he would restore me to health, but dear A., I would not exchange places with you—no, if health and every other earthly blessing were held out to me; I prefer a life of pain and suffering, with Christ.' She said, 'I cannot see how you can make such a choice.' 'Oh she did not know my precious Saviour.'

'If all the world my Jesus knew,
Then all the world would love him too.'

"It seems as if I am being tested if I really meant what I said, and often when in the most accute pain, something would say, 'do you still retain the same mind?' Yes, suffering and Christ; I still say, after seven almost sleepless nights, give me Jesus. Oh that God would enable me to glorify him the little while I remain here—it is so little that I can do. Sisters D. and R. were here yesterday, they prayed that God would give me sleep, which I so much needed. 'Well, God answered their prayer, I slept better last night than I had done in four weeks. Praise the Lord!

"Oct. 9th, 1867—Blessed Saviour, can I ever forget that glimpse of heaven thou did'st re-

veal to me last night! Oh such a sight, such light and glory. Never before did I have the faintest idea of such glory. Oh there was no sleep for me—my soul had enough to do to praise God—yes my soul was filled. Glory to God! Glory to God!" Her sister relates the vision as it was repeated by the dear sufferer. "While in great distress of body and unable to sleep, about two o'clock in the morning, while looking upwards, there appeared to be clouds in front of her, they began to part and a most glorious sight was presented to her view, and she gazed into what she believed to be heaven, and while she looked on with rapture, thinking the time had come when she was to enter the pearly gates now opened wide, these words came to her, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' She began to praise the Lord. I awoke her husband, who was at first alarmed, thinking she had lost her reason. She tried to tell him what she had seen, but could not find words to express herself, but said 'Oh George, it is all glory,' and repeated, over and over again, '*don't miss of heaven.*' 'Oh it is worth suffering for.' When the words were applied to her, 'Can you give up husband, children and friends, can you leave them all for this?' No thought of parting in the least impaired her joy, all was bright and glorious. Another question was asked her, 'Would you be willing to suffer still longer if the Lord wills it?' At first a feeling of disappointment came over her, then she was enabled to say, 'Oh yes Lord, a thousand years if it is thy will.' While she was still gazing at the glorious sight, the clouds were rolled together and she was left to suffer. Again she wrote, 'my mind will not stay on anything long at a time, I have so much pain in my head.'

"April 28th, 1868—The first thought on awaking this morning was, Praise the Lord! for his goodness in keeping me two years under such sore afflictions and never leaving me in darkness to murmur against his dealings with me." "Awoke at two o'clock, A. M. with praise the Lord, and wanted to sing,

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

But I could not sing, so I took up my pencil and wrote as it entered my mind,

My soul feels this morning,
As though it should raise
A song of thanksgiving,
An anthem of praise.
Though my voice is so feeble
It cannot be heard
I will sing with my heart
And feel every word.

And why should you praise Him,
Perhaps some may say?
When you have been suffering
Just two years to-day.
Can you praise God for trials,
For sickness and pain,
And feel all is right
And never complain?

I'll praise my Redeemer
For all that is past,
I know not how long
The trial may last;
But one thing I do know,
And this I will say,
Though suffering severely,
I'll praise Him to-day.

"June 30th—I will not be able to write much more, as my eyes pain me and I am deprived of reading, but I can pray. Oh how glad I am I do not have to see to pray.

"July 2d—Yesterday ended with the sorrowful news that Brother Doughty, my beloved class-leader, was no more. He was in love-feast last evening and had just spoken and sat down. Some one else arose, and while they were speaking, he fell over and was carried out dead. How I will miss him. He spent the Sabbath afternoon with me—last Sabbath he came back twice to bid me good-bye. He said, 'how little we know which parting will be the last.' We little thought that he who seemed to be in perfect health would reach home first. It will not be long before I will join him in singing, not the words of last Sabbath—

"My latest sun is sinking fast,"

but

"Glory to the Lamb."

This was the last entry in her journal and our dear, dear friend, lingered in an increase of suffering until Oct. '68, when her ransomed spirit peacefully left the suffering body. It was an inward tumor which deranged her delicate system, and caused so much pain and disease through all its members.

We have thought it best that extracts from Mrs. Smith's own journal should relate her sweet and precious experience through her sufferings—but we cannot put our value upon the happiness and blessings she dis-

pensed from her sick bed to others, as well as her friends who visited her. We fail in speaking of the beaming of her loving eyes and smiling countenance as friends entered her room—neither can we express the gentle, loving care for her family, lest she should weary them more than was mete. She was one of those invalids trained so long in the school of affliction that the angel nature showed itself.

For the Guide.

DEATH OF A BROTHER

A. C.

Another star has set! Brother Lina Everett departed this life, at the residence of his parents, in Thurman, N. Y., on the 20th December, 1868, after suffering two years, through all the stages of that fatal disease, consumption, during which time he manifested much Christian fortitude. He was about twenty-two years of age, and was converted in early life, e'er the blighting hand of disease was laid upon him. About one year before his sickness he attended a camp-meeting, sought and obtained the blessing of sanctification. Many who now survive him can testify to his holy triumphs for deliverance. Though often tossed by pains which rack the body, he from that time stood firm in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free.

The writer of this article was unconverted, but from the time she first visited his sick bed was convinced of the necessity of religion, and will never, never forget the last words she heard when leaving him: "O Cousin, be very good, for I want to meet you in heaven!" To such as him death brings no sting, but found him repeating, "We'll wait till Jesus comes." At eventide there was light; he was ready and waiting for the summons, "Tis enough, come home." We loved the subject of this sketch well, but will not, must not weep as those without hope, for our loss is his eternal gain, and if faithful to the cause he loved so well, we shall soon go up to possess that good land and receive a "welcome home."

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,

Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,

And death has no sting since the Saviour has died."

For the Guide.

"ONLY GOING HOME."

E. L. S.

I stood by the bedside of an only loved sister who was dying. But the dying hour was an hour of triumph. Christ had gained the victory, and robbed death of its sting, the grave of its terror. Consumption marked her for his own, and at times she suffered much, yet she bowed in submission to the rod. She often said, "God knows what is best for me. He helps me to bear all, and I will trust Him." When asked if she suffered, she replied, "Jesus suffered more for me;" and as death came near, "Jesus is waiting, I'm only going home, meet me in heaven, sister," and throwing her arms around the neck of an unconverted brother, for whom she had prayed much, she implored him not to be ashamed of Jesus, but to meet her in heaven, (that brother is now rejoicing in Jesus as a Saviour;) her hands clasped as if in prayer, a smile passed over her face, and calmly, trustfully, yea victoriously, she went to join the redeemed on the other shore; and in my lonely hours I thank God for a religion so precious in death. I look away from the grave, away from earth, to that time when trusting in Jesus I, too, shall conquer the last enemy and join that loved sister amid the angel throng in that golden city where flowers immortal bloom, and we need neither the light of the sun and moon, for the glory of God and the Lamb is the light thereof.

EAST PEPPERELL, MASS.

For the Guide.

JAMES B. BARRINGER,

REV W. C. SMITH.

James B., son of John and Harriet Barringer, was born in Clinton, Dutchess Co., N. Y., and died in Poughkeepsie, Aug. 1, 1868, in the 25th year of his age. Kind in disposition, comely and dignified in person, and gentlemanly in his manners, few young men ever won more numerous and affectionate friends. So pre-eminently was he loved by his parents that he could emphatically say: "*For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother.*" His parents being devoted members of the

Church, James was taught in early childhood to pray, to go to Sabbath School, and "keep the way of the Lord."

When about seventeen years old, under the pastoral labors of Rev. L. H. King, he became the subject of regenerating grace, made a public profession of religion and joined the Church. He "run well" for a season and then was "hindered."

In the summer of 1867 his health began to decline. His friends became anxious as to the result, and earnestly desired his salvation. He attended the Sing Sing camp-meeting. In the South Second Street tent, under the importunate pleadings of Sister Skidmore in his behalf, the Spirit of God touched his heart and he became deeply convinced of the importance of giving himself wholly to God. He went to his tent and wept like a child over his wanderings from the path of duty. This proved to be his last meeting. He went home to set his house in order and prepare to die. His illness continued for more than a year.

At times he was very happy and enjoyed great peace, then his mind would become dark and comfortless. Something was still wanting. A fuller consecration was desired. Not having been baptized, he requested that he might receive this ordinance and also the holy communion. Being called to administer these ordinances, we found him weak, but calm and conscious. The service was solemn and impressive. At the close of the communion, in which his parents and a few special friends united, he seemed to be filled with perfect peace, and calling his mother to him, kissed her, and said, "It is all right now," and continued,—*"I have wanted to work for Jesus, but now I am ready to die."* The day before he died, Prof. Martin came and sang and prayed with him. At the close of which he shouted, "Hallelujah! My dear Ma! Praise the Lord!" He then kissed his friends, and said, "Be faithful."

He then requested his mother to read to him from the Bible. But while reading, he said, "Stop! I have a message to the young people: Tell them never to grieve the Holy Spirit; tell them of the camp-meeting; tell it for Jesus." A few hours before his death, and between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, Prof. Martin came with his Bible

class, and stood out in the yard by his window, and sweetly sang "There is rest for the weary." As the strains of music were wafted on the midnight air, he raised his hand and shouted, and then exclaimed, "Is not that glorious?" They then went in, one by one, and bade him their affectionate and last "*Farewell*." Wishing to talk with his Pa, he said, "Ma, go and ask the Lord to give me health, so that I can talk to father." He then arranged his temporal business, giving tokens of dying love to his friends, and particular directions respecting his funeral, and then waited patiently for his change to come. About fifteen minutes before he died he wished to be raised up a little, and then added: "I am dying now, but I am happy." He asked to die in his mother's arms. He looked around, and with a clear consciousness, said, "Yes, I am going—good bye all! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! I can't see anybody now, but I am happy! His mother gave him her last kiss, and he said, "Ma! ma!" These were his last words, sleeps in Jesus.

He loved the "Guide to Holiness;" it was his last reading. Those that were with him most feel assured that he experienced the great blessing for which it so faithfully pleads. May it guide others to the attainment of the same great blessing.

Editorial.

THE WORK OF GOD IN UTICA, N. Y.

At the time of our going to press, the Editors are at Utica, N. Y., engaged in Evangelistic labors. The *Utica Morning Herald* has the following notice:

DEDICATION OF THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH CHAPEL.—The new chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Court street, was opened for religious services yesterday for the first time. The services were of a very solemn and interesting character. After introductory singing and prayer by Rev. A. B. Gregg, the pastor, Rev. Wm. Reddy, made some preliminary statements respecting the present condition of the church and the completion of the beautiful chapel. He then announced that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, of New York, so widely known for their Evangelical and revival labors, were present by invitation, and were to hold a series

of meetings. Dr. Palmer then read the following dedication hymn, composed by Mrs. Palmer, and printed for the occasion, copies of which had been distributed in the congregation :

"Now, therefore, arise, O Lord God, into thy resting place, thou and the ark of thy strength; let thy priests, O Lord God be clothed with salvation, and let thy saints rejoice in goodness."—Dedication of Solomon's Temple, 2 Chron. vi. 41.

O God Most High! in wond'rous grace,
Behold the house we've reared for Thee,
Regard it as Thy resting place,
And fill it with Thy majesty.

With outstretched hands on Thee we call,
Before Thy throne, O Lord, we bow,
Let hallowing fire upon us fall,
Accept us, and our offering now.

Thus by Thy presence sanctify
This earthly sanctuary, Lord,
To this, Thy house, be ever nigh,
And here Thy hallowed name record.

When from this altar shall arise
Joint supplication to Thy name,
Accept, O Lord, our sacrifice,
Thyself our answering God proclaim.

When here Thy ministers shall stand,
O give them hearts and tongues of flame,
Hold them as stars in Thy right hand,
And seal the truth in Thine own name.

Now, therefore, O our God arise,
In this, Thine ark of strength appear,
And let Thy people's longing eyes
Behold Thee fix Thy dwelling here.

After singing, the pastor proceeded to dedicate the house in accordance with the ritual of the church. The direction of the further services were given into the hands of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, who occupied more than an hour in reading the Scriptures, addresses and exhortation. A deep religious interest pervaded the entire assembly.

Services will be held during the week in the First M. E. Church Chapel each afternoon at 2 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock in the evening. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer are expected to remain.

A letter since received, gives an encouraging account of the progress of the work.

The Lord is working most gloriously here. Those acquainted with the interests of holiness as connected with the M. E. Churches in this locality for a few years past, know that there has been much to lament. But God has visited His people. Nearly two years since, the Rev. Wm. Reddy began his faithful labors here, and the attentions of the people have

been earnestly called to this one great crowning doctrine, of this, the crowning dispensation. Through the unceasing, prayerful efforts of this devoted servant of the Church, the furled banner, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," has again been unfurled, and now the people of this place and the surrounding localities are beginning to marshal under its ample, spreading folds. Alleluia! Rejoicingly are the tribes of God's Israel coming up out of the wilderness, and many with displayed banner triumphantly entering the promised land. And God is giving them glorious victories. I do not know the exact number, but nearly, or from my own observation, I doubt not over one hundred* have been won over from the ranks of the enemy to Jesus, the World's Conqueror. The victories of grace have been glorious. God is showing His people that holiness is power.

The people are coming out largely from this and the surrounding country, and our afternoon meetings are eminently crowned with the presence of the Sanctifier. Of those who witnessed before the people yesterday afternoon, that the seal proclaiming them wholly the Lord's had been set, was two Presbyterian friends, who came from a town a few miles distant.

Our evening meetings are much crowded. God sends out the tall sons of Anak. Many of them are trembling under the power of conviction, and some of them have been snared and taken. One man, who seemed to have had a strife to enter the straight gate, exclaimed, "I have had a case against a man that wronged me, and was about to prosecute him, having him under bail for a thousand dollars, but I forgive him, and shall not go on with the prosecution." How true it is that the religion of Jesus introduces the reign of love! It reminds me of an occasion, when a dear seeker, who was greatly agonized in his endeavors to get through the straight gate, cried out, "O, I found the gate so narrow that I could not take a single sin with me!"

Last night the excellent pastor, Rev. W. R., having expressed a great desire that all his official board should stand committed for all coming time to the sustainment of the banner, "Holiness to the Lord." An effort was made to induce them as individuals to commit

*One hundred and twenty-five names have been taken.

themselves specifically to the subject. The Captain of Israel's hosts graciously assisted. Most inspiringly did one after another come out before the crowded congregation, either by way of expressing their convictions and open appreciation of the subject, and their determination to sustain the standard by making their own experiences conformable to it, or that they had already received the grace. Several gave in rejoicingly a clear, soul-inspiring testimony of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, thus ranking themselves definitely among Christ's holy confessors. One, referring to holiness as a power for usefulness beyond anything before received, exclaimed with inspiring heroism, "I mean to fight it out on this line!"

We do not doubt but the God of battles intends doing great things for His people here. During the past few days, great conquests have been won. But the hosts of Zion are claiming in mighty faith the greater and yet mightier things of our Almighty Lord.

Our pilgrim home is at the pleasant residence of Mrs. R. Disney, formerly wife of Rev. L. Pease, of the New York Conference, of blessed memory. Mrs. D. is a mother in Israel, and many will rise up and call her blessed. May the blessing of the highest ever be upon her and hers.

Correspondence.

JUSTIFICATION VS. CONDEMNATION.

A correspondent who once enjoyed the divine consciousness of heart purity, writes: "I have a settled conviction that I can never retain a justified state without a clean heart." Neither do we, dear brother, see how you can. We know some people talk as though they had stepped back out of the highway of holiness into a state of justification, but on Bible principles we see no warrant for such a conclusion. To retain a state of justification, daily progress is necessary. As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so *walk* ye in Him. Not to obey this divine command brings *condemnation*. And how can a state of justification co-exist with a state of condemnation. As well might those disobedient Jews, who after refusing to go forward into the land of promise, were turned back to

wander around the mountain, have talked about being justified in their disobedience as that these who have turned aside from the highway of holiness, should regard themselves as justified in taking any lower walk in the divine life.

HOW TO BE CLEANSED NOW.

But our dear brother must not be discouraged. Look away from sin, and self and all heart wandering. The highway of holiness is within a step of where you now stand. Lift up the eye of faith. Do you not see the cleansing fountain as near to you as you are to yourself. Too long have you been grieving your Saviour by saying, "Lo, here, and lo there!" If you do not wish to incur greater condemnation, listen this moment, listen to the voice of the all-atoning Lamb. Further *knowledge* is not necessary. Well do you know that Jesus is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. *Action* is now necessary. Commit the keeping of your soul to Jesus. You know He is able to save unto the uttermost, and to preserve blameless, therefore the *duty* of this and every future moment of life, is to *trust* Him to do it. Yes! just now, irrespective of any state of feeling whatever, and you will *now*, and every future moment of life be enabled to say:

"Thou from sin dost save me now,
And Thou wilt save me evermore."

For the Guide.

A VOICE FROM CANTON, OHIO.

REV. E. BALL.

Canton is a thriving, enterprising city of about seven thousand inhabitants. Situated on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad. One hundred miles west of Pittsburgh. The place had scarcely a name before it was visited by the faithful Methodist "Circuit Rider." And ever since the year 1814, there has been a Methodist society in Canton. To give anything like a history of which would require a volume.

We have now a flourishing society of about 400 members, who worship in one among the best churches in the Conference. Our people generally love the doctrines and usages of Methodism, are not so *conservative* as to be opposed to all progress, neither are

they so *radical*, as to be constantly croaking and finding fault with the usages of a church, that under God, has been the means of making out of the most of us all we are.

For the space of fifteen years the subject of Christian holiness, as a distinct work of grace from that of justification, has been seldom alluded to by ministers who have labored in our midst. "Gradualism" (as some are fond of terming it) appears to have been the doctrine many of our people had embraced with regard to this subject. I may say, however, that one of the members of our society has professed this higher state of grace for many years, and as far as I know has had the entire confidence of his brethren. In addition to this I may allude to the case of a Christian sister who, some seven or eight years ago, becoming convinced from reading the letters of St. Paul, that there was a higher state of grace attainable than that which she then enjoyed, commenced seeking it in private, and ere long obtained the desire of her heart. But in consequence of the silence there appeared to be maintained on the subject of holiness, and her natural timidity, this sister hesitated to speak of it, and hence but few even of her most intimate friends, knew that she had any experience of the kind.

About one year ago our society was visited by the Rev. B. W. Gorham, who is well-known throughout many of our eastern conferences as an able advocate of the doctrine of holiness. Our pastor kindly invited this brother to tarry with us, and aid in conducting a protracted meeting. During the entire stay of Brother Gorham he made the subject of holiness his theme, both in the pulpit and out of it, and God enabled him so to present this great doctrine as to move the hearts of the people, as they had never been moved before. At one time it seemed as though almost our entire society was just on the verge of the "land of Beulah," but for some cause, perhaps as well-known to Satan as any one else, the great results were not immediately realized that we at one time confidently anticipated. Yet, after all, great good was done. My opinion is that it will take eternity itself to unfold the results of this meeting. Since then many of our people have been more spiritual. Their minds have

become more settled with regard to the doctrine itself, and some are trying to reach out after it. We have special meetings for the promotion of holiness every Tuesday evening. These are becoming very interesting. Some four or five have recently obtained the blessing of full salvation.

Our society was visited a few Sabbaths ago by a former pastor, who had attended the great Manheim Camp Meeting, and where he had received a wonderful baptism of the Holy Ghost. He spoke in our love-feast for nearly a half hour, in which he gave the most thrilling account of said meeting, and of his own experience in connection with it. This brother, I may be allowed to say, is one of the "strong men of our Church," and by the blessing of God *may*, and, I believe, *will* do a mighty work in aiding to spread Scriptural holiness throughout these western conferences.

In conclusion I may be allowed to say, that from what I have seen and heard of the results of the Manheim Camp Meeting, west of the mountains, language fails me to give an adequate conception of the ideas I have of the great importance of that meeting, these results are still spreading—sinking deeper, rising higher, extending further, so that in a little while there will not be a Methodist society throughout our vast connection, that will not be more or less affected for good through the influence of this camp meeting. May God help the Church to pray, that still greater displays of His sanctifying grace may be felt and seen at our coming National Camp Meeting to be held in July next.

CANTON, Ohio.

For the Guide.

FOOD FOR CONVERTS.

Some have said that the "Guide" was "too strong meat for converts—especially for young converts." But my conviction is that is just the book to put into their hands, and I always labor to put it before them as soon as possible, and give it to them if they are not able to buy it. And I never found one that was injured thereby, but I have seen many who have found it the sincere milk of the Word whereby they have been able to grow into strong men in Christ.

1. They ought to have such instruction as

the "Guide" contains, because it has the cream of the religious experience of the country in it, and this feeds and strengthens them.

2. It brings them into contact and sympathy with some of the best Christians of different denominations, and shows them that this holiness is not confined to one Church.

3. It holds up before their new-born souls the glorious doctrine of Perfect Love, or Christian Holiness, and urges them to go on to perfection. It takes up the very prayers, promises, and exhortations of the Bible on this subject and presses them upon their hearts, in a most lucid, practical, and experimental manner—showing them that this Bible blessing is within their reach. This saves them from thinking that now they are adopted into God's family they have nothing more to do, no higher state to attain, no richer joys to experience, which views alas! so many have entertained.

But can young converts attain the blessing of perfect love? Yes, verily they can. The history of the Church declares this. (See Wesley's Plain Account.) But why go back so far? I heard two of the strongest converts testify last night, who experienced this great blessing but a few days after they were converted. Converts are never nearer to it till they attain it, than when they are truly converted. This fact throws vast responsibilities upon pastors, to lead them on to perfection. Let their young feet be led into this highway of holiness.

For the Guide.

A WITNESS FOR JESUS.

MRS. L. A. WEEKS.

I was born in Ireland, and at the age of thirteen removed to the city of New York, where I had the privilege of the Church and the Sabbath School.

In the spring of '58 I was married to a man who was not a professor of religion. In the year '51 we moved west to the State of Michigan. Before leaving the city I promised to unite with some Christian Church as soon as we were settled in our new home. On the evening of the first day while on Lake Erie, a few Methodist families held a prayer-meeting, and sung that solemn hymn,

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed."

and it came as manna to my hungry soul. On reaching my new home I remembered and kept my promise, and on the first Sabbath I attended Methodist meeting, united with the Church, and gave my heart to Jesus.

I was blest in this act, but was never able to tell the hour or the day that I was converted, the change seemed gradual, and I knew that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus, and felt what "tongue cannot express." It was then a delight to attend the means of grace. But the Lord was preparing me for deep afflictions. In the fall of '62 my husband died (and sad to say) without an evidence of saving faith. Being left with two children, I felt lonely indeed, yet not alone, for I knew that Jesus was with me, and I was enabled to cling closer to him, for he was my best friend. In the winter of '62 I again moved with my little children to Iowa, where an only brother lived. In October of the following year, I was united in marriage to one who could sympathize with me in my afflictions, and who years before had given his heart to Jesus. In this new relation I assumed the responsibilities of a mother over a large family.

At times my cares were pressing, and I felt the need of all the grace that was for me. I did not understand the plan of a full salvation, or holiness of heart, as I never had had the opportunity of informing myself on this subject, only as I could learn it from the Bible. But by the aid of the Holy Spirit, I was brought to see my great need of a deeper work of grace in my heart, and on the last day of the year '67, while engaged in my home duties and singing that good hymn,

"Come let us anew our journey pursue."

I felt a spirit of entire consecration. Then and there I made a full surrender, and God accepted the offering. I did not receive any special blessing at that time, but the quiet peace that filled my soul was unutterable and full of glory. The spirit bade me profess the wondrous blessing, which I did on every occasion, and three weeks after the consecration, my soul was filled so full of the love of God, that I could neither sit nor

stand. I felt that I was cut loose from earth, and the veil was very thin that intervened between me and the glory land. Now I can praise the Lord for a full and free salvation.

For more than a year past I have been reading the "Guide" and some of Sister Palmer's works on holiness, which have afforded me great consolation and strengthened my faith. I feel my weakness, but Christ is my strength. Glory be to his name.

Revival Miscellany.

HOME CAMP MEETING.

WABASH, N. Ind. Conference.

We are in the midst of a precious revival, which commenced Christmas evening, preparatory to a Home Camp Meeting, commencing December 30th, conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, editors of the "Guide to Holiness."

Having preached a series of sermons on the subject of holiness, as taught in the Bible, preached by Wesley, Fletcher, and others, and incorporated among the unchangeable principles of Methodism, there was still a lack of power to bring the people up to the New Testament standard of loving God with all the heart, of obeying "from the heart" the commandment, "Be ye holy."

It was made a subject of prayer, and Dr. and Mrs. P. were invited unanimously by the official board to hold a Home Camp Meeting, so that, if possible, Israel's host might be led over the Jordan to fight the Lord's battles in the "land of promise," instead of continually encompassing the mountain, and dying in the wilderness.

The privilege and duty of the lovers of Jesus were so clearly presented, that many were unwilling for a moment to rest short of that for which St. Paul prayed, that the Thessalonians might have, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our own Lord Jesus Christ."

The friends of Jesus presented themselves at the altar day and night, seeking, and, blessed be God, receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. A change was at once manifested. Many who had been timid and fearful in speak-

ing, praying, or working for Jesus, now began to enquire as Saul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do." The fire burned within, and they found glorious work as soon as they were ready to do it. Some sisters, who had unconverted husbands, commenced to pray as never before for them, and asked the prayers of God's children. While they, in the power of the Spirit's baptism, erected their family altars, others became tract distributors from house to house, using all their spare time, and making spare time to use, in conversing, praying, and otherwise laboring with their neighbors to bring them to Christ.

Dr. and Mrs. P., owing to previous engagements, could only remain ten days, during which time a large number received the blessing of perfect love, and some seventy united with the Church.

With reluctance we parted in person with these laborers, but the savor of their labors—the Spirit of the Master exemplified—the faith exercised that knows no impossibilities or bounds, save as encircled by the boundless provisions and promises of the Gospel—in all the fullness of God to the creature, remained with Israel's host, and the work has gone on steadily until over 200 have professed faith in Christ, and united with the Church.

Revivals also have been springing up all around Wabash. Numbers from adjoining charges came, sought definitely the endowment of power, returned in the Spirit to their own homes, and the Lord graciously owned them in leading others in the way of faith and in the conversion of sinners. Never before has it been so clearly demonstrated to this people that "holiness is power," and just the power that is to make the friends of Jesus burning and shining lights, to bring a ruined revolted world conquered to the feet of Jesus.

A suggestion of Sister P.'s prompted Rev. S. H. Clark, a former member of the N. Indiana Conference, who has been of much service in the work here to preach on the street, which has been kept up with but little intermission by some one every day since January 1, and with unexpected results—affecting almost the entire country. Some excellent meetings were also held in saloons. The work is going on, with a fair prospect of continuing. Bless the Lord! Our prayer has been Wabash for Jesus, our motto "Holiness to the Lord." REV. THOMAS COMSTOCK.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

HOME CAMP MEETINGS CONTINUED.

Our hearts are greatly cheered with the intelligence reaching us from several of our recent far-off scenes of labor. To the praise of God we will give some extracts from letters received since our last issue:

ZANESVILLE, Ohio.

Allelulia! Jesus is in the camp of Israel! The glory has not departed! Our glorious Home Camp Meeting continues! The camp fires burn brightly! Last week, ending Feb. 13th, was the most glorious week of our meeting—sixty-six professed conversion in six days!

"All hail the *power* of Jesus' name! Two were converted in the parsonage. Others are seeking—nine converted last night—two entered into the enjoyment of full salvation.

I wish you could look in upon us now, and see the blessed *fruits* of your ten days labor among us. The heaven is spreading! The mustard seed grows! The light is shining more and more! 240 conversions up to this time, and 75 made holy through the blood of the Lamb!

Yours, for Jesus,
C. D. BATTELLE.

MARTIN'S FERRY, Ohio, }
Near Wheeling, W. Va. }

I want to tell you what the Lord has done for us since your visit. He made bare His arm in our midst, and He hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad—oh, how glad!

After you left, our meeting continued for two months—a constant revival—thorough and deep, pervading the whole community. It has been truly a wonderful meeting—in its spiritual power and actual results. Up to this time 240 have united with the Church; about 275 have been converted, and more than a score in the Church have been able to realize the great blessing of perfect love.

We have great cause to thank and remember you. May God in His rich mercy bless you more and more, and make you instruments in saving many more.

Your brother in Christ,
W. H. MORTON.

At Havre de Grace, Md., a powerful and remarkable revival work is in progress. A letter from the Pastor, Rev. C. P. Thomas, after stating that efficient aid has been rendered by Rev. F. H. Purdy, and that the special services held to enlist the active labors of the Church were successful, (the Church being filled at the week-day meetings, held at 6 A.M. and 2 P.M.) says:

"On Friday last about thirty of our members met at the church early in the morning, and after a season of prayer, divided into parties of two, and sallied forth in the name of the Lord to take the town. We spent the day in visiting every house of the town; we prayed in every store, tavern, and saloon; and during the day captured many prisoners in the name of the Lord of hosts. A very few Catholics and Episcopalians refused us admission. This did not daunt us, for we shook the dust from our feet as a testimony against them, and went on our way rejoicing. We held a meeting at the close of our labors to receive a report from the delegations, to which a crowded church listened with close attention. Many Catholic families have asked a repetition of the visits. The result of our meeting thus far has been the sanctifying of nearly 100 in the Church, and the conversion of nearly one half as many; but we consider that as yet the fruit has only begun to appear."

Rev. G. M. Chawges, a Local Elder of the M. E. Church, Strasburgh, Pa., writes us: "This borough, numbering 1,500 inhabitants, is now being blessed with the greatest revival of religion ever known here. It commenced eleven weeks ago in the M. E. Church, Rev. Henry White, Pastor. Up to this date 134 souls have been converted, and 123 joined the Church. The work is still going on, twenty, and sometimes twenty-five, at the altar nightly. The country around has participated largely in this glorious work."

A powerful revival has been in progress in Louisburgh Station, Pa., Rev. S. Creighton, Pastor. Over 100 have professed conversion, and most of them have united with the Church.

Rev. N. S. Reynolds, of Damascus, Wyoming Conference, reports thus far, as the fruits of a revival work, over 100 seekers—75 conversions, and 61 accessions to the Church.

BUFFALO, New York.

* * * The work still continues. At Mr. Calvin's Presbyterian Church the meetings are crowded and powerful. It looks as if the whole city would be visited, and such general conviction on the subject of religion has never been witnessed before. So you see God is answering prayer. In some of the Presbyterian churches, where prayer-meetings were unknown, they have been compelled to open their churches this week. Every one that loves Jesus has but one impression, and that is, that the windows of heaven will be widely opened, and Buffalo will be baptized in power. The results of your labors here were by no means limited to our Church, and I think you struck the key-note of victory by raising the standard of holiness. To Jesus be all the glory!

Yours, in Christian love,

C. H. MULLER.

At Ash Grove M. E. Church, Albany, Rev. W. P. Abbott, Pastor, 120 have professed conversion. *Seven whole families* are among the happy subjects of the good work. About 100 have united with the Church. The revival is on the increase.

A great revival is now in progress in Sixth Street Charge, Portsmouth, Ohio, under the pastorate of Rev. J. H. Gardner. 140 at latest dates had united with the Church. Conversions clear and powerful occur nightly.

Grace Methodist Church, Boston, is enjoying a blessed revival work. Nearly eighty conversions were reported up to the first of last week. Rev. W. McDonald is Pastor.

Children's Corner.

For the Guide.

THE CHILD WHO LOVED TO DO GOOD.

M. ANNESLEY.

We sometimes question why good children are so soon taken to heaven—for we think they would make such useful men and women, and their example would be a blessing on the earth; but we think of two reasons; one is, they have done their work as well as those who have lived longer—and another one seems to be, that Jesus likes to

have little redeemed ones about Him in his heavenly kingdom. And he who knoweth all things may have many other reasons for taking little children away from the corruptions of the world.

A dear boy in a neighboring city began very early to make himself useful. One of the first things outside of his own family which he did, was to save his pocket money and buy a nice bundle of "The Messenger" and children's papers and leave them at an orphan asylum. This he did monthly, in a way all his own—he would ring the bell, leave the bundle, and run off. The children were delighted and expected their monthly treasure, but desired to know their kind friend, and watched, and followed him home.

Then he and his younger brother had another way of pleasing their kind feelings, and Jesus too. At their father's suggestion they took their Bibles and read them to some blind women; their grandma helped them in this by baking some Lisquit and cake to take with them in their errand of love.

The last act of H. J. was to save a poor boy from prison. He had stolen some bolts, he said, to buy a pair of shoes. H. J. crossed the street as he heard the boy cry in the hands of the policeman, and soon began to beg that he might not be shut up, and said "Didn't you know that it was wrong to steal?" "No," said the boy, "I had no one to teach me." He had never been to Sabbath School. The policeman promised to keep him until Mr. J. would come home, then H. J. took his father to see the boy and the officer, when he was begged off and taken home with Mr. J. and H. He had a nice tea, and some clothes to fit him out for Sabbath School. Mr. J. took the boy to his home and saw his grandmother, who promised that he should go to school on Sabbath morning.

Dear H. J. was taken very ill on Saturday, and the next day when the poor boy began his new life in the Sabbath School, in the afternoon, the beloved child of the family, after much suffering, was translated to his beautiful home above. He had done his work, and the Master said come up higher.

THE GRACE OF GOD—ROBBY'S IDEA.

EDITORIAL.

Robby is a little boy about four years old. One day he ran in haste to grandma's room, exclaiming: "O grandma come and see the grace of God!" Grandma with a hurried step followed Robby, and on entering the room was surprised to see it strewn with little particles of white paper which he had industriously torn in bits, and which like the manna in the wilderness, seemed to have fallen broadcast over all Robby's domain.

What could have prompted little Robby in his imaginings, as he opened his tiny hand, and scattered his imagined favors broadcast, I know not. But surely it would seem that his benevolent little heart must have been picturing some *gracious* design in the act, or he would not with such exuberance of feeling exclaimed, "O, grandma come and see the grace of God." It reminded the writer of the great All-loving Father of the universe, of whom the Psalmist says, "Thou openest thy hand and satisfieth every living thing."

Book Notices.

VIEWS FROM PLYMOUTH ROCK. A sketch of the early history of the Plymouth colony. Designed for young people. By Z. MUDGE. Six illustrations. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This is a beautiful volume of 451 pages, finely illustrated. It is confined to the early history of Plymouth, but embraces all the principal facts in the career of the Mayflower Pilgrims. It presents, in a popular form, and for the gratification of young people, the narratives of Bradford and Winslow, of late published for the first time in their un mutilated form. The author says, "No liberty has been taken with the facts to make a lively story at the expense of the truth of history." The author has not missed his aim. The book is not only lively and entertaining for the young, but people of mature years will find it difficult on taking up the book to lay it aside till every page is scanned.

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING-TIME—GOLDEN THREADS. Price \$2.50 each.

These are two large quarto books, published by the American Tract Society. They embrace the best articles and illustrations found in ten years of the *Child's Paper*. They are full of charming stories and beautiful pictures. Our children have read them again and again, and pronounce them the best of all their book treasures. We also confess our interest in them, and hereby recommend them to any who wish choice children's books.

RECONCILIATION; OR, HOW TO BE SAVED. By Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, of California Conference. 208 pages.

This is a good work, and we hope it may command the circulation it merits. It contains simple appeals to reason and common sense, on the most important subject that can be conceived of, standing, as it does, in vital connection with the salvation of every redeemed spirit. The way of salvation is illustrated and defined, and made so plain, that any unsaved man, woman, or child may understand it.

GARDEN OF SPICES. Extracts from the Religious Letters of Rev. Samuel Rutherford. By Rev. L. R. DUNN. With an Historical and Biographical Essay by Rev. A. C. GEORGE, D. D., and an Introduction by Rev. T. L. CUYLER, D. D. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, 1869.

This is, indeed, a garden of sweet perfumes, redolent with the unctuous graces of the ever blessed Holy Spirit, which rested on the heart, life, and pen of the sainted Rutherford. Every page emits a sweet fragrance. We need not say that the pious reader will highly prize it as a closet companion. On sale at 14 Bible House.

INFANCY AND MANHOOD OF CHRISTIAN LIFE. By Rev. WILLIAM JAYLOR, author of "Model Preacher," &c. London: S. W. Partridge. New York: Carlton & Lanahan, 200 Mulberry Street. Pages 160.

This is a very useful work. It explains the God-dishonoring tendencies of, what the author terms, *dwarfish* Christianity, and lifts the true Gospel standard of heart holiness, sets forth the want of this as the cause of the great inefficiency of the mass of professors in doing their part in bringing the world to Jesus. The book is calculated to do much good, and is addressed to the enlightened reason and consciences of Christians regardless of name or nation. May the blessing of the Highest accompany it!

THE PLAN OF REDEMPTION BY OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. Carefully examined and argued, by inquiring into God's revealed purpose in the Creation of Man, the Adamic Law, the Old and New Covenants, Atonement by the Death and Blood of Christ, Universal Resurrection of the Dead, the Judgment, the Israel of God, Kingdom of God, the Millennium, &c., &c. By J. C. WELLCOME. Clarkson & Gould.

This neat volume of 460 pages furnishes a bold, concise, luminous statement of the doctrines of which it treats. But while we admire the frankness and perspicuity of the statement, we are not prepared to indorse the views of the volume in regard to the future of the wicked. It maintains that everlasting *punishment* implies nothing more than everlasting *destruction*, or, in other words, *annihilation*.

JACK, THE DUMB BOY; OR, CHRIST'S "RED HAND." From "Charlotte Elizabeth." Published by the American Tract Society, Nassau Street, New York.

An interesting little volume of 42 pages, suitable for the instruction of young or old. None can read it but with profit.

THE MISSIONARY'S MOTHER. Occasioned by the death of Mrs. Johanna Lathrop, May 15th, 1851, aged 79. By Rev. WM. ADAMS, D. D., Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Madison Square, New York. Published by the American Tract Society.

Like all other publications of the American Tract Society, this little book furnishes good *soul-food* for the masses, unvitiated by mere fiction of any sort. Mrs. Lathrop was not a Christian of the common stamp. She gave four lovely, intelligent daughters to the cause of missions, the first of whom was Mrs. Harriet Winslow, whose name has long been as ornament poured forth, and "being dead yet speaketh." Three daughters preceded the mother to the heavenly world, all of whom were laid as a willing sacrifice on the altar of Missions. Yet this now sainted mother, who lived to complete nearly four score years, was never heard to allude to her personal sacrifices in the way of ostentation. Though her affections were strong and tender, the offering she made was as cheerful that there was no tinge of bitterness left. Nor was there any expression of repining at what she had done. Far, far from this. Many daughters have done virtuously, but she excelled.

MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE M. E. CHURCH FOR THE YEAR 1869. Carlton & Lanahan, 200 Mulberry Street.

The bare announcement of this useful compendium of the ecclesiastical year of Methodism, will be sufficient to incline many to possess themselves of it.

PUBLISHER'S CORNER.

Our subscription list is rapidly increasing, and many thousands of new friends are flocking in. While many thousands of our old friends have renewed promptly, there are still a great many who have not as yet renewed. A very large share of these have failed to renew merely because they have put it off until a convenient time. Many of them are renewing now every day and very many more would renew at any time if some one would remind them of it and solicit their subscriptions. Of course their names are now taken from the list, but before taking them out, we had extra slips printed showing every name and the time at which their subscriptions expired. And now we want to make a proposition to the lovers of holiness who will try and increase the number of subscribers in their neighborhood. If you will write us for the list of old subscribers at your post-office who have not renewed, we will send you the printed slips and you can go round and easily secure their renewals, and when these renewals are sent us with \$1.25 each, we will send the book "True methods of Promoting Perfect Love." Or if the book is not wanted, the regular club rates may apply, *i.e.* six copies for \$6. Please write for these lists at once.

Write your letters in as few words as possible, and be sure to give your name, post-office and State in full, so plain that we can not mistake.

We hope our friends will take hold of this matter with energy, and that in this way we shall be able to secure the renewals of all those who have thus far neglected to send their subscriptions for this year.

WHEN WRITING LETTERS

in ordering the "Guide," make them as short as possible and be sure and write plainly and give the post-office and State, thus—

BEAVER DAM, Dodge Co., Wis.

April 1, 1869.

W. C. PALMER, JR.

Dear Brother,—Please send the "Guide" for the year 1869 commencing with the January number, to the following persons:

A. P. Rawlins, Beaver Dam, Dodge Co. Wis. \$1.25
A. D. F. Iterson, Crown Point, Lake Co., Ind. 1.25
Mary G. Prescott, Crown Point, Lake Co., Ind. 1.25
Wm. B. Gorham, 17 School St., Boston, Mass. 1.25
James H. Potter, Agent, Beaver Dam, Wis., gratis
Enclosed find \$5, to pay for the above.

Yours very truly,

J. H. POTTER,
Beaver Dam, Dodge Co., Wis.

Then be sure and direct it as follows:

W. C. PALMER, JR.,

14 Bible House,
New York.

With letters directed and written in this way, there is very seldom any difficulty, and were all letters so written and directed we would have very few complaints.

We have the following letters on hand which we can not attend to on account of the carelessness or oversight of the writers.

Irinda Robertson, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. N. J. Kelley, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. Amelia Egleston, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. Julia Lowery, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. Sophia Curtis, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Sophia Buck, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. A. H. Flowers, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

M. A. Boughman, \$1.00 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. M. E. Higgins, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Caroline A. Straw, \$2.50 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. Mary Wadsworth, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

B. Fowler, Jr., \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

Cath. Hawk, \$1.25 enclosed. *No Post-office or State.*

A letter from Benton with no State or persons name.

A letter with \$1, for the following books, "Light in the Dark," and "Entire Devotion." *No name, post-office address or State.*

A letter from Crown Point, Ind., written in lead pencil. *No name.* A letter from Zionesta, Pa. *No name.* A letter from Independence. *No State or name.* A letter from Temple. *No State or name.*

An envelope with Post-office mark of Leominster, Mass. with \$1.25 enclosed. *No name post-office or State or inside.* A very long letter from Monmouth Co., Kas., with \$1.25 enclosed. *No name.*

The following letters need answers, but can not be answered, as will be seen by reading the cause.

Mrs. Louisa Lines, *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. Martin J. Norton, *No Post-office or State.*

Ira Smith, *No Post-office or State.*

H. F. Smith, *No Post-office or State.*

Mrs. Thomas Hyson, *No Post-office or State.*

Amanda Sanders, *No Post-office or State.*

Ann E. Roe, *No Post-office or State.*

W. Sayles, *No Post-office or State.*

Elijah Williams, *No Post-office or State.*

Mary E. Trowbridge, *No Post-office or State.*

Joel W. Perkins, *No Post-office or State.*

Lydia Wiley, *No Post-office or State.*

H. H. Phillips, *No Post-office or State.*

Lucy O. Meryeer, *No Post-office or State.*

Charlotte James, *No Post-office or State.*

D. D. Lyon, *No Post-office or State.*

The following letters have been received but cannot be answered on account of the State not being mentioned, and as there are from 5 to 25 places of the same name in different parts of the United States, it is impossible for us to determine where to write.

Mrs. B. C. Smith, Alden, \$1.35 enclosed. *No State.*

Mrs. Wm. Ripley, Henderson, \$2.50 enclosed. *No State.*

M. C. Graham, Glenwood, \$1.25 enclosed. *No State.*

Aaron E. Bachman, New Haven. *No State.*

J. A. Woodburn, Holton. *No State.*

Stephen M. Dayton, Wellsville. *No State.*

H. Bachold, Mount Joy. *No State.*

W. C. Sawyer, Perineville. *No State.*

J. F. Raymore, Marlboro. *No State.*

These are only a few of the difficulties we have to contend with. We give hours on hours in searching up such letters as these, and they are never laid aside until every method to find them out has been tried. Such mistakes not only hurt us, but the cause. Dear friends of the "Guide" we ask again *do* please write plainly and be sure and give the Post-office and State, and sign your name in a plain hand.

Departed Friends.

MUSIC BY REV. S. P. HEATH.

p FINE

1. { Can we our bu-ried friends forget, Or must the grave e - ter - nal sever? }
 { They linger in our mem'ries yet, But in our hearts they live forever : }
 D.C. For oft - en in af - fliction drear, They rallied quick - ly to relieve me.

f D. C.

They loved me once, with love sincere, And nev - er did that love deceive me,

I've heard them bid the world adieu,
 I've seen them on the rolling billow;
 Their far off home appeared in view,
 While yet they pressed a dying pillow;
 I've heard the parting pilgrim tell,
 While passing Jordan's stormy river,
 "Adieu! for all on earth is well,
 Now all is well with me forever."

O! how I long to join your band,
 And range the fields of blooming flowers;
 Come, holy watchers, come and bring
 A mourner to your blissful bowers.
 I'd speed with rapture on the wing,
 Nor would I pause at Jordan's river,
 With songs I'd enter endless day,
 And dwell with my loved friends forever.

Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1869.

TESTIMONY OF A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

REV. S. R. WELLS.

I am aware that many in the Congregational Church are strongly prejudiced against the doctrine of holiness as advocated by the "Guide" and the Bible. Being a minister of that denomination I am desirous of throwing in my testimony, in hopes it may remove in the minds of some, objections they now have, and that it may be a blessing to some who are seeking purity of heart.

Ten years ago I received the forgiveness of my sins through Christ. Some years after, while in the hospital near St. Louis, recovering from a wound, I found some old numbers of the "Beauty of Holiness," the reading of which, accompanied by the Spirit of God, was the means of leading me into the clear light of God's love. My soul was filled with perfect peace.

Not understanding the simplicity of this "way of holiness," I soon lost this abiding of Christ in my heart. I think I slipped by not taking up the cross as I felt it my duty. Two years after this found me in the Theological Seminary. I was not content to settle down and live as many others seemed to do. My soul longed for deliverance from sin and doubts. Sometimes I thought there was a "higher Christian life" for me, and then again I would think that I was mistaken in my former experience, and that a life of constant fighting against indwelling sinful propensities, was the lot of all the followers of Christ until death. And what aided much to strengthen this latter belief was that this doctrine was

distinctly taught us in the Seminary, and the doctrine of Holiness of heart was taught to be unattainable. Strong arguments were adduced to show this. These contending views brought me into much darkness and sorrow, still I believe that all this time I was growing in grace, and some of the time I had much of Christ's presence in my heart.

When I commenced preaching, the thought would often come to me, "Is it not inconsistent for you to preach against sin in others, when you are yourself daily committing sin?" At times I felt unworthy to continue in the ministry.

Notwithstanding my longings for holiness, and having read much on the subject, still I was *strongly* prejudiced against the doctrine. There would rise up in my mind the character of my dear pastor, my professors, and other devoted Christians, who did not believe in the doctrine of holiness.

I would argue, they are learned men, they have studied these things carefully and prayerfully, and are not they as likely to do right as those who profess it. It must be these latter are mistaken. I watched with much care the actions and lives of those who professed to have been cleansed from all sin. In some I thought I discovered unmistakable evidence that they did not live all they professed.

But during all these years there arose before me one evidence I never could for a moment gainsay. It was the bright and shining light of a *holy* mother in Israel, who gave me much instruction in my early Christian life. She professed to be cleansed from all sinful inclinations. I have not seen her for years, still her

life is ever before me. All the arguments against holiness I have heard and read have not been sufficient to overthrow in my mind this living epistle of holiness, O! what power there is in a pure, holy life.

Five weeks ago I commenced a series of meetings, I labored faithfully for the salvation of souls. God blessed me and my labors, still I felt I was not what I should be. I felt within the motions of a sinful nature. I felt condemned by the presence of one dear brother who has long professed and enjoyed the blessing of a holy heart. His life and words encouraged me to seek the same. My thoughts in my room ran thus: "It is attainable, Christ is able, because he can save to the utmost. He is willing. He does not wish me to live in sin. Others have attained to this high state, therefore I can. I will not stand out longer, but will seek with all my heart until I find him, a perfect Saviour." Then before God I made a full confession of all my past sinfulness. I confessed the first work he had wrought in my heart, and that I had sinned in saying it was only some unusual feeling in my heart. Then I promised God I would forsake and give up all, every sin of thought, word or deed. I made a new consecration of myself to God, I promised to take up every known cross and to live only for his honor and glory. I knew God would accept of my offering; I knew he would keep me from all sin, because he had promised it.

By simple faith I applied some of the precious promises of God to my own case. God has said, "ask and ye shall receive," "seek and ye shall find." I did seek for a pure heart; I sought in earnest. I determined I would not give up until I had found it. So confident was I that this was in accordance with the will of God and that he would hear my prayer, that I determined to deny myself all pleasant food, until I obtained the evidence of the work being accomplished. God withheld the evidence, until he had proved my sincerity and faith, to obtain what he has so plainly promised he would give, to all who would seek in

faith, trusting only in the merits of Christ.

The evidence received that he had heard and cleansed my soul from all sinful inclination, did not consist in any manifestation of great light or joy suddenly breaking in my heart, but it was a sweet peace of mind, following the simple faith given me of God, "that the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin." I was enabled by faith to receive this and other precious promises, and to make a personal application of them to myself.

Since that time I have enjoyed a peace of mind not common in my experience. Christ is with me all the time. Why I value this experience the most for, is not its great joy, or peace, but that it fits me up to honor God, as I never could before, both in my own life and in leading others to Christ. I do praise God for what he has done for my soul.

In a few months I expect to sail as a missionary to those in foreign lands who are bowing down to gods of wood and stone. I feel thankful that I can now tell them of a perfect Saviour, one who can save them from their sins. I feel that these benighted people need just such a Saviour as I have lately found him to my soul.

Your excellent monthly is doing much good. I find it precious food for my soul. God will bless you in your work of love.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

No. 7.

FAITH.

REV. W. H. POOLE, CANADA.

"Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse the shadows fly.
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

In regard to the meaning and application of the word "*faith*," there is a great difference of opinion. On that account, I may, perhaps, be excused if I be minute in giving the origin of the word and its shades of meaning.

The word the Apostle used is *πιστις*, which means faith, belief, trust, confi-

dence, credit, and it comes from *πειθω*, to persuade, the nature of faith being a persuasion, or assent of the mind arising from testimony or evidence.

"*Belief*" comes from the German "*Belieben*," to please, or the Latin "*Libet*," it pleaseth, signifying the pleasure, or assent of the mind.

"*Trust*" comes from the Greek *θαρσεν*, to have confidence, consolation, comfort, or, it comes from the Saxon Trowian, or the German Trauen, or Thruen, to hold true, to trust as true.

"*Credit*," comes from the Latin *Credo*, which word comes from "*Cor*," the heart, and "*do*," to give, and means to give the heart.

The word "*faith*," comes from the Latin *fides*, from *fido*, to confide, to trust together. In the Anglo-Saxon it is "*Foegan*," to join, to covenant, to engage, because he who has faith in God is joined to him, is in covenant with him.

Belief is a generic term, the others are specific. We believe when we credit and trust, but we may credit and trust without belief. Belief rests on no particular person or thing, but credit and trust rest on the authority of one or more.

A doctrine to which we assent is the subject of belief. We credit the historian, we trust our friends, we have faith in each other. The power of persons and the virtue of things are objects of faith.

Belief and credit are particular actions or sentiments of the mind. Trust and faith are permanent dispositions of the mind.

Things are entitled to our belief, persons to our credence, but we repose a trust and have faith in the Divine promise. We believe a fact, we trust a person.

Belief is simply an act of the understanding. Trust and faith are active moving principles of the mind in which the heart is concerned.

Belief does not extend beyond an assent to a given doctrine. Trust and faith are lively sentiments which prompt to action. Belief, is to trust and faith as cause to effect. We may have belief without either trust or faith, but there

can be no trust or faith without belief. Belief is purely speculative. Trust and faith are operative.

This faith consists in two things. The *assent* of the mind, and the *reliance* of the heart. These constitute saving faith.

Wesley says, "Justifying faith implies, not only a Divine evidence or conviction that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, but a sure trust and confidence that Christ died for *my* sins, that he loved *me* and gave himself for *me*." Again, he says, "It is not barely a speculative, rational thing, a cold, lifeless assent, a train of ideas in the head, but also a disposition in the heart."

Again, "It is a sure confidence which a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ, his sins *are* forgiven, and he reconciled to the favor of God; and in consequence hereof, a closing with him, and cleaving to him, as our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption, or in one word, our Salvation." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." (Paul.) And, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth, the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe with thy heart."

Here is the distinction between historic, temporary and dead faith, and that which is living and active. One is the belief or the assent of the intellect, the other of the intellect and of the heart. One is a cold speculation; the other a hearty approbation, a substantiation, a realization. Paul again, "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It gives existence, reality, substance to things not yet seen; so that they are treated as veritably present. It makes invisible things visible, absent things present, things that are very far off to be very near unto the soul.

Watson says: "It includes three distinct acts, self renunciation, appropriation, recumbency, or reliance."

Faith is not a notion, a sentiment, a sense, an emotion. It is not sight nor reason, it is taking God at his word. "It is putting confidence in God's testimony." "It is a saving grace, whereby we receive, and rest upon him alone for salvation as he is offered to us in the Gospel."

A man's beliefs leave him dark and gloomy even in the blaze of gospel day; but faith is the sun of life, her countenance shines like the prophets when turned to Jesus, and it illuminates his whole soul, scattering his gloom, pouring a flood of light into his heart and over his pathway. His beliefs leave him cold, and dead to every good word and work, but faith warms his frozen affections and quickens his dormant energies into new and happy life. His beliefs send him a poor pitiful wanderer in a dark and stormy night, but faith is the subtle and invisible chain that binds him to the Infinite, and leads him white robed and innocent far from fear, to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide and find an ocean of eternal day. His beliefs leave him a weak, helpless, hapless child of grief, the sport of the tempter, the slave of passion and of sin, but faith lifts him from the mire, clothes him with conquering power, and makes him more than victor. This faith is the great instrument by which we obtain religious knowledge, the child entering school can make no progress in the study of science unless faith be in constant and lively exercise. Without faith the door of science is bolted and barred against him. The teacher gives him the names, signs, and symbols of things, and assures him that by general consent A is called A, and X is called X. He does not prove that it is so, the learner must take it on trust, or he can make no progress. He relies upon the word of his teacher, and so he progresses. So with the man who would make progress in the school of Christ. Without heart reliance on Jesus he may hear sermons and read books during a long life time, and still be ignorant of the first principles of the gospel of Christ. Unless faith lends its realizing light, all is gloom and darkness. "The world by wisdom knew not God."

This faith connects us personally and immediately, to all the blessings of the atonement. A man may hear, and read, and reason, and examine, and weep, and reform, and attend to ordinances, and ritualistic observances, and go the round of duty for years, and be still cold, dead,

alien, sinful, condemned; but the moment he trusts in Christ, relies, believes, that moment he is personally linked by more than a golden clasp to a reconciled God.

This faith unites the believer to the omnipotency of Divine grace. The idea of trust on another, supposes our own insufficiency and weakness. We may boast of our physical or intellectual greatness; but facts prove that we are morally weak, weak to resist wrong, or to do right; weak to battle for Jesus, or to hold up his banners. It is only by faith that we can say, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

This faith fixes the eye on invisible and eternal realities. How few can truly say, "O God, my heart is fixed." It was faith that enabled Moses to endure as seeing Him "who is invisible," and David to say, "I have set the Lord always before my face." It is a wondrous telescope showing us things not seen and eternal.

This faith assures us that those unseen glories shall be ours. "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." "We know," it is not said we *hope* or we *think*, or it may be so. There is an assurance, a "full assurance," a satisfactory assurance, we know.

This faith prepares us for the possession of those glorious realities by sanctifying our natures and fitting us for the white robed company. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure," "purifying their hearts by faith."

We read of weak faith, of an increase of faith, of great faith. These, and similar terms show it is progressive. As pure air, healthy diet, and exercise develop the physical powers, and gives strong muscular faculties, so an atmosphere morally pure, and the bread of life with the sincere milk of the word, with a proper exercise of our graces will develop a strong faith. Practice makes perfect. Let the breastplate of faith," and

the "shield of faith" be kept bright by use.

"Guard thy faith with holy care,
Mystic virtues slumber there,
'Tis the lamp within the soul,
Holding genii in control;
Faith shall walk the stormy water;
In the unequal strife prevail;
Nor when comes the dread avatar,
From its fiery splendors quail.
Faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
Faith shall bless the life it gave."

GODERICH, March 1869.

For the Guide.

WHAT HOLINESS HAS DONE FOR ME.

REV. CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

Before I was converted my heart was strongly inclined to unbelief. False philosophy and skeptical questionings seemed indigenous to my fallen nature. I was tempest tossed on a dark stormy sea of doubt and fear.

I was awakened the 18th day of Feb. 1828, and for eight months I was indescribably wretched. At last, through a careful study of the Word of God and much earnest prayer, I was enabled to believe in Christ as my Saviour. I immediately became an active Christian, a personal laborer in God's vineyard. I loved God, was in earnest in serving him, and in some degree, seemed to prosper spiritually; but I was at the same time conscious that mixed motives, self seeking, unbelief, and various other evils existed in my heart.

It was evident to me that I ought to love God with all my heart. Our Hymn Book, our Theology, our Book of Discipline taught me this; but above all, the *Word of God*, and *my own conscience* pressed it upon me. I desired a clean heart, and with more or less earnestness, and courage, I sought it; but for a long time it seemed to be strangely beyond the grasp of my faith. I did not see clearly what it was, or how it might be received. Still, I zealously served God according to the light I had, and went forward trusting that ere long I should be divinely led into the depths of Jesus' love. It seemed strange that the blessing tarried. O how I desired it! "My

heart and flesh cried out for God, for the living God!"

In April 1836, I was licensed to preach the Gospel, and the next December I was appointed to labor on Tully circuit as the third preacher. With this additional responsibility my conviction for holiness greatly increased. I saw and felt, that I could not feed the flock, administer discipline, make full proof of my ministry, and be ready to meet saints and sinners at God's bar, unless I had this all important grace. I made it the great object of my special and constant pursuit. I humbled myself before God and his people, and went around the circuit groaning and praying for purity of heart. Yea, I went into the class meetings, and in Christian sincerity and simplicity, opened my heart to my brethren, and entreated them to pray God to save me fully, and give me a holy anointing to preach the Gospel. This not only humbled me and brought me down at Jesus' feet, but it impressed the church, and strongly moved them towards God and holiness.

Tuesday evening, February 1837, while I was preaching in a school house, on Lafayette Hill, N. Y., the Lord graciously emptied my heart of self and sin, and filled it with his love. I did not immediately testify to this, and hence, I soon lost the witness of it. Very soon I saw my error, went into class meeting, confessed how I had erred, looked to Christ for the witness, and by a steady and direct act of naked faith, my soul was again sealed a temple of the spirit of holiness. Subsequently, I fell into severe trials through attaching too much importance to ecstatic joy; but through the teachings of God's Word and Spirit, in answer to believing prayer, I learned to live by simple faith in the power, the faithfulness, the all-cleansing blood of Christ. I walked with God and found a continual rest in him. To do and suffer His will was more than my meat and drink. I was greatly blest in speaking to God's people of the pure, perfect, satisfying love of Jesus. It was most blessed to preach a full, a free, and a present salvation. I was astonished at

its power to arrest the attention and move the heart.

Our congregations increased in size, the church was edified, saints were cleansed from all unrighteousness, and sinners were converted to God. Its effects upon me were important. It saved me from that fear of man that bringeth a snare, and yet it humbled me in the dust before God and men; it more fully baptized me into the spirit of my holy calling, and gave me great additional power to believe, pray, and labor in saving souls; it inspired me with greater strength, courage, and persistence in overcoming difficulties; and it made me willing to suffer in God's work; yea, to suffer in body, in circumstances, and in every way, all God should appoint. I do most sincerely believe, that through this grace, the Lord gave me a degree of wisdom and power, a position and usefulness, I never would, or could have gained in any other way. It has been an inestimable blessing to me in all the subsequent thirty-two years of my life, to the present hour.

I have spent more than twenty happy years in the active work of the pastoral; and I am now happy as a superannuated and suffering servant of the church. Jesus has all my heart and shuts out all discontent and bitterness, and constantly fills it with love, peace, and a glorious hope of immortality. There are, I have found by experience, great, peculiar, and satisfying gifts of the Holy Spirit for all suffering ones who trust wholly in Jesus.

Dear reader, do you think it strange that the great Redemer should purify, fill, and keep, a soul that is wholly given to him? Go to him humbly, believingly, with all your heart and His precious blood will "cleanse you from all unrighteousness." "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." Throw away all doubts, draw near in faith, for Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost all that come to God by him." Amen.

UTICA, March 1869.

Jesus reigns and that is enough to fill a universe with rapture.—*Rev. Bishop Hamline.*

For the Guide.

MY SUN AND SHIELD.

J. W. OSBORNE.

Christ is my sun that never sets,
And hence I have no night,
All day he shines upon my path,
And makes it beam with light.

Christ is my shield that never fails
In battles fiercest shock,
He stands between me and the foe,
My Tower, my Strength, my Rock.

Christ gives each day his grace divine,
By which through faith I rest,
And glory-light comes streaming down,
While leaning on his breast.

Then glory to the precious One,
In whom I live in love,
Who gives the rest of faith below,
Eternal rest above.

BIRMINGHAM. March 1869.

For the Guide.

THE GOSPEL FULLNESS.

REV. E. WARRINER.

The strongest expression in human language used to portray the exceeding greatness of the Christian's privilege, is the prayer of the Apostle, "That ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." Who has never faltered when his lips have repeated that prayer? Who has not secretly wished that he could see Paul, and ask him if he really intended to convey the idea that we can "*be filled with all the fullness of God?*"

Dr. Clarke says: "To be filled with God is a great thing; to be filled with the fullness of God is greater still; but to be *filled with all the fullness of God*, utterly bewilders the sense and confounds the understanding!" Many people endeavor to correct or explain the Apostle by the use of a limiting or qualifying word. They speak of being filled with all the "*communicable*" fullness of God, but I doubt whether we should attempt to mend or modify a prayer which God himself has inspired. It is right—just right. Let Christians speak it out boldly. We shall not be charged with

extravagance, for the Apostle has taught us to pray that we may "be filled with all the fullness of God."

It is related, that on a certain time a poor, deformed beggar was permitted to approach into the presence of Alexander the Great, and when he asked for alms, the Emperor sat down and wrote a few words upon a piece of parchment and gave it to the beggar, saying, "Present that to my treasurer, and receive from him a sum of money." The man hastened to find the treasurer, and showed him the draft. The treasurer read the document and looked at the beggar in amazement. "My friend," said he, "there must be some mistake about this; let me go and speak to Alexander." On approaching the General, he said, "General, here is an order upon the treasury for a very large sum of money. It bears the signature of Alexander, but a miserable vagrant handed it to me, and I could not believe that the General intended to confer such a princely gift upon a poor beggar." "I gave the paper to the beggar a short time ago," said Alexander. "But this great sum," exclaimed the treasurer, naming the amount, "is altogether too much for a beggar to receive." The Emperor replied, "It may be too much for a beggar to receive, but it is not too much for Alexander to give." So we may say when we think of being filled with all the fullness of God. *It may be too much for a sinner to receive, but it is not too much for a God to give!*

The words are not, "That ye may contain all the fullness of God." The finite cannot contain or encompass the infinite, but it may be filled with that which is infinite. We may be filled with all the fullness of God. Rev. William Arthur in "The Tongue of Fire," speaks of a room filled with the sunlight, as an illustration of this idea. A little chamber cannot contain all the light of the sun; but all the light of the sun may shine, and fill the little chamber, while it fills a thousand other chambers, and the surrounding atmosphere; and so much light may be poured into the little room, that every corner shall be light, and there

shall not be a single shadow, not the least particle of unillumined air. So God, the infinite Source and Essence of Spiritual light, may fill our benighted hearts with His own illuminating brightness.

God is an Ocean of Love, boundless, without bottom or shore. When He pours one drop of Himself into our hearts we are filled

"Unutterably full
Of glory and of God."

Still the heart expands, and still the ocean rolls, and again, and again, and again forevermore, as the capacity of the human spirit increases, wave after wave of glory and of God shall pour itself into the overflowing soul. While on a tour to the White Mountains I saw a beautiful illustration of the expansion and filling of the human soul. I refer to the "Pool," which is well known to all who have visited those Mountains. The "Pool" is a beautiful little body of water at the foot of one of the cascades. I judge it is about two hundred feet in circumference, and perhaps forty or fifty feet in depth. It is beautiful indeed. On one side the mad foam leaps down the precipice. Nearly opposite is a lofty bank of steep and frowning rocks. Still farther onward is a little modest outlet where the water murmurs "good-bye" and goes dancing away. Above is the green arch which Nature has built, tinging the water with its leafy shade. A rude boat glides on its surface, which in time of low water is as clear and placid as the sky. The bottom and the sides of this "Pool" are a solid mass of granite. It is evident that this huge round cavity has been gradually produced during a long series of ages, by the motion of the water, and the grating of the rocks which it bears along. Now I imagine there was a time when that great "Pool" was but a little hollow in the rock. Down the water came from the cataract filled it to its utmost extent. The moving fragments of rock kept wearing it away, and as its dimensions grew larger and larger, it was still full—ever full. Just so with the Gospel fullness. There is a time when the purified heart is like the

little hollow in the rock, filled and overflowed by the streams of salvation; and then, as it expands, the ever abounding floods of life and joy come pouring in to fill the utmost limits of the soul. O God, give me this fullness!

"My earth thou walt'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool:
Spring up, O well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul.

Come, O my God, thyself reveal;
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only can'st my spirit fill;
Come, O my God, my God."

For the Guide.

INSPIRING TESTIMONY FROM AN INVALID MORDECAI EVANS.

In the year 1828, in the M. E. Church, at Morristown, N. J., I experienced the pardon of all my sins by looking unto Jesus, and never since have I given up my hope of heaven, but have been striving to press forward in the right way.

About five years since God in His good Providence so afflicted me that I have been unable to walk. Suffering all the time, I, nevertheless, kept trying to place my confidence in the Lord.

About a twelve month since, a dear brother in the Lord, during a visit to me in my affliction, remarked that he thought a deeper work of grace might be wrought in me; in the possession of which I might be enabled to trust the Lord irrespective of outward difficulties, and thus rejoice evermore. Being rather timid, he did not urge it upon me very earnestly, as I in reply took up the Testament, and by comparison therewith tried to show him that I was converted, and that holiness must be acquired by years of gradual growth.

Here the conversation ended—and probably it never would have occurred to my mind again had not the Lord given me light (as I firmly believe) through a dream some time afterward. It was on this wise: I thought that I, in company with several of God's dear children, was on the way to a prayer-meeting, and one of them stepping aside, with a heavenly smile, handed me a hymn-book, saying, "You go forward,

and open the meeting." All this time I thought that about half a dozen wicked persons were just by us, threatening with oaths to kill the person who should do so.

I tried to excuse myself, but the friends urged me to look to the Lord for grace, and they also would do so for me. In obeying this command fear fled; the Lord blessing me in the undertaking—and when the meeting closed my adversaries were not seen. After a time I thought with the same company I was on my way to preaching, having the opposing party, doubled, to contend with: they threatening death again to the preacher. I was requested by the same dear brother, who handed me a Bible, to preach. I replied, "I am not able; others are far more capable." In looking to the Lord again, in obedience to the brother's entreaty, fear was taken away, and in going forward was meditating on what I should speak. While doing so the words, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk;" in connection with the circumstance of Peter and John curing the man lame from his mother's womb, as narrated in Acts iii., came to my mind. When about to speak from these words I awoke. With joyous wonder I exclaimed to my companion, "Oh, what faith I had!" (at the same time relating to her my dream).

After this I often thought of this perfect faith in the Lord Jesus Christ banishing all fear, which I had in dream—my heart longing after it.

The latter part of last February, one day, (which I trust never to forget) being seated in my usual place, able to move but very little, my companion seated silently sewing in the same room with me, while meditating deeply on this subject, and trying to look out of self to Christ, though at the time suffering severely in body, suddenly I laid hold of Christ by living faith, realizing the same moment that He was my "all in all." Hallelujah! Glory to God! were the spontaneous utterances of my now purified and humbled heart. My

companion, hearing the exclamation, turned around, and inquired, "What is the matter?" "Oh," said I, "the Lord has blessed me powerful." But a few moments had passed before the enemy suggested, "Don't say anything, but keep it to yourself." I saw whence it came, and said, "I *will* declare it." I did so. Since then the passing moments have brought nothing but love and peace and happiness in Christ. Though at times my faith appears not so strong, yet I look to Jesus, and in doing so I have that which the possession of worlds could not give. The more I see of Christ my Saviour, the more deeply I realize my own nothingness, and I would ever

"Fall at His feet,
And the story repeat
And the lover of sinners adore."

MECHANICSBURG, Pa.

For the Guide.

OUR NEED SUPPLIED IN JESUS.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

"And my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

I love Thee, precious Jesus, for Thou art unto me

An ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR now and eternally;

So dark, so blind, so sinful, so hopeless was my case

Until I found Thee, Jesus, and felt Thy saving grace.

I love Thee, precious Jesus—I love Thy blessed name!

My hope, my joy, my treasure—Thy praise I will proclaim!

I've found the cleansing fountain once opened in Thy side,

And ever feel the power of Thy own blood applied.

I love Thee, precious Jesus—I come to Thee so poor,

And daily Thou dost open to me Thy boundless store.

"According to Thy riches" Thou dost my need supply,

Not one of my petitions Thou ever dost deny.

I love Thee, precious Jesus—*was ever friend like Thee?*

How *tender Thy compassion! how strong Thy sympathy!*

I lean upon Thy bosom, my burdens Thou dost bear,

I tell Thee all my sorrows, Thou feelest all my care.

I love Thee, precious Jesus,—my light in life's dark way—

Without Thy gracious guidance how should I go astray;

But following in Thy footsteps, Thy glory shines so bright—

It guides one safely onward to the blest world of light.

I love Thee, precious Jesus, for Thou art unto me—

The daily Bread I live on—I *only live by Thee*,—

And to my thirsting spirit an *ever living Spring*,—

What vast unnumbered blessings dear Jesus Thou dost bring!

I love Thee, precious Jesus, and soon my eyes shall see

The King in all His beauty and glorious majesty.

I'll see Thee, blessed Saviour, on Thy great Throne above

And cast my crown before Thee, and tell Thy wondrous love!

TRENTON, N. J.

A NEW POWER.

The God of Infinite Love in calling you to be a workman together with him, had a specific object in view, that is, "In converting your soul, the Lord Jesus has created a new power on earth, which he designs to employ in establishing on the ruins of Satan's Empire his own invincible Kingdom."

Will not the many thousands of young converts copy this and place it where it may be read frequently, and as you will want to read your Bible every day put it in front of the blessed book that you may be often reminded of your high and holy calling.—ED.

For the Guide.

SANCTIFICATION AND CONVERSION.

HATTIE L. FLOWER.

A preacher, in writing of his charge says: "We are having some very excellent meetings; the work of sanctification is being carried forward; but there are no conversions. Sanctification is a great work, to be so thoroughly given to God as to prefer His will in *all* things, is far above anything that is human—it is the highest state that can be reached by mortals." This is a precious testimony; it seems a sure precursor of the conversions that should follow. If now and then a soul is born into the kingdom, while the Church is cold and dead, however living and working the Pastor may be, the work must of necessity be imperfect. They may have life, but not "more abundantly;" may continue, but not abound in the work of the Lord; may have faith, but not give glory to God; may begin in the spirit, but must end in the flesh. The new wine will be put into old bottles, and there will be marring and spilling.

Salvation is to come out of Zion; and how? By the purification of the hearts of believers, by the building of the wall over against each one, by rising to the attainments and possibilities of the higher Christain life. And this may be determined by the prayers of the Church. "Prayer moves the arm that moves the world." Believers pray for sinners, pray for everything, while they almost forget to pray that God would show them their own hearts, just as he sees them; forgetting the admonition, "take heed to thyself;" and the unconverted may well wonder what is to become of their souls, when Christains pray with so little favor and unction for themselves.

It is related of the daily noon prayer meetings in London, that when first established, every body began praying for all the world. About the second week the prayers began to be limited to Europe, the third week to England, the fourth to London; but about the fifth week a strong cry went up, "O Lord have mercy on *me*; break up the fallow

ground of my soul; give *me* a broken heart; then and not till then, God's Spirit came down in power."

And there must be the watching thereunto with all supplication—the keeping of the heart with all diligence—the deeds of daily life that tell of a heart wholly the Lord's

There is a solemn lesson in the sweet poetic fancy of the "angel of prayers," who came down to earth one night on his mission, and wandering in a great city from one home of wealth and splendor to another, he gathered "a coronal of prayers," which he wove into a wreath of pure white lilies, and was flying Heaven-ward to lay them before the throne of God, when he was met midway and sternly challenged by the "angel of deeds," who on his mission had seen, from the very homes where had been gathered the prayers, a homeless mother and child shut out from the light and warmth, to perish with cold and hunger. The "angel of prayers" silently and sadly dropped the lilies from his hand, they fell back to earth, and "withered as they fell."

Ah! what clouds of useless prayers go up—or rather *out*, from the heart and *fall* back, withered, dead, for want of the deeds that make them blest. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and *do* not the things which I say?" He shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, "that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven."

Christians talk and pray for the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners, more according to their frames, than "in the faith of the Son of God" who loved sinners, and gave himself for them. Thus Paul, at one time said, "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling;" again, "none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear to myself, so that I may finish my course with joy";—"I have fought a good fight," &c. He spoke sincerely and earnestly; but according to the frame he was in, and while joyful experiences are cordials and very precious, faith is the food of the soul, on which alone it can grow and thrive. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

"Said I not unto thee, that if thou would'st *believe* thou shouldst see the *glory of God*?"

There is a great and glorious work for the Church to do, even its own sanctification and the conversion of a world lying in wickedness. And too, it is this work, for he says, "I the Lord do keep my vineyard, lest any hurt it, I will watch it night and day." "Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace; *for I am with thee*." Glorious promise; as surely spoken to all God's children to day, as to Paul.

And when with hearts all clean, purified, sanctified, the Church shall arise and shine, her light being come, sinners will come to the brightness of her rising, souls will be converted, the new wine will be put into new bottles, and both shall be preserved; then instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." "There shall be nothing to hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain saith the Lord,"—"and the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

For the Guide.

ANN HERBERT.

MARY D. JAMES.

CHAPTER III.

"The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—Bible.

Soon after Ann Herbert became known in the M. E. Church of Trenton, we were favored with the ministrations of the sainted Lybrand, whose preaching—full of the Holy Ghost—was made a special blessing to her. She often spoke of the instruction and comfort she derived from her beloved pastor, while he would frequently speak of the help he received from Ann's radiant countenance and uplifted eyes when he was proclaiming the words of life. He loved to converse with her on the deep things of God, and considered her one

of the brightest examples of sanctifying grace that he had ever known.

What helps are such devoted souls to their pastor! I have heard ministers say, that when in the midst of a sermon they would see the kindling eye, the devout and prayerful expression in the countenance of one whom they knew to have power with God in prayer, they would feel a new impetus, and preach with greater liberty and power.

Who can estimate the influence of an Ann Herbert in a church? Ah, when her blessed example and prayer and testimonies ceased to shed their hallowing influence in the Trenton M. E. Church there was a felt loss which many hearts deplored. About seven years had her light been shining there, when the failure of her health induced her to seek an easier position, and she went to Philadelphia, Pa., and engaged in sewing.

She connected herself with St. George's M. E. Church, where the remnant of her life shed its increasing lustre over many hearts—some of whom, including her class-leader, have borne glowing testimonies of the power of her ardent piety and beautiful consistency during the closing years of her earthly life.

Having learned that a minister of Philadelphia, of whom I had some knowledge, had known Ann during her residence there, and ministered to her in the protracted illness which terminated her life—I inquired of him in relation to the circumstances of her illness and death. He stated that her sufferings were extreme and prolonged for months; but that in his frequent visits to her he always found the same beautiful smile upon her face, and the language of praise upon her lips. She hailed the approach of death with unspeakable joy, saying,

"'Tis but the gate to endless joys,"

and soon I shall enter into the heavenly city, and see my precious Saviour, who hath loved me, and given Himself for me! I long to be with Him and behold His glory, and above all to bear His image, and adore and worship Him

forever—yet I am willing to wait His will.”

Sweetly she fell asleep in Jesus to “awake in His likeness” and to be “ever with the Lord.”

After the minister alluded to had given me the above recital, with deep feeling, he added, “I am indebted to Ann Herbert, under God, for my conversion. I was a thoughtless youth, and cared not for religious things; was in the habit of visiting the house where she boarded, and met her often there. I noticed her remarkable countenance, and heard her speak of the value of religion—of its sweet comforts and solid supports. I knew she was poor, and dependent upon her own hands for the supply of her wants, and saw that her health was feeble, that much of the time she was not able even to use her needle, yet she was always happy. Her face always shining with the light that filled her heart. I thought what a great and good thing this religion must be! It is just what I need. I have tried the world and its pleasures, but they have failed to satisfy—they always leave an aching void. Ann Herbert says, ‘Religion can fill that void in my heart.’ I believe her. I will seek it. By the help of God I’ll have it. I told Ann my determination, and asked her to pray for me. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘I have been praying for you ever since I first met you.’”

“I wondered at that, but felt glad, and thought God had begun to answer her prayers, and I shall be saved. Soon I was converted—and it was not long before God called me to preach the Gospel. Ever since I have been trying to preach a full salvation, and have enjoyed it in my own soul, and am a witness that ‘the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.’ I scarcely need add, that this minister has been eminently useful in winning souls to Christ.

The lady with whom Ann boarded also gave a very interesting account of Ann’s experience and life during the several years that she spent in her house, which was the period of her greatest physical debility and sufferings.

Her efforts for a subsistence seemed more than she was equal to. She would often say, “O, what a headache I have had to-day,” or “What a severe pain in my back—and I felt as if it was impossible for me to do the piece of work I had engaged to do, but I asked my blessed Jesus to strengthen me, and to get through with it, and I felt that moment that He strengthened me, and I was able to do it—then went to work singing the sweet praises of Jesus, and nothing seemed hard to me—it was all made so easy.”

How true that

“Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou my God art here.”

Thus day after day, did the dear sufferer prove the fulfilment of the promise—“I will strengthen thee—I will help thee—yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.” As her “heart and her flesh were failing,” her spiritual strength was renewed day by day, and her soul exulted in Him, who was “the strength of her heart and her portion forever.” Her chamber was as the Gate of Heaven; not only to herself, but to her many friends who came to hear her precious words. It was victory all the way through her Christian journey, and victory at its close. In holy triumph she praised God to the latest hour, and went up to join the white robed throng, and began the “new song,” e’re yet the echo of her Victor’s song had ceased below.

At such a glorious triumph of Divine Grace, who will not say—“now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think according to the power that worketh in us,—unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end Amen.”

In the burial ground of St. George’s M. E. Church, lie the remains of Ann Herbert, and if her history were as generally known as that of Elizabeth Wallbridge, her resting place would be visited with quite as much interest as that of the lovely Christian, whose name is honored and loved as the “DAIRYMAN’S DAUGHTER.” The experience of the

former, certainly furnishes even a more striking illustration of the transforming power of grace, than that of the latter.

I have now in my possession a Testament which was the companion of Ann Herbert for many years; worn and defaced, discolored by age and constant use. It bears the traces of her tears as they dropped upon its sacred pages—the warm outgushing of her full heart overflowing as she read the precious words which were light and food, and strength to her heart. There are numerous marks to designate passages, which were specially blessed to her. Here a lead or ink mark—there a pin—now a piece of thread or silk stitched in the margin—then a leaf turned down, &c.

I looked upon that book with profound reverence as a sacred relic of a sainted one, whom it helped to escape the pollutions of the world, and to whose feet it was a lamp—and to her path a light which guided her safely through this wilderness to the home of the blest.

I begged the owner of this little treasure to loan it to me for a few weeks or months, that my eyes might look upon those marked passages, which to that blessed Saint were so precious, and my heart might gather fresh strength from their contemplation. Another little book containing crumbs of the "Bread of Life" was given me as my own. Its title is "Daily Food." From its appearance, it was probably used by Ann as long as the Testament. I cherish it among my chief treasures.

(To be Continued.)

RECRUITING AGENCIES.

The best church upon earth is simply a recruiting station for that army of the living God, part of which has crossed the flood, and part is crossing now; and the Archbishop of Canterbury is simply an ecclesiastical recruiting sergeant, gathering in the people for the great Captain of salvation the Lord Jesus Christ. And the best minister is he that gathers most, and the most happy minister at the judgment day will be he who, like the Apostle Paul, can say "These are my crowns of rejoicing in that day."

For the Guide.

VII.

DEATH TO SELF.

T. C. U.

Look not for a true living strength,
In the life of the ME and the I,
With nothing to love but its self-hood,
And fearing to suffer and die.
As thou seekest the fruit
From the seed-planted grain,
Seek life that is living,
From life that is slain.

Then hasten to give it its death-blow,
By nailing the I to the Cross;
And thou shalt find infinite treasure,
In what seemeth nothing but loss;
For where, if the seed
Is not laid in the ground,
Shall the germ of the new
Resurrection be found.

The soul is the Lord's little garden,
The I is the seed that is there;
And He watches it, while it is dying,
And hath joy in the fruits it doth bear,
In the seed that is buried,
Is hidden the power
Of the life-birth immortal,
Of fruit and of flower.

'Tis hidden, and yet it is true;
'Tis mystic, and yet it is plain;
A lesson, which none ever knew,
But souls that are inwardly slain;
That God, from thy death,
By His Spirit shall call
The life ever-living,
The life, ALL IN ALL.

VIII.

CONSECRATION.

T. C. U.

'Tis done. The "great transaction's past."
And I, who call'd myself my own,
Rejecting pride and self at last,
Belong to God, and God alone.

Dear, Infinite, Eternal Mind!
Father and Motherhood in one,
May Thy great life, with mine combin'd,
Make me a true, a living son.

May all of heart and life be brought
Within Thine infinite control;
Be Thou the source of every thought;
Be Thou the life-spring of the soul.

For the Guide.

CHRISTIAN PERSECUTION.

REV. S. N. MARSH.

Although the era of martyrdom has long since passed away, and the disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ are not now put to the rack and the knout, are neither flayed nor burnt at the stake for their religion, yet it is still true, that "all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

Persecution is as essential to Christian zeal as the positive and negative fluids to the equilibrium of the magnet. If the Christian basked only in the smiles of the world; if his bark sailed smoothly upon the current of popular favor, he would be tempted to "think more highly of himself than he ought to think," pride would supplant humility, and he would no longer possess the image of his meek and lowly Saviour—"righteousness and true holiness."

If there were no trial to endure, the grace of God would be quiescent; and like a standing army in times of peace, the Christian's spiritual vitality would be consumed by the rest of inactivity.

Says Paul—"there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure." He thrice petitioned its removal; but God merely replied, "my grace is sufficient for thee."

He now had a constant test of that grace, and verified by his experience, that "tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." And thus was he enabled to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

When rebellion threatens to subvert the government, loyalty unfurls its zeal; when disease prostrates the wife or child, the affections and fidelity of the husband or father are displayed; so in the darkest hour of the night of persecution, the Church radiates the most brilliant rays of Divine light.

But what is the cause of persecution? Simply that the Church and the world entertain antagonistical principles. "If

ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

The experience of the Church is—"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." That of the world—"The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." Here godliness is diametrically opposed to worldliness; and like truth and error are arrayed in one eternal conflict. "What concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" Hence, the professor is challenged by the non professor; and to prepare for the conflict, is exhorted to put on the "breast-plate of righteousness" and take the "shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit." But he goes forth fearlessly to the contest of arms, realizing, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

He is encouraged and strengthened by the assurance, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son." And when the warfare is over and the victory won, he exclaims—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day."

God permits his children to arrive at that crisis when like the Apostle, they are "in a straight betwixt two," that he may marvelously deliver them and display his vigilance, his power, his goodness and his mercy; and that he may excite in them the highest sense of love, perfect their faith, and induce them to consecrate themselves wholly to his service.

And what gracious promises sustain the Christian! "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And the Psalmist exclaims, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." So we are not only conscious of Divine companionship during our earth-

ly pilgrimage, but when it terminates, Christ, the good Shepherd of the sheep, meets us and leads us down into, and up out of the "valley" to fields of light, life and joy.

Then let not the follower of our ever blessed and glorius Saviour yield to the persecutions of the world. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Let him not waver. "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." But let him have "respect unto the recompense of reward," "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." And in the meantime let him derive consolation from the words of "him that spake as never man spake"—"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven."

WESTVILLE, O.

GOD IS LOVE.

MRS. MARY. A. WARRINER.

O'erwhelmed with guilt when I conceived

The thought of an almighty God,
With terror crowned I Him perceived,
His sceptre was an iron rod.

My heart, my proud and wicked heart,
Lay open to his piercing eye;
I knew in hell must be my part,
If I did not to Jesus fly.

I was alarmed; I called on Him,
With an exceeding bitter cry,—
"Great God forgive my grievous sin,
While at Thy feet I humbly lie."

He saw my tears and heard my call;
He met me with a pardon free,
And now I gladly tell to all,
"The love wherewith he hath loved me."

No more I hear His angry word;
He seemeth now to rule in love;
And willing hosts obey the Lord,
On earth below, in heaven above.

Then hath He changed? Nay it is I!
My happy soul has felt His grace,
And "God is Love" shall be my cry,
Until in heaven I see His face.

SORRANT, N. Y.

For the Guide

BLESSING LOST AND REGAINED.

J. E. VOAK.

I was born in Western New York of Christian parents. I cannot remember when my religious impression commenced, but among my earliest recollections, is that of my now sainted mother taking me to her closet for secret prayer, and of her heart and mine being melted into tenderness, and of my own accord I used to go when very young in secret to pray, and especially during revival services.

I praise God for the religious influence of my mother, who talked to me directly, and personally, about my salvation, and tried to lead me to the cross—a duty which I fear too many Christian parents are inclined to neglect; but the opportunities which this forming period of childhood presents, are not neglected by the enemy of souls, and in this impressible fertile soil, many of the seeds of sin are sown, the fruits of which may remain as long as the soul endures.

I joined the Church when I was fourteen, was converted when I was eighteen, under the labors of a man of God, who preached holiness of heart as the privilege of the Church not only, but of young converts also, and in about two weeks after my conversion, I believe I consecrated myself to God wholly, and that my heart was made clean through the merits of Jesus. But I knew so little of the simple way of faith, that I trusted in Jesus only a few months, and then lost my hold on Him as my full Saviour. How true it is that "those that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." Could I then have had the personal aid I can have now, I might have followed on "to know Christ more perfectly, whom to know aright is life and peace;" but alas, "when the light that was in me became darkness, how great was that darkness." Then commenced a dark chapter in my history, and oh how long, lasting nearly a score of years, the best of my life. I did not sever my connection with the Church, on the contrary an official member most of the time, I thank God

I never was a hypocrite, and yet I had the form without the power of Godliness.

As I was in youth, so was I during this period, very susceptible to religious impressions, when I attended a good class or love feast meeting, my heart was made tender. I confessed and bemoaned my backslidings, and resolved to be a Bible Christian, as I would say, and many times, under the influence of these resolutions inspired by the Holy Spirit, I would try for awhile to return to my father's house, and would sometimes get into a justified state, and then I would hear the command, "Be ye holy for I am holy," and as it was a doctrine of my Church and of the Bible, and as my own experience proved its attainability, I could not disregard the appeals of the Spirit. And sometimes I would seek it earnestly for awhile, and then, as I was living in the West, where very few knew anything about it experimentally, I would shrink back, and grieve the precious Spirit that was so kindly leading me on. I had not the moral courage to stand up for my master and say "He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him," and that He came to "save His people from their sins," for I knew it would bring persecution, and direct the finger of scorn to me, which I feared more than the frown of my God. What a sad state was this. I felt it was worse than death my God to love, and not my God alone, and yet I would not pay the price. I even wished I had never known anything about the Doctrine of Holiness, for then I thought I could be at ease in Zion, as many others were.

What was the result of thus denying Christ? Many say and even Ministers, that I could have retained a justified state, and prove it by their own experience, saying they had once enjoyed the blessing of sanctification, but had lost it years ago, and yet they felt Jesus was their (partial) Saviour. But I held the uncomfortable doctrine that if I did not live up to my previous or present light, I went far below a justified, into a backslidden state. If this doctrine is untenable, I hope some one will set me

right. O how thankful I am that my kind Father did not leave me in this lost condition, nor cut me off; but that when the mild wooings of the Spirit were not sufficient, he called me by taking a lovely and only boy to himself. And when that failed, he stripped me of all earthly goods and more, for although I had an aching void in my heart which God alone could fill, I had endeavored to fill it with the world. How ingloriously I failed when thus fighting against God. But now glory to His name, I own Him conqueror. I would not have thus presented this dark picture, were it not that it had a bright counterpart.

After all the experiences recounted above and many more, on the first day of Jan. 1867, in anticipation of special service, I made a new resolution (just like many old and broken ones, to be a better man. There were some bright examples of holy living in the Church to which I belonged, living epistles read, and known of all men, and although I did not divulge my feelings to them, yet I knew they would gladly give me a helping hand, in the highway of Holiness.

After counting the cost and making up my mind to be all the Lord's, I soon realized that my Heavenly Father did receive the returning prodigal, and the Holy Spirit clearly witnessed with mine that I was adopted into His family, and very soon afterword, I was enabled to make a full surrender of my entire being to God. I was unnecessarily several days in completing the sacrifice; but when I vowed before God and my brethren publicly, that I never would rest until I was all the Lord's, made every whit whole, I never looked back. I would to God I could say as much of some dear souls that made the same vow with me.

On the 24th of January, in my own room, I had a clear consciousness, that my all was upon the altar, and as I knew the altar sanctified the gift, I found it more easy to believe than to doubt, and I said,

"Thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless,
Redemption in the blood I have,
And spotless love and peace."

I was as calm as a Summer evening, yet my confidence in Jesus as my Saviour to the uttermost, at that moment was unwavering. My peace soon passed understanding, and I have been enabled ever since to trust Jesus as my full Saviour, one moment at a time.

I have learned the happy art of living by faith. My experience has not been one of uninterrupted joy, on the contrary, I have passed through some of the severest conflicts of my life; but through grace I have always come off more than conqueror. I do not object to severe trials now, for I find the grace of God corresponds with them exactly. I find that I am sinking more and more fully into the will of God constantly. I can say with the Psalmist "I delight to do Thy will O my Lord," I realize my utter unworthiness; but I also realize that Jesus paid it all, all the debt I owe. Glory to God for the experience of the last two years, when compared with the former twenty.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills.

"CHRISTIAN PURITY,"

OR,

THE HERITAGE OF FAITH.

Revised, enlarged, and adapted to later phases of the subject. By Rev. R. S. FOSTER, D.D. Carlton & Lanahan, New York.

There are many excellent things in this book—large quotations from standard writers in Methodism are given. But it is with sincere regret we observe, that Dr. Foster quotes Mr. Wesley's early, rather than his more mature views, on points of vital importance. Mr. Wesley's first advice to those who were living in the enjoyment of holiness, was, to speak of it but seldom, and also with much caution, and in indirect or nameless terms—such as, "At such a time I felt a great change, which I am not able to express, and since that time I have not felt pride, etc." He also advises his preachers to cautiousness, says, "It behooves us to speak in public almost continually of the state of justification; but more *rarely in full and explicit* terms of sanctification." But in 1764, after the remarkable revival of holiness, and he had learned much more of it, he says, "All our preachers should make a point of

preaching perfection to believers *strongly—constantly and EXPLICITLY, and all believers should mind this one thing, and continually agonize for it.*"

In his early writings he teaches, that babes in Christ may not look for the blessing of holiness, but, after maturing his views, he speaks of many cases, of which the following is but a specimen: He says, "I spoke to these, forty in all, one by one. Some of these said, they received the blessing ten days, some seven, some four, some three days after they had found peace with God, and two of them the next day. What marvel, since one day with God is as a thousand years."

Mr. Wesley was converted in the year 1738, and between the years 1744 and 1747 published his first views on sanctification. But he afterward declared that his views at this time were *not mature*. Consequently those then expressed, and *not agreeing* with those of *later date*, cannot with propriety be given as the views of the great body, who adhere to Wesleyan doctrine on the subject of holiness. To do this is not in our humble opinion, just to the opinions of Wesley or the people who marshal under the banner of Methodism. How would the author of "Christian Purity" like to be made to support positions which he had openly abandoned as untenable?

Referring to his early opinions, Mr. Wesley says, that at this time "he had no distinct views of what the Apostle meant by exhorting us to go on to perfection." It was not till 1744, that he saw holiness comes by faith, and that men are justified before they are sanctified. It was about 1758 that he was convinced that a sanctified soul could fall. But Mr. Wesley was a *humble* man, and never afraid to retract when he saw that he had made a mistake—he, therefore, says, "I retract several expressions in our hymns, which partly express or imply such an impossibility."

Several years after this he speaks of giving his "*latest and coolest thoughts*," revising the whole, and added several of his most important views in regard to the subject of sanctification. This was in the year 1764. Says an excellent writer of a tract on the "Old Paths," "Mark the difference between the faltering tone of 1747 and the energetic

voice of 1746. And there was a reason for this which Mr. Wesley painfully felt, for the views and practice which he and his preachers adopted at first were followed by *twenty years' dearth* on the subject of holiness."

In writing to Mr. Benson in 1763 Mr. Wesley says, "I doubt we are not **EXPLICIT** enough in speaking on full sanctification, either in public or in private." After describing a work of God, in which multitudes were converted, Mr. Wesley says, "The rise of this great work was this: Wm. Hunter and John Watson, men not of large gifts, but zealous of Christian perfection, by their warm conversation on this head, kindled a flame in some of the leaders. These pressed others to seek after it, and for this end appointed meetings for prayer. The fire then spread wider and wider, until the whole society was in a flame."

Mr. Wesley certainly did not seem to fear any disastrous results from either good men or women of the laity, taking away the doctrine from the regularly ordained ministry, as the author of "Christian Purity" seems to entertain. He gladly pressed into the service of the great cause all the useful gifts of the laity, irrespective of sex. He says, in writing to a friend, "I am glad Sister Crosby has been at Beverly, and that you had an opportunity of hearing her; she is useful wherever she goes, particularly in exciting believers to go on to perfection." He speaks of Mrs. Fletcher, Miss Briggs, and Miss Peronet as particularly called to speak for God. We might refer to many other cases, where so far from suggesting fears of the laity as overtopping the ministry, either in their efforts to promote the doctrine or experience of Christian holiness, or in any other way promoting the cause of vital godliness in public or private, that his journals everywhere abound with marked assurances to the contrary.

The author of "Christian Purity" says, "That the doctrine has been taken, to a considerable extent, away from the pulpit, and put under the keeping of private Christians. The pulpit has been in many places overshadowed by private instruction, and not frequently by ignorant and incompetent persons; and what is worse, in some instances, presumptuous men and women have assumed

to guide the Church by the light of their incoherent professions and irregular experience and practice."

We do not doubt but the well-meaning author might have been saved the mortification of such allusions, if he had himself a little oftener found time, amid his multiplied cares, to come down occasionally from his high position, and mingle more with the class with which the great humble founder of Methodism loved to mingle, and whose experiences of the great salvation he loved to hear, and often noted as eminently corroborative of scriptural teachings, in relation to the believer's "Heritage."

Over thirty years we have been earnestly observant of the lives of *professors of holiness*, and will here affirm, that we feel it a solemn duty before God to say, that we have never seen the sad results from the *profession* as contemplated by the Author of "Christian Purity." That there may be premature, or spurious professions, we do not doubt, but that these are so numerous as to require an amount of caution, suggested by the teachings of this volume, is a serious **MISTAKE**. Should the same amount of caution prevail in regard to the profession of justification, it would silence thousands, who now profess justifying grace, in less than a week. It is our solemn conviction that where there is one spurious professor of holiness in the religious community, there are twenty, if not fifty, spurious professors of justifying grace.

Having mingled in circles where holiness has been the theme, and since childhood attended meetings for the special promotion of holiness, may we not have had opportunities for judging on this, a little beyond any that the author of "Christian Purity" has had. We will again express our belief, that this extreme caution in regard to the profession, though well intended, is a grave mistake. We regret that his associations should have been such as to have permeated his mind with so much dubiousness on the subject.

If the excellent author will be at the pains to compare Mr. Wesley's *mature* views,—that is, his "*coolest and latest thoughts*" on this subject, as expressed in 1764–1769, he will see, that the frame work of his volume, is far more after the fashion of his abandoned views of 1744–1749, than after his mature

views. Is this treating Mr. Wesley fairly? We are quite sure our good Dr. Foster would not love to be treated thus, on a subject of such importance, so vitally connected with the ultimate salvation of tens of thousands of God's redeemed family—"Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." Mr. Wesley did not in his confessedly mature teachings express such extreme cautiousness in regard to an outspoken profession of holiness. In vol. vii. page 13, he says, one great means of retaining it, is *frankly to declare* what God has given you, and earnestly to exhort all the believers you meet with, to follow after full salvation. Speaking in glowing terms of the devoted, earnest Joseph Nasbury, he says, "A faithful witness for Christ. For about three years he has boldly and humbly testified that God has saved him from all sin."

We wish the author of "Christian Purity," before getting out a new edition of his book, had taken pains to inform himself, in regard to some of the errors, which so sincerely he seems to deplore. Had he attended some of the meetings to which he refers, he might more than once have fallen in with grave and orthodox Doctors of Divinity, and occasionally Bishops of the good old school, than whom none have more strongly contended for the good old doctrine of sanctification by faith.

The author quotes both Wesley and Fletcher in favor of his favorite theory, "Let your life take the place of your lips," etc. Does the author forget, that Mr. Fletcher after giving a strong, and most explicit testimony to the enjoyment of holiness, says, "Yes! I rejoice to declare it, and bear witness to the glory of grace, that I am dead unto sin, and alive unto God through Our Lord Jesus Christ. I received this blessing four or five times before, but *I lost it by not observing the order of God*, who has told us, with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. But the enemy offered his bait under various colors to keep me from a public declaration." Mr. Fletcher then goes on to specify the *sort* of bait that Satan used to keep him from an open profession, and one bait by which he lost it was, "Let your life take the place of your lips." And the bait in every case by which he lost it, was some well

circumstanced temptation bearing against the profession.

Need we say that both Wesley and Fletcher did attach much importance to the duty of profession. And do not the teachings of the Divine WORD also assure us, that not only the testimony of the *life*, but that of the *lip* is demanded. How great is the multitude of unbelievers who are affirming by life and lip, that the promised heritage of the believer *cannot* be entered upon—that "the oath God swore unto our father Abraham that he would grant unto us, that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life," has not been performed.

And now, shall those who through faith in the blood of the everlasting covenant, have proved the faithfulness of God, and entered upon the promised inheritance, be so faint, faltering and ambiguous in their testimony, as the author of this work would suggest? The Lord forbid it! Rather would we stand up with Caleb and Joshua, and though the voice of the ten spies, who may have accompanied us up to see the land, and returned to say that there are such formidable responsibilities, and difficulties connected with an effort to take the land, as to dispirit the people from making the attempt, still we feel disposed through the girdings of grace, to stand out in all humility, boldly proclaiming in the ear of the unbelieving multitude, "We are well able to go up and possess the good land." And this we trust to have courage to do, though we may be but privates in the rank, and our testimony may be as unpopular as was the testimony of the two lonely witnesses, who stood up against an array of 600,000 outspoken unbelievers. We do not by this avowal, expect to increase our reputation either in the estimation of the ten spies, or the great multitude who would dissuade, in view of the formidableness of the undertaking, and are still journeying in the wilderness.

While we write, we seem to feel a closer clinging to Him who made Himself of no reputation for us. And more appealingly do we hear his voice sounding in our spirit's ear, "*Ye are my witnesses!*" A witness testifies to what he knows as an *individual*. It is

the personal, unwavering, outspoken testimony of the life and lip, for the World's Redeemer, that the exigencies of the precious cause of heart purity now demands. He who has redeemed His people wholly unto himself at an infinite price, is now raising up hundreds of responsible witnesses, both among the ministry and people all over the land, to testify of His ability to bring up all his ransomed hosts out of the wilderness, into

"The land of rest from inbred sin
The land of perfect holiness."

To every one thus brought out, he is now saying, testify of that you know, *speaking* of that you have seen. That is "*You know what I have done for you, therefore testify for me!*" And don't jeopardize the cause by giving in a *wavering* testimony. Wavering testimony in civil jurisprudence is ruled out of court, and is it not ruled out of the court of heaven? It is, therefore, the Apostle says to his brethren, "Let us hold fast the *profession* of our faith without *wavering*, for He is faithful that hath promised." We, therefore, dare not say with our author, to those who through the blood of the everlasting covenant have attained to a state of holiness, "Do not attach too much importance to *profession*." Can we attach too much importance to a *duty*, which in the unequivocal language of Scripture, is made so plain, that the most humble and unsophisticated child of heaven, cannot misunderstand. How did the ancient worthies overcome? Was it not by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their testimony? Would the Divine admonition have been so explicit, "Hold fast therefore the profession of your faith, without wavering," if in accordance with the teachings of the author of "Christian Purity," it is not a matter of importance?

We might fill a page with direct passages to prove that the believer is sanctified by *faith*. And what is *faith*? Dr. Clark and many others tell us, that it means simply, taking God at his word. Jesus, in praying for his disciples, said, "*Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.*" And when the Word, by which the earnest seeker of entire sanctification is *believed*, is that faith to be *professed*? Our author cautions us "not to be in a hurry in making a profession." But what does the author of the Book of Books say on this point? "With the heart man be-

lieveth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Is not *confession* here set forth as the next immediate step after faith? Is not a holy *haste* necessary, if we would be answerable to the Divine bidding? Surely it is better to obey God than man.

Our author seems to have been singularly unfortunate in his associations, in connexion with the subject of which he writes. We have never ourselves fallen in with a class of errorists, such as described in his book. And we hope that what we say, may be a preservative against his too fearful forebodings in regard to the many strange abuses of the doctrine which he speaks of as prevalent.

We will instance a few named by Dr. F. "We are to believe the work is done, and it will be done." "Persons seeking the blessing have been told that they must believe they are sanctified, and they will be sanctified." Now Doctor, when and where did you fall in with such teachings. We have visited and labored in most of our large cities, East, West, North and South, and also in many of the larger towns and cities in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, and NEVER have we fallen in with a class of errorists of this sort. If we knew of the prevalence of an error so pitifully absurd, in any part of the globe, we would love to present as a missionary offering this book of warnings. We would tell them in the language of the author, that to "make sanctification depend on the belief of an untruth, is a great delusion, that it is not a doctrine of the Bible, etc." But we do not now know, neither have we ever known of any one to whom the utterance of such a senseless absurdity would not be a reflection on their common sense.

Another error deplored by the Doctor is this: "All one has to do to be entirely sanctified is to believe. Believe *what*? Does the Doctor mean to believe that we are sanctified irrespective of compliance with the conditions? If so, it is only an error, of which we have already said, we know nothing. But if the Doctor would suggest that the error lies in believing that God accepts wholly, when we give ourselves wholly to Him, then we think the God of the Bible will convict our author of error. Unbelief is a sin. "He that believeth not, maketh God

a liar." "This is the command of God that ye believe." Not to believe involves disobedience.

Believe *what*? we again ask. Our answer before God is this. Believe, when an absolute, unconditional and eternal surrender is made, that God will receive. If the question be asked *WHEN*? the answer is "Now." Now is the accepted time. And why believe it *now*? Because God says so. To believe it, is not to believe in ourselves, nor in our feelings, but in God's *immutable* word. We are sanctified through the belief of the TRUTH. The witness comes *through* believing, not *before*, not *after*, but in the act. "He that *believeth* hath the witness in himself. "Sanctify them through thy truth. Thy word is truth." Surely Dr. Foster would not suggest, that there is danger of believing too soon, after one has through the power of the Holy Spirit been enabled to comply with the conditions. Fletcher saw the duty of believing so imperative, that he said,

"Be it I myself deceive,
Yet I must, I will believe."

Dr. F. speaks of another abuse of the doctrine, which he regards as yet more preposterous." It is this: "*Rendering a profession of sanctification, a condition of its attainment.*" This is indeed strangely preposterous, and where our author could have met with such singular perversions of the doctrine of entire sanctification we cannot conceive. To permit our hearts to speak out, we must say that the Doctor has permitted his fears, to work into shape a distorted picture, which we think more mature, prayerful thought will banish from his imagination. He says, "It suspends the blessing, not only on the belief of a falsehood, but likewise upon the profession of it." Never having met with any one in any part of the world, whose belief bordered on such an inconsistency, we cannot but think that the Doctor's fears are groundless, and we trust after our author has made himself better acquainted with the professors of holiness, that he also may see, that a large proportion of his solitudes are unfounded.

"With zeal we watch
And weigh the doctrine, while the spirit 'scapes,
And in the carving of our cummin-seeds,
Our metaphysical hair-splittings, fail
To note the orbit of the star of love,
Which never sets."

THE NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

EDITORIAL.

The statements in our last in regard to the great National Camp Meeting to commence July 6th, 1869, were doubtless read by thousands of the lovers of Christian holiness with satisfaction. It is with gratitude we recall the remarkable manifestations of divine power witnessed at the Vineland and Manheim Camp Meetings, held during the past two years. We do not doubt but hundreds will to all eternity praise the Triune Deity that those meetings were ever held. The fruit of these, and a similar meeting held at Moundsville, West Virginia, abound to the praise of God all over the land. Let all who love the cause of holiness unite in asking that the anticipated meeting at ROUND LAKE may exceed any preceding meeting in manifestations of the divine presence. In view of the former meetings having been so signally blest, we have thought it might be well to guard ourselves and others against undue dependence on the excellency of "the National Camp Meeting" as an institution, as though it might as a matter of course be signally owned of God, and as a consequence not so deeply feel the need of an increase of faith and power in order to make it a great success.

Let us most carefully guard ourselves as individuals in view of this matter. Whether sustaining an official relation to the meeting, or ranked among the private subordinates, we shall all by way of preparation for a successful campaign, need to arm ourselves with a mighty increase of spiritual power. The National Camp Meeting is surely designed of God to be an instrument of great good. Yes! it is a glorious enterprise. Not only does a host of God's redeemed sanctified ones, know that great victories were gained over the dominion of sin, as the result of the National Camp Meeting the past two years, but of this, Satan and his hosts are also aware. And may we not anticipate that as an angel of light he will muster his forces in strong array to withstand. Aware of his exceeding subtlety let us beware. Let us by way of preparation get deep down into the low vale of humility. Satan does not come to the sanctified heart generally as a fiend of darkness. Too well does he know

that such would abhor his approach, and fly in a moment for succor to the stronghold. But there is danger that we may not always be equally on our guard when the arch-deceiver comes robed as an angel of light. Of course he looks greatly like a good angel then, and we need to set a double watch, or in an unlooked for manner he will gain advantage in a way we have not anticipated.

Let us tell the Lord if He will cause the institution of the National Camp Meeting to be a hundred-fold more successful than the preceding years, we will pledge ourselves as individuals to get down yet lower in the valley of humility—that we will through grace never assume in any possible degree the glory either in word or deed, as though this were great Babylon that we had built, but only strive in lowliness to vie in ascribing glory to God in the highest!

And now dearly beloved, shall we not as one, unite in daily supplication in behalf of the interests of the National Camp Meeting. May we not again unitedly fix our faith on the promise, "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not." Why not ask that we may witness a hundred-fold more divine power than we have before seen?

Loved One's Gone Before.

LOUISA M. TRACEY.

MRS. S. A. T.

The heavenly world is so near us, that sometimes as a dear one passes into its shining portals, those that linger around the death-bed get a glimpse of the glory beyond, and are made to realize how true, how glorious are "spiritual things," and that it is only by a thin veil we are separated from the "home of the soul."

On Christmas eve, Dec. 24, 1868, Louisa S. Tracey, eldest daughter of L. L. and E. S. Tracey, passed over the "river of death," and the last hours of her earthly life were so filled with heaven, and bore such witness of what the grace of God can do for His children, we feel it a duty to write a few lines for the comfort of her many friends, and the encouragement of the readers of the precious "Guide."

Though naturally possessed with a spirit of reticence upon the subject of death, yet our gentle, timid Louisa was enabled, through Christ, to face the grim monster with calmness and resignation, such as is seldom witnessed. Dear L. was converted at Janesville, Wis., in Jan. 1865, under the labors of Rev. A. C. Manwell, from that time forward her Christian life was even, and her graces gradually ripening for heaven. In the fall of 1865, her parents moved to Aurora, Ill., and although among strangers she was ever found in the class-room, and at the place of prayer, till those who knew her best, loved her most. In the spring of 1867, she removed with her parents to Bloomington, Ill.,—again she was among strangers, and again she identified herself with the people of God.

The chilly winds of March pierced her feeble frame, and although twenty summers had scarcely reached her, yet it was plainly seen that quick consumption, which has stricken down so many loved ones, had marked her for its victim.

Feeling herself tottering under the disease, she seemed to set about preparing for the exchange of worlds. In June she experienced the blessing of heart purity and from that time (as her dear mother expresses it), "our hearts ran together, she was our counsellor and earthly guide, and her sick room was like the gate of heaven, it seemed no place for conversation on earthly topics, but only to talk of Jesus and sing of His love." As her sweet face became pallid, her body racked with pain and emaciated by disease, her spirit became more and more Christ-like, till like the heated silver, the image of its Maker is reflected on the surface. But we must pass over many days of patient suffering, each hour of which was freighted with many lessons of faith, many beautiful sayings from her lips, which were never known to murmur or complain.

Wednesday before Christmas there came a sudden change, her loving parents saw she must soon leave them, in tears they stood around her bed, she with a heavenly smile said, "Do not weep for me, but rejoice that I am going home, and do not think of me as dead, but as happy in Jesus' arms, my head is on his breast." An older brother,

whom she had always loved (as only an affectionate sister can love), was far away in Council Bluff and by an over-ruling hand was not permitted to hear her last words of admonition and farewell, but he was ever in her thoughts, and during the lonely hours of midnight (Wednesday), she said, "Mother, I have a message for Lester, my dear, noble brother, how I have always loved him! When you write to him, tell him I have crossed over the river, and am waiting for him on the other shore." Thursday was a day of extreme suffering, yet Jesus was her abiding strength and hope. She often requested those standing by to sing "Shall we gather at the river," "Rock of ages," and many other of her favorite hymns. Towards the close of the day she chose two dear sisters in Christ to dress her body for the tomb, made her wish to have a quiet funeral at home, and then, said she, lay me away. After which she bade a loving farewell to father, mother, and each little brother and sister, giving each one words of advice and encouragement. Nor did she forget the many friends who had been so kind to her during her weeks and months of suffering. "Now," said she, "I am ready." Turning to her heart-broken father, she said: "Father, do not weep, you will all come; you will not come first, but you will all come. and then will that not be a happy meeting?" Her father noticed she was praying said he, "My daughter do you want we should pray with you again!" "No," said she, "let me pray for myself this time." Then, in a whisper, she said, "Jesus! take me, take me now," and in a moment, with a sweet smile playing over her face, she fell asleep in Jesus' arms. Dear Cousin was in glory. Thus while some of her dear relatives far away in Janesville were enjoying the pleasures of a merry Christmas-tree, her spiritual eyes were allowed to gaze on that Saviour over whom the Star of Bethlehem shone. May we follow her as she followed Christ. She sleeps in a beautiful spot in the Bloomington Cemetery. Blessed resting place!

For the Guide.
GILBERT WETMORE.
D. J. WARD.

Gilbert Wetmore fell asleep in Jesus near Middleburg, Nebraska, September 25, 1868,

aged 31 years, 6 months and 11 days. He was born in Jefferson Co., March 14, 1837, converted in Feb. 1867, and sanctified wholly in June, 1868.

Not dead but sleepeth. True his body lies "not beneath the clods of the valley," but on the high prairie, in view of the writer, yet a hallow of sacred glory clusters around his memory. We love to stop and think of his earnest zeal for truth, his loving appeals to the ungodly, and his humble obedience and entire submission to the divine will. How fresh in our memory are those features. Methinks I can look in through the window, "the eye," and as I behold that soul purified by the precious blood of Christ, discover the image of the blessed Jesus. What opposites I see there. Such firmness and decision of character, and yet such gentleness and love.

His Christian career was short, but earnest and effective. He lost no opportunity of publicly declaring Christ's power not only to pardon but also to cleanse. At the last meeting he was privileged to attend he said, "Brethren I want to die—sanctified." And thank God, we believe he did. He was among the first of a few earnest se-ekers for holiness who obtained, but now glory to God we have over twenty who profess and give evidence of having attained that great blessing. All glory to the bleeding Lamb.

For the Guide.
MRS. EMMA SHECTER.
MRS. S. A. COOK.

Mrs. Emma Spector, daughter of M. B. and S. A. Cook, departed this life December 19th, 1868, in South Bend, Indiana, aged twenty-three years and nine months. She was converted and joined the M. E. Church, January, 1865, in Richwood, Ohio. Her conversion was clear and powerful and she demonstrated to all with whom she associated that she had been with Christ and learned of him.

In the fall of 1867, her health failed. From that time until her death, she was a constant sufferer. In all her affliction of body and mind, (she was called during her illness to part with a lovely little daughter,) She was never heard to murmur or complain. When asked if she had any desire to recover? she said if it was God's will, if not she would rather depart and

be with Christ. Said she had no fear of death, though her friends were very dear to her, and it was a great trial to give them up. But grace triumphed, and she was enabled to lay all on the altar, and by faith in the Son of God, realized that the sacrifice was accepted, and she was enabled to claim Christ as her all sufficient Saviour.

A few days before her death she expressed a desire to partake of the Lord's Supper for the last time on earth. It was a season long to be remembered, for God revealed himself to all present in a remarkable manner. The sacrament was administered by Rev. T. C. Hackney. We bless God for the hope of drinking it anew with her in our Father's kingdom.

When about to step into the cold stream of Jordan, she called her friends around her and gave to them her last admonition, and sealed each with a kiss of affection. She then desired her father to pray. With a sweet smile on her countenance she clasped her emaciated hands together and joined in prayer. Her feet were already in the stream and with holy triumph beaming in her countenance she exclaimed, precious Jesus, Hallelujah!

We mourn not as others having no hope, for we are assured that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. After an appropriate discourse from these words, "Work while the day lasts," we laid her remains away in the beautiful city cemetery to wait the resurrection morn.

"Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sinks those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light."

Editorial.

WORDS AND WORK FOR JESUS.

At the time our April number was passing through the press, we were witnessing most gracious conquests of the cross at Utica, N. Y. During the remainder of our stay there, the permeating influences of the blessed Holy Spirit, pervaded the city yet more powerfully with every passing day, sending out the people in yet larger numbers, and causing the stout-hearted to quail, under the piercing edge of Divine truth.

THE CONVERTS.

were not faint in their utterances, but gave

most pleasing and strong testimony that they were truly born of the Spirit. Many of them spoke from night to-night before the unsaved multitude, as Dr. P. gave opportunity, of the bliss of their new-born souls and of the wondrous power of Jesus as a Deliverer and Saviour.

During our stay, *two hundred and twenty-five* names were recorded by the Secretary as newly brought out of spiritual Egypt. Glory be to God in the highest! The work seemed to be only bounded by the want of ample room, the crowd being so great as to prevent free access to the altar, and the accommodations for seekers too circumscribed.

A scene of the deepest interest remains yet to be described. In view of the fact that we had once asked the Lord to permit us to see a Model Revival, and He showed us

THE PATTERN,

we saw that there was something more that must be done, ere we could hasten away from this scene of labor. The Model having thus far been regarded, that is, the Church membership had many of them prepared themselves to come up to the help of the Lord, they had thrown away, or

BURIED THEIR IDOLS,

and emerging out of their wilderness state, were clothing themselves with the power of personal holiness, and now that sinners through this augmented power in the Church, had so many of them been brought out of Egyptian bondage, we saw that if we would follow the pattern, a further work must be accomplished for the converts.

So we set apart an early hour of one evening, to tell the converts, not only that it was their privilege to be sanctified wholly, but also

JUST HOW

they might go up and possess the promised land. We told them that the condition upon which they might at once enter upon the purchased possession, was an unconditional and eternal surrender of all their redeemed powers to God, in view of all coming time. Or in other words, enter into the bonds of an *everlasting covenant* well ordered and sure, that without stipulation they would be forever the Lord's. The next step we pointed out was faith. Inasmuch as God says, I will receive you, that they were bound to say,

with their eye fixed on the naked WORD alone,

"THOU DOST RECEIVE ME."

The ever blessed Holy Spirit gave power to the word of exhortation, and the noble band of converts came flocking from every part of the house, crowding the altar and all its surroundings. Seldom have we felt more deeply the solemnity of an act. There stood the converts before the gazing multitude. The sacred awe that pervaded our own mind seemed also to pervade other minds, and to sit on every countenance. There the converts stood, as

CANDIDATES FOR THE BAPTISM

of fire. Said the tempter, this is novel. And what a responsibility do you assume! Suppose the Lord does not own this rite, nor set his seal! But I spurned the suggestions and said it is God's order. There is one standing in the midst who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

The word was given that all should kneel. The lines were then sung:

Come! let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.
The covenant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind,
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast His words behind.
We never will throw off His fear,
Who hears our solemn vow,
And if Thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down and meet us now.
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive,
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.
To each the covenant blood apply,
That takes our sins away,
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

This solemn hymn being sung by the kneeling ones, a voice followed in prayer, in which one, through the Holy Spirit seemed to be mouth for all in

SEALING THE COVENANT

of eternal allegiance to Christ, and in assurances of Divine acceptance. We think not one present participating in this ever

memorable service, but will attest that the Third Person in the adorable Trinity, was gloriously present to seal those who thus, before God, angels and men, had so sacredly bowed to present themselves wholly and eternally, binding all upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift. What a sinking and rising, in the Divine life, did that hour witness! Many rose to testify that the offering was accepted, and that they were Divinely assured that they were all the Lord's. We would love to linger here, and speak of the

MANIFESTATIONS OF POWER

that we witnessed on the part of some of the Spirit baptized converts. One of these who had expressed his convictions to us, that though blest with a sense of sweet forgiving love, there was still a lingering of the fear of man—a conscious want unsatisfied. The altar surrounding being crowded with those who in the eagerness of desire had preceded him as seekers of the great salvation, he was through the force of circumstances, brought inside the altar rail. And here he was, when the gift of power fell. We may judge that the fear of man was indeed banished. It was less than half an hour after he had knelt in the altar, that he was standing before the crowded assembly on the platform, addressing his fellow townsmen, to whom he had been long known as a zealous politician, and was now holding a trustworthy influential position. Now his one great concern was that they might be induced to come to Jesus.

None could have doubted, but his heart was now so filled with

CHRIST'S CONSTRAINING LOVE

as to banish all fear, as he once and again that evening from his full soul, entreated his unsaved fellow men, to seek an interest in Jesus.

Several husbands and wives were saved. One man holding a position to influence the minds of the community as an editor, was so clearly and powerfully saved that we could not but feel that he was commencing a life mission, by way of alluring lost sinners to the Saviour. Memory gathers around us other converts both male and female of equal promise, whose manifestations of loving zeal in bringing others to Jesus, gives promise of a blessed future, if they abide faithful to the grace given. May the great Shepherd and

Bishop of souls preserve them unto His heavenly kingdom. May pastors and teachers after God's own heart ever be given, to lead them into green pastures and instruct in the principles of true holiness, and all at last appear in Zion before God. How sad it would be that one should be wanting when Jesus makes up his Jewels.

And here we were about to pause, but on reviewing the few first paragraphs, one whispers
DO YOU INDEED BELIEVE

that young converts can be brought to a proper appreciation and experience of the doctrine of heart holiness so soon after conversion. We do sincerely believe it. You will remember that the True and Faithful has said, "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine." These young converts had been brought out of spiritual Egypt, with the idea distinctly before them, that they were to go up, and possess the promised land. Did not God's ancient people come up out of Egypt with the *distinct* understanding that they were to go up at once and possess the good land. Could there have been any one mind so obtuse as not to comprehend this! The same Almighty ever present Spirit, that brought Israel out of Egyptian bondage, had brought these newly emancipated ones out of spiritual Egypt, and surely the same Holy Spirit would now teach them, not only the distinct wherefore, of their being brought out of bondage, but would be mightily given to aid them in attaining the promised grace. We therefore did not reckon without our host, when we told them that from henceforth their way must ever be onward and upward. We had also warned them from time to time of the danger of not

GOING UP AT ONCE

to possess the promised land of rest from inbred sin, by the example of the Israelites, who because they did not go up at the command of God, were doomed to go back, and their fearful wanderings of forty years, and their final fall, all occurred *after* they might and by the command of God ought to have gone forward. Surely the Holy Spirit will ever be fully answerable to His own holy teachings, on a point so palpably taught in the Scriptures. It is an

ERROR OF GREAT MAGNITUDE.

that young converts are not ever being led

forth by the example and precept of those over them in the Lord, to go up at once and possess

"The Land of rest from unbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness."

This, says Mr. Wesley, (that is when converts are warm in the ardors of their first love) is *just the time and preferable to all others.*

But is there not danger that young converts may imagine that they have arrived at a point from which they may not progress, in case that their feet may be placed in the highway so soon? Certainly not. Is it not the work of the Holy Spirit to bring them into the way, and will not the same blessed Spirit, who now makes their believing hearts his abiding home, inspire them with quickened energies to *walk* in the way,—showing them ever that there is yet much land to be possessed? Alas for the

UNBELIEF OF THE CHURCH

on this point! It is because young converts are not in accordance with the teachings of the written WORD taught, that they must at once go up and possess the promised land, that so many go back, and their carcasses are bleaching in the wilderness. And where may the blood of these fallen ones be found. Perhaps on the skirts of those professors, who do not go up and possess the goodly land themselves, and are disposed to cavil with those who tell young converts that they *may* and *MUST* at once be holy.

Rebibal Miscellany.

For the Guide.

GLORIOUS TIDINGS FROM INDIA.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

M. ANNESLEY.

We arrived at Moradabad the last day of the year. We had a watch meeting and a glorious one it was. I could not stay, as I was so weary with my dusty journey. The others enjoyed it greatly, and some of the native helpers received a new blessing. The next day, the noon-day prayer-meetings commenced, and continued through the week with great interest. The prayer-meeting, the first night of the year, was more impressive than any I was ever in at home. I think brother Judd opened the meeting, and in his quiet way

simply and plainly told them of the great salvation, and urged that they should concentrate their prayers on the one point, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

The first prayers were quiet enough, but earnest, and then a thrill of divine power seemed to go through the company, gentle at first, but intensifying until at last it was hard to tell who was leading in prayer. Instead of the general cry, "Give us the Holy Ghost!" each one seemed to say, "Baptise me!"

"BAPTISE ME NOW!"

"Baptise me now, O Lord!" One who knelt near me, prayed so earnestly, that I thought his prayer alone would bring a blessing on all the company. Some that were cold and low, were blessed with a renewal of their faith, and others by faith took hold of the promises, and claimed Jesus as an all pardoning Saviour.

Several rose before the meeting closed, and asked prayers, that they might know more of the love of God. This was only the beginning of the feast, day after day, and night after night the same power was displayed, and very many entered into the

FULL LIBERTY

of Christ. I never heard clearer testimonies in the Tuesday meeting than those given there on the last day of our District Conference. Esther and I had a prayer-meeting with the women every day during the business hour of the Committees, and Brother Judd came and talked with them two or three times.

Several of the women received rich blessings. Some of the experiences, or rather

CONFESSIONS,

would have made you good people smile. One little woman said she used throw stones, and call bad names, and feel ugly in her heart, and when she was washing the children, if they did not behave she got mad, and shook and beat them; but now Jesus had come into her heart, and the bad seemed to be all gone. She does not get cross with the children any more, and when she was abused instead of feeling like doing the same in return, she felt pity for her enemy and asked God to forgive and bless her. Another said she had no words to express her happiness, it was beyond expression, Jesus was with her all the time, and her heart was light and joyous all the day long.

How your heart would have rejoiced if you could have been in our little meetings.

These women are the wives of our native helpers, and are now scattered about in various places, but they have a

NEW POWER

among the people. I should like to introduce you to Sister Faur-ul-Haag our native missionary's wife, a noble woman, matron now of a girl's boarding school. Our District Conference broke up on Friday, and on Monday we started for Bareilly, and on Tuesday morning weary enough we were dropped at Brother Judd's door after fifteen hours travel, through such dust as you never saw. The brethren and sisters were all in at the beginning of

THE CONFERENCE,

and we were all in the Spirit for a good time. A short prayer-meeting opened every day's business, and at night, after the evening meeting and tea, we had family prayers. Sabbath was a precious day to all. The Lord was very manifest at our communion, and the Love-feast in the afternoon. It seemed as if we had no desire to leave the place, though the dinner hour came and passed, still we were all with one accord in our places. At last however, we adjourned, and the Love-feast was renewed on Monday evening, after tea, instead of family prayer—and so we kept up the Love-feast until Conference was over. A feast of love it truly was. The

TONGUES OF FIRE

came upon our hearts, if not on our heads—and nearly every one had the new song on his and her lips. Oh how we loved to linger there, we were never ready to separate until some one would say emphatically, "*We must go now.*"

Many evenings some would feel as if they were too tired to come up to tea, but still drawn to the place, they forgot all weariness in the presence of the Saviour. I don't think we'll ever forget when one brother sprang to his feet, interrupting the one who was speaking, and said, "I want to speak now, brother, just to tell you that Jesus has come into my heart now, and filled me full of Himself. Oh how glorious! Why Jesus is in me—I am nothing—he is all in all; I'm sure now I know what perfect love is." Another cried out,

"I'VE GOT IT, TOO,

bless God—my heart is full of glory, this is what I wanted, to have Christ dwell in me, and He does now, yes, He does now." Another said, "He thought that in Moradabad he

had the fullness of the blessing, but he now had received more still, and every minute he was getting more." The tears rolled down his cheeks, and with every sentence his voice rose higher, until his words were all lost in one "Glory! Glory!"

R. in a soft, low tone began to sing, "Glory to the Lamb," and I believe he sang entirely alone, when he ceased. After a few minutes silence, one said, let us engage in silent prayer, and we all knelt. After a few minutes R. again sang "Refining fire go through my heart," every voice joined.

Then the benediction was pronounced, but still we lingered on our knees, and the

MIDNIGHT BELL

warned us that nature must not be deprived of rest entirely—and reluctantly we left the sacred place. Several came to R. and asked why he did not continue to sing "Glory to the Lamb," for it was like the breath of heaven.

The prayers of the Church at home united to our prayers has brought the promised blessings down, and we are all confident that a work will now commence such as we scarcely thought of before.

Among our Hindoostani brethren, too, the power of God was felt. At one evening meeting about twenty arose for prayers—mostly the orphan girls.

The good work has not stopped, nor can it for it is God's work. This is but the beginning.

BIGNONI, Feb 5, 1869.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

MINISTERS' EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. T. COOPER.

If acceptable, please allow the following letter, written to my only brother, to express the substantial facts in relation to my religious experience.

BARRINGTON, Ill., Sept. 2, 1868.

F. J. COOPER, *Humbolt, Kans.*

DEAR BROTHER: Since my two last, I have not heard from you. I shall expect a letter soon. I am specially moved to write you these extra lines by what the Lord Jesus has done for my soul since my last to you.

I enjoy, dear brother, what I never did before—the full assurance of hope—the Rest of

Faith—the perfect love that casts out all fear that hath torment—the spirit of entire and sweet submission to God.

I will here state as well as I can my experience since my conversion.

Fifteen and a half years ago, (then we were boys at the old, parentless home near Meadville, Pa., you remember,) when I arose from a most sacred spot of penitential prayer—under a little pine tree—I there received the conscious forgiveness of sins.

From that time I felt called unto holiness and, shortly after, to the ministry also.

I tried to grow; I did grow slowly. But oh, the struggles with inbred sin and impurity were severe. After I began to preach as a local preacher, the conviction of the necessity of inward purity grew much more powerful. After I began to travel, it still increased year after year. During the past year or two, no human tongue can describe the conflicts and feelings experienced. My agony at times was most intense. I often yielded to temptation, to impatience, and was harassed with strange and perplexing doubts. At times it seemed as though this would crush my being. Indeed I felt I could not live long so. I more than once was tempted to say to wife, "I believe I will go into the pulpit next Sunday and tell my people I will not preach any more—I am not fit." I suppose I only held on, because I felt I did assent to Bible teaching. Thus I believed the theory of holiness—I wanted it—I longed for it—I hoped for a day of realization. So, I read on, prayed on, preached on. I observed closely what Christians had to say about the subject. In a word, I was *working* for it.

I related these things in my last love-feast meeting. The Presiding Elder made some excellent remarks at the close, and, I suppose, for my special benefit. He said it was just like God to let us try all things in our own way, until we found we could do nothing, then He would do the work Himself, and cut it short in righteousness, too. This helped me—it opened my eyes more and more.

Last week I resolved to attend our Chicago Camp-Meeting, for personal benefit. I did so. One morning I went into the woods to pray and think. My thoughts ran about on this wise: I know I am pardoned and have the peace of reconciliation with a forgiving God. I know I am renewed and love God, his cause

and his people. I know, too, all this is the work of Christ—shall he then not complete His own work, and make me pure within.

I saw in a moment not to think so was to wickedly reflect on Jesus—was a denial of his perfect atonement and work.

In the evening I came home on the cars. On the way I had a precious talk with a sister on the subject. She enjoyed the blessing. Judge of my surprise when she said, that as her pastor I had assisted her to attain by the utterance of this statement in a sermon: "Our entire subjection to God—unlike any thing human—is productive of the largest possible liberty of intellect and soul." This both reproved me and helped my faith. As I left the cars for the parsonage, and while walking along the sidewalk, many of the above thoughts passed and repassed in my mind. I thought of the perfect atonement for me; that Jesus now pleads, (not to perfect his redemption)—but to urge me to accept. I felt to say—I will, I trust, just now. When lo! in a moment, there seemed to be let right down out of heaven, an atmosphere of light, and peace, and joy, that passed all through my soul and body, and then extended out all around me, far and wide. It seemed to lift me up into a newer and more blessed plane of experience.

In a moment, all my perplexing doubts were gone, all the soul agony, all the burdens, and all the inward unrest.

In a moment, I felt the sweetness of perfect submission, and the Rest of Faith; and that perfect love casts out all fear that hath torment—that I could testify, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." Here I rest and rejoice with great joy.

I resign all—I give up all. Yes, blessed Jesus, all for thee. O, brother, I never felt so before! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!" Glory be to God!

Ah, brother, I am nothing. I am not my own; I am "bought with a price." Its all of "grace through faith," and that not of myself, both are "gifts of God."

Every moment I need the atoning blood, every moment the Saviour's help. But He says, "I will, be thou clean—I will help thee—I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

O, brother, Satan will always be cunning. He will try us at every point. If he sees us

likely to wholly trust in Jesus for full salvation, or having attained, continuing to do so, though Satan's buffetings are severe, then he will put great stress on repentance, or anything else but faith! And, indeed, if we even do *break* in the constancy of our full trust, yet "He abideth faithful." So, then, instead of "doing penance" for even the least swerving of faith, I feel sure the best way is to come at once—in full faith—to Jesus. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

The great Bible emphasis is on "Faith." By it the cleansing power comes to our hearts, and power to arise and go in peace and do the will of God. "All things are possible to him that believeth." Here let us rest forever. I cannot write more now, I know this news will greatly comfort and rejoice your own soul. I hope it will assist your faith. O press on, and attain the fullness of Christ. You will surely pray for us.

Affectionately, your brother,

J. T. COOPER.

I will just add that the witness of the Spirit to my spirit is clear, and produces the conviction of undoubted reality—as much so, even more, as when I felt forgiven. These evidences to my soul have come in this order: 1. A sense of light, peace, joy. 2. A sense of the fullness of love, and of the holy presence of Christ around me and within my soul. 3. A peculiar feeling that I lie at the foot of the Cross—where all my help is. 4. That grace is sufficient for me to testify of the work, and also to prepare me to expect and meet opposition, even by professing Christians.

For the Guide.

MEETING FOR HOLINESS.

CARRIE.

Have just returned from the meeting for the promotion of Holiness, held in Bro. Brown's home, on Adelphi Street. The meeting was a large one, and most profitable. These meetings have been held over one year, and steadily progressed from time to time in numbers, and most successful in results for Jesus. Twenty-six arose this afternoon, asking the prayers of God's people, for the blessing of full salvation. How blessed it is to know that in taking Jesus, we take full salvation. It is so plain to us to-day, so simple, Lord increase our faith!

The Lord has been honored from time to

time in this home for Jesus. Blessed testimony has been given in demonstration of the glorious doctrine of full salvation. O, that the world might taste and see the riches of His grace. Very many weary, sin-sick souls will thank God forever that this privilege was afforded them, viz., finding Jesus as a Saviour for themselves. We send this line to the friends of our Lord Jesus Christ, asking them to pray that God would carry on this work in Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. Bro. B., a Congregational minister, said, "my soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof and be glad." He would impress upon them the value of Christians telling their experience of the grace of God. He had felt for years the importance of being an honest, faithful witness for Christ; and in bearing such testimony, though he felt himself but feeble, he had often had the realization that his Heavenly Father was pleased with his course. He was often impressed that in this he was going contrary to the views of his brethren, who thought persons should not speak much of their own experience. Often while speaking of his experience, the thought would occur to him that it would not be listened to with favor by many who were present. Often in ministers' meetings, he had felt a sweet constraint to do this, and afterward there had come such a delightful realization that he had done what was right, and what possibly might be of service to some soul. Time after time, people came to his house, who were strangers, and after introducing themselves, would say, "I heard you speak at such a time and place, and it was just what I needed to know." A great many persons had thus cheered his heart and convinced him that the discharge of such duties were not in vain. He believed there was a great deal of practical godliness in the Methodist denomination. He was free to say that, because he did not belong to them, and he

believed that to a great extent it grew out of their practice of setting forth their experience. He prayed God there might always be a clear and strong testimony of Christian experience in that church. True, it was not always that people spoke with wisdom and good judgment, but there was so much benefit arising from the practice, that it counterbalanced all defects. How can it be otherwise when a soul was full of the Holy Ghost, it should prove a blessing to many who heard of its experience. That the testimony of the Lord was sure he had repeatedly found, after telling of Jesus on North River steamboats and elsewhere. Let everybody, who knows of it, testify of the grace of God.

Rev. Bro. B.—He found in the Scriptures that there were two things always united, the power of God and the faith of the individual. You have not failed to observe the wondrous depth in the Scriptures, when it speaks of faith, and power, and love. Christ is great in heaven, and higher than principalities and powers; but to an individual, Christ is just what He is revealed to that individual. Once he thought Christ was to an individual all He was in heaven; but he found that was a mistake. Christ is all He is to me. So it is of importance to hold on to the profession of our faith. As he might proceed, or advance, or venture, Christ would proceed, advance and venture. If he should make no venture, Christ could be realized but slightly. Hence the necessity that we walk out upon untrod-den ground, and test and prove the promises, and yet we should do what the Apostles were bidden to do, tarry till they were endued with power. He had been told to go and do the work and trust in God, and wait for no more power. The Word says, "Tarry till ye be endued with power from on high." The owners of ships do not put cables on their vessels and then tell the sailors to trust them, until they had tried them themselves. In the Navy Yard each particular link of every great cable is tested, and after it has borne the requisite strain, it is stamped with its possibilities of endurance. When you ask others to do what you have not done, do you not feel weak? It made a difference also with him, whether he got Scripture directly from the Book or after it went through his heart. To be "strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering

with joyfulness." He was on one step when he had patience, but not on the last one. He might be strengthened, but did not hence follow that he was strengthened unto all patience. Or there might be long-suffering, but there should be long-suffering with joyfulness. They were to be more than conquerors, strong after they had won in a terrible conflict.

Book Notices.

THE GARDEN OF SORROWS; OR, THE MINISTRY OF TEARS. By Rev. JOHN ATKINSON. New York, Carlton & Lanahan.

This volume is a valuable contribution to the devotional literature of the Church. Christ has his suffering followers in every part of the land. The excellent Author dedicates the labor of his devout chastened mind, to those who suffer and to those who weep. Reader are you in suffering circumstances, get this book, read and ponder prayerfully, and through the blessing of the Divine Comforter it will speak to your heart in soothing, loving tones, and will serve to bring you into closer sympathy with Him who wept that you might smile. Would you love to minister as a worker—together with Him who is touched with the infirmities and sorrows of all his dear afflicted ones; be sure and get this book, and present or loan it to that dear friend of Jesus who is now suffering the chastenings of the Almighty. It is got up in the neatest style of the art.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD EXPLAINED AND APPLIED. By Rev. FRANCIS BOURDILLON, M.A. Carlton & Lanahan, N. Y.

A book for the thousands, published by the Tract Society of the M. E. Church. The aim of the Work is not critical elucidation, but simple, practical application. The Author says that his aim has been to use great plainness of speech in the earnest hope that the book may be suited to the unlearned as well as to those of more cultivated ability. This volume will not only be highly appreciated by Bible class teachers but in the home circle.

COMPANION OF THE BIBLE. By Professor E. P. BARROWS, D. D., Andover, Mass. 639 pages, large 12mo. American Tract Society, 160 Nassau St. Price \$1.50.

This is a fresh and most valuable help, and will be very serviceable to ministers, Sabbath School teachers, and students of the Word of God: to furnish them in brief compass all the preliminary information they need about the Bible, preparatory to the study of individual books. It fills a place not occupied in either Bible, Dictionary, or Commentary. Professor Barrows has a clear, accurate, and sound mind, imbued with a reverent love for God's word, and has garnered up in this volume the ripened harvest of his life-long study—God's word—with the latest and best critical helps of every kind.

LITTLE MEG'S CHILDREN. By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," &c. Published by the American Tract Society, 160 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Those who have read "Jessica's First Prayer" will be prepared to appreciate this little volume. It will in-

terest old and young, and is calculated to inspire confidence in God as the Hearer of prayer and the Father of the fatherless.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER. A Poem in Twelve Books. By EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M. A. Incumbent of Christ Church, Hampstead. New York, Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway. Price \$2.

This is a remarkable work. We certainly do not expect to read all of the works noticed in our pages, but here is one that we have found it difficult to lay aside until read. It abounds in interest from the first to the last page. The poem begins with an account of the creation of angels and men. In this the author passes over similar ground as Milton, but he treats the subject in a different style, and, to our mind, with more spiritual power. The volume is full of noble, holy thoughts, and cannot be read and studied prayerfully without much religious profit and spiritualizing the affections. Reader, get the book! and, we think, you may be disposed to say the half was not told you.

THE EMPTY CRIB. A Memorial of Little Georgie, with Words of Consolation for Bereaved Parents. By THEO. L. CUYLER, Brooklyn. New York, R. Carter & Bros. Pages 160. Price \$1.

This is a precious memorial of a little twin-son of Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who, in his fifth year, finished a bright, beautiful existence on earth. The father of little Georgie tells us, that the narrative and the succeeding articles are published simply and solely with the hope that they may be a solace and a blessing to some hearts in the great *Household of the Sorrowing*. This handsomely bound volume contains an engraving of the charming twin-boys, of whom one has been taken and the other left.

HADES AND HEAVEN; OR, WHAT DOES SCRIPTURE REVEAL OF THE ESTATE AND EMPLOYMENTS OF THE BLESSED DEAD, AND OF THE RISEN SAINTS. By Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A. Carter & Bros.

The re-publication of this work in America will furnish a delightful refreshment to many spiritually-minded Christians, irrespective of sect. "For our conversation is in heaven." Those who have dear ones in heaven, (and who have not) and whose conversation is there, will enjoy these Scriptural teachings of the state and employments of those who have passed on before.

NOON-TIDE AT SYCHAR; OR, THE STORY OF JACOB'S WELL. A New Testament Chapter in Providence and Grace. By Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D., Author of "Sunsets on the Mountains," &c. Carter & Bros.

This volume consists of a series of interesting chapters, suggested of the lessons gained from our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well. Alike as with all the writings of Dr. Macduff, it is eminently practical, and cannot be read but with much spiritual profit.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD, AND THE FIRST BEREAVEMENT. By Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Carter & Bros.

A timely gift, not only for mourners, but for all the truly devout, who prize the teachings of the Divine Comforter. For every day in the month it presents some precious consolations, with some inspiring comments.

LITTLE FREDDIE FEEDING HIS SOUL. By SAY PUTMAN. No. 3. Fireside Library. An instructive and interesting work for children of tender years. Carter & Bros.

The Valley of Blessing.

1. I have entered the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a -

bides with me there; And his Spir - it and blood make my cleansing com -

CHORUS.

plete, And his per - fect love casteth out fear. O, come to this

valley of blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will fullness be - stow— And be -

lieve, and re - ceive, and confess him, That all, his sal - va - tion may know.

There is peace in this valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.—*Chorus.*

There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;

When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—*Chorus.*

There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."—*Chorus.*

Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1869.

For the Guide.
FAITH VICTORIOUS.
REV. J. A. BROOKS.

For years I had been a believer in the precious doctrine of purity of heart in this life, and had sometimes preached it to others, knowing, however, that I myself was a stranger to its reality.

I came to the conclusion that it was vain to teach in theory what I did not enjoy in experience. But, when I thought of seeking for it, I came to the conclusion, that situated as I was, it would be impossible for me to retain it, if I should succeed in reaching that point, and, therefore, ceased to preach on the subject, and resolved to do the best I could, hoping that at death, God would cut short the work for me, and save me; for I felt I could not be saved without it.

This conclusion soon became a snare to me, and the force of circumstances became my apology for every omission of duty or inconsistent act, and alas! for too many years I was unsteady in my Christian course, and fluctuating in my enjoyments. Often doing and saying things that pained my heart afterward, and pleading circumstances in extenuation of the wrong. In a word, sinning and repenting was the largest share of my experience, and yet I knew I was sincere; often appealing to God to witness that sincerity.

Some three years since a friend of mine placed a number of the "Guide" in my hands. I examined and admired it; came home and ordered it at once. When the first number of it came to hand, I went with it before God and

sincerely prayed that He would make it a blessing to me, and that prayer was answered. Before I was through reading it, my soul was stirred, and I felt my great need of a pure heart. But now began the conflict.

All my former shortcomings came up as arguments against me. The force of circumstances, so long my favorite subterfuge, was now plead with a fearful power. I resolved and re-resolved to be more guarded, but was powerless to carry out these purposes. How my heart panted for purity, and yet I could not believe it was for me. The fearful truth was clear to me that I loved to linger in sin's dominion: was unwilling to have my idols cast down.

I longed for each number of the "Guide," read, wept, prayed, but could not believe; could not consecrate myself entirely to God. Twelve months had well nigh passed, and still the contest increased; still I hungered and thirsted. But still plead the force of circumstances.

One day a fearful temptation came, and God seemed to forsake me, and my feet had well nigh slipped. When alone, I thought how near I had been a captive to the tempter, and was thereby convinced that unless by grace I was raised above circumstances, I would one day fall by the hand of my enemy; and now the conflict became extremely intense.

I commenced to dedicate myself to God every morning, resolved to live by the day, and this I did for some weeks regularly.

One year since, last Christmas day, there was religious service in the village,

and I started to attend. But having heard the minister, who was to officiate, preach that a pure heart could not be attained in this life, I felt that in my frame of mind his teaching could do me no good, and came back again.

The day was spent in weeping and pleading for power to give myself to God. Late in the afternoon, while on my knees, I was through grace able to lay all on the altar, and for the first time let go my cherished delusion and take comfort in the thought that I, too, through grace could rise above my surroundings. Next morning when I knelt to give myself to God for the day, I renewed my life consecration and peace—glorious peace came to my heart. I felt, but feared to say the work was done.

No outburst of rapture was mine; but calm, settled, constant peace and assurance, that Christ was in me the hope of glory.

On the next Sabbath I said to the class that I had made an entire consecration of myself and all that I called mine, to the Lord, and so clear was my conviction of the truth at that moment that I was induced to say "I believe He has accepted it.

Language can never describe the joy that at that moment filled my poor heart. It was indeed unspeakable and full of glory.

Since that time I have had conflicts by which the graces are tried, developed and strengthened. But praises to God they deprive me not of that consolation which flows from communion with the Father through the Son.

Others are becoming interested in this precious truth within the three last weeks. One of our number has by faith embraced, and is rejoicing in perfect love. Others are anxiously seeking for it. All praise and honor to God forever.

◆◆◆ RICHES AND HONOR.

There is no honor like a relation to Christ; no riches like the grace of Christ; no learning like the knowledge of Christ; and no person's learning like the servants of Christ."

For the Guide.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT. No. 8.

MEEKNESS.

REV. W. H. POOLE, CANADA.

"Blessed are the meek."—"He will beautify the meek with salvation."

Meekness is called by the Apostle, *πραότης* from *πραος* which means easiness of spirit. The Latins call a meek *mān mansuetus*, which means "used to the hand," an allusion to the system of taming and re-claiming creatures wild by nature and habit, and bringing them to be easy and gentle; so the influence of the Holy Spirit calms the impetuous dispositions and teaches men lessons of submission and of meekness.

There is a natural meekness of temper or spirit, an easy-going flexibility of character, which is the fruit of temperament or constitution.

There is also an ethical or moral meekness, an amiable and a beautiful virtue, which is the fruit of education and mental training.

But the meekness here alluded to is the direct result of the influence and operation of the Divine Spirit upon the human heart, by which the "wild olive tree" is grafted into the good olive, and made to yield fruit unto holiness.

Meekness, in the school of the philosophers, is a virtue, holding a middle place between the extremes of rash and excessive anger on the one hand, and a defect of anger on the other—a mean which Aristotle confessed it was very hard exactly to gain.

Meekness, in the school of Christ, is a grace wrought by the Holy Ghost in the hearts of believers, teaching and enabling them, at all times, to keep their passions and dispositions under the government of reason and religion.

As a Christian virtue it is forcibly recommended to our practice by the example and precepts of our blessed Saviour. It consists not only in an unresisting but a forgiving temper—a temper that is unruffled by injuries and provocations. It is, however, an infirmity and an evidence of weakness if it spring from a want of spirit or self-re-

spect, or an unconsciousness of what is due to ourselves as men or as Christians. As a natural temper or the product of our constitution, it sinks into meanness and servility, but when it is an acquired temper, built upon principle, and moulded into a habit of the mind, it is one of the grand characteristics of the religion we profess.

By meekness, easiness of spirit or quietness of temper—I do not mean that quietness of spirit which yields a ready compliance to the syren voice of the deceiver, and allows the introduction of error in doctrine or viciousness in practice. I do not mean a passive tameness of spirit, which knows nothing of “resisting unto blood striving against sin.” It is not a passiveness produced by ignorance or a stupid insensibility. It is not a timid cowardice that fears to reprove the wrong, and half sanctions rather than censure the wrong-doer. It is not servility or a base cringing of spirit to the dishonorable or the sinful. It is not stoical indifference. Jesus was meek, and the great pattern of meekness, and yet no nature was more sensitive than His. The softest zephyr rippled the deep crystal current of His heart, and yet He spake in thunder tones, words of sharp and cutting reproof against all the popular forms of wrong.

It is not timidity; it is the calm energy of the soul rising into conscious might. It is the calm endurance of insult and injury, with a firm belief that the justice of God will vindicate us. It is a grace that lives and grows in a heart too great to be moved by little insults and puny wrongs. Its exercise makes the soul great, while it is an evidence of soul greatness. It is not weakness, it is strength. It is a victory over ourselves, and the rebellious passions and tempers of our nature. It is the self-restraint of a spirit which has learned gentleness in the school of Christ. It is the ruling one's own spirit, the quieting of intestine broils, the putting down and rooting up an insurrection at home.

It is power blended with gentleness, boldness combined with humility, the

harmlessness of the lamb with the prowess of the lion. It is the soul in the majesty of self-possession, elevated above the precipitant, the irascible, the boisterous, and the revengeful. It is the soul throwing its benignant smiles on the furious face of the foe, and penetrating his heart and paralyzing his arm with looks of love.

Like all other holy tempers and graces, meekness originates in right views of the divine character and of the claims of God upon us. To him who has fully consecrated his whole being to God there is a firm conviction that God has a right to do with him, as His creature, whatever He pleases, and that, in the exercise of that right, God is uniformly guided by infinite holiness, wisdom, goodness, and love, and that, under such heavenly direction, protection, and control, he is safe in all the varying circumstances of life, and in silent, sweet submission he can say, “Here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him.” “The will of the Lord be done.”

This meekness is manifested in the cheerful submission of the soul to every word of God. The understanding is seen to bow to every divine truth, the will to every divine precept, and both without murmuring or disputing.

This is “receiving with meekness the engrafted word,” with a sincere desire to learn, and a sincere willingness to be taught the whole will of God. Meekness sets us down with Mary, in the learner's place, at Jesus' feet, with an open heart, like Lydia, saying, like Samuel, “Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth,” or, with Paul, when he first began to breathe for Christ, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do.” Meekness says, with a good man, “If I had six hundred necks, I would bend them all to the Word of the Lord.”

Meekness is seen under the afflictive providences of God, in times of trial, of sad and sore bereavement, of mysterious crosses and losses, in seasons of persecutions and sore conflicts.

It is seen in governing our own anger, in calming the spirit, in silencing the murmuring tongue, in cooling the

warmth of passion, in exercising the law of kindness to the undeserving, in bearing patiently the anger of others, in giving soft answers to rough questions. But I must not here enlarge. The law of meekness is, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

"So artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
By heaping coals of fire upon its head;
On the kind warmth the metals learn to flow,
And, pure from dross, the silver runs below."

To be Continued.

FIRST LESSON OF TRUST.

ANNA SHIPTON.

"If God will not help me, no one else can!" These words were spoken almost despairingly by a pale, sad-faced child of about five years old. A fruitless search for some possession had left her overwhelmed with sorrow, she sat alone upon the ground, and gazed on the dim autumn twilight. Having no one below to sympathize with her in her distress, she looked for the first time from earth to heaven, experimentally learning, "vain is the help of man."

The child had lost a treasure, and children's treasures are precious, and children's griefs are sharp. The loss comprised a lock of her dead mother's hair.

She had worn the locket containing it since the day she could remember anything. Nightly she was expected to place this on her table that it might be seen that it was safe. She had neglected to do so, and now it was gone,—how or where she knew not,—and the child wept.

It was not for the ornament, nor yet for the disobedience, but for the loss of that brown lock of hair in the tiny casket—the child's wealth.

She knew that the locket would be missed from her neck, and that she would be punished; but what punishment could exceed that unshared sorrow? The joy of her life had departed; and though careless eyes observed that she did not eat, none observed her sad face and the absence of her chain.

"I wish it was Sunday," said the child "I could go to church: perhaps God would hear me *there*."

The child did not know that God's house is not made with hands, and that He is every where nigh to all that call upon Him. This was Friday, and two long days must intervene before she could make her request known to him in church.

The longest day however has an end, and Sunday came at length. Kneeling in the extreme corner of the pew, with her face to the wall, observed by none but God, she told over the petitions with which her heart was ready to burst, and ended as she began: "If *you* do not help me, no one else can." So she begged God to send her back her lost locket, for He alone knew where it was.

When her prayer was over, a strange peace fell on the heart of the little suppliant. She did not question that her voice had reached the ear of the Most High, who rules the world.

Yes! gracious and Almighty God, Father of the fatherless (and herein mother of the motherless), as one whom his mother comforteth, so didst thou comfort her. Thou wert working for the desolate little one.

When she returned home, the sun shone brightly in her nursery, and glittered on the golden chain. Hastily she opened her casket and found her treasure safe. But she did not praise Him who had heard her cry. Only the soul that knows salvation through the Lamb slain can praise.

The power of the Lord had worked on the conscience of the thief to restore the stolen article, and it was not until thirty years afterward that the culprit was known.

Dear reader, that child now records the first conscious token of a loving Father's care over thy fellow-traveler, who by His grace would commune with thee by the way. In conscious helplessness I cast myself upon Him, who has redeemed me from death and hell, and I would show forth His praise. My cry is still, "If thou wilt not help me, no one else can!"

I know not how far this early evidence

of a loving Father's care influenced my soul. Certain I am, that since I have known Him as my Redeemer and Lord, it has often made me ashamed to lack the simple faith of a child. Through long years of sin and ignorance the remembrance of the recovery of my lost chain has made me realize anew that God, who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, will much more care for the soul that calleth upon Him.

Since he gave me eyes to see Him have I been proving his wondrous power and willingness to help me. And yet, even when He has reminded me, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth," I have fallen back upon my own miserable plans and natural understanding, as if I had not again and again proved that I had infinite wisdom and power to draw from.

It is written "when the Son of man cometh shall He find faith on the earth? He will find works, abounding works, of the natural heart in which He has no part as the Author, or Counsellor, or Partner; but of the faith that lives in Him, watches for Him, waits for Him, follows Him—how little!

And yet Jesus died to bring us near to the Father, that we might walk with Him, thus restoring the heavenly communion which Adam's sin had invested with terror and shame. The daily intercourse of confidential affection, calls for no preliminary ceremony. Communion does not consist in a mere narration of wants or confession of failure. It is an interchange of mind, a giving forth and receiving. Neither are there any formal preparations to be gone through, nor set phrases to be uttered, before we acknowledge His abiding presence.

It was the living God, of whom I read in the Scriptures, that my soul longed to know. Seeking Jesus, my weary heart turned away from what was offered me instead; and I shall forever praise Him for the sorrow, and sickness, and trials, which have beset my path, since thus, and thus only, have I known that all other refuges are vain. Often have I returned to my first childish prayer: If you do not help me, no one else can!"

I have thus learnt to love the cross ere it has been removed, so many Peniels has it marked on my otherwise toilsome way.

For the Guide.

DO IT NOW:

or,

"I ASKED THEM TO WATCH ME."

At the age of fourteen I gave my heart to God at a camp-meeting in Black River Conf., Jefferson Co., N. Y. Lived, what I see now to be, a limping, halting life for twenty years, when the Spirit whispered about thus:

"You have always believed that purity is attainable in this life?"

"Yes, Lord, I always have."

"Still, for twenty years, you have been living at this poor dying rate?"

"Truth, Lord, how could I do otherwise under my circumstances?"

"Still, it is written in God's holy book, 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect.'"

"Oh, I do mean to obtain this blessing before I die!"

"But how long do you expect to live; death is on your track, and may soon overtake you."

"My time is all occupied with my family cares; I have no means to shirk one of these on to another—no, not for a day! What can I do?"

"Do you want these cares lightened, and made easier for you to bear?"

"O, Lord, let me be guided by Thee! I will follow whatsoever Thou commandest! Only teach me—let me know Thy will?"

"Then bow before the Father now; right where you are, and give up all to Him, through Christ."

I paused. I was all alone. Part of my family being in the harvest-field; the rest at school. The doors and windows were all open. I looked around, but did not dare to move. I felt that all would be lost if I did. The command was imperative, "Right where you are." I said, "Lord, I will." Bowed before Him; confessed my sins; wept and plead before God; saw myself wretched and vile; paused and listened for that sweet monitor again. It spake again:

"All this you have done a thousand times before, and what have you bettered yourself?"

Now I cried out in deep agony of spirit, "Oh, Lord, what shall I do?"

The same holy voice said, "Give up all for Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Then I began to pray. "O, Lord, I cannot save myself; just as I am receive me, soul, body, and spirit, time, talent, and everything—all, all—it is all Thine. Thou dost receive; Thou hast received! I am all Thine! Now! Thine evermore."

And the Lord did receive, and filled me unutterably full of glory and of God. Arose from my knees, shouting, "Glory to God in the highest."

Sure the half was never told me; but soon this sweet Spirit taught me that there was something to do, by asking me:

"How I was going to retain this great prize?"

It taught me that I must live by the moment—trusting nothing ahead, but always trusting now. Then I would trust Jesus all the time. Oh, what a pleasant way this is—trusting Jesus all the time. The next was to confess Him before the world—how was I going to do this? I could get to meeting but seldom. A prayer-meeting I could not get to. But the Spirit provided a way for this, too:

"Confess Him before your family."

I have done so. Praise the Lord for this! it has been the greatest help I could have had, for I asked them "To watch me." Told them I would willingly receive reproof; that I felt willing to suffer anything, rather than lose this great prize. I knew Jesus was able to keep me, and would do so if I was willing He should. Bless His holy name! He has kept me. Many time I soar on wings of love! Jesus is my all in all, unworthy as I am. I expect to go to glory, and take my whole family with me, though there are two still outside of the Ark.

Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

For the Guide.

LORD, I AM THINE.

S. G. SHARPE.

"I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me; for they are Thine."

Lord, I am Thine, take this poor heart,

And make it clean in every part;

Bid every warring passion cease,

And keep my mind in perfect peace.

Lord, I am Thine, my sin-sick soul,

By Jesus' blood has been made whole!

Oh, how the thought my heart doth thrill,

Jesus forgives and loves me still.

Lord, I am Thine, no longer prest

By doubts and fears, on Thee I rest—

Rest in the sweet assurance given

That I shall dwell with Thee in heaven.

Then, O my soul, be not cast down,

Beneath the cross there lies a crown.

They, who this glorious prize would gain,

Must bear life's load of grief and pain.

All earthly good I can resign,

While I can say, "Lord, I am Thine;"

And though no merit I can claim,

Still I may ask in Jesus' name.

Ask and receive without alloy,

Unutterable and heavenly joy—

I give to Thee, this heart of mine,

Lord, take it, keep it, I am Thine!

For the Guide.

HOLINESS IN THE MINISTRY.

REV. DR. ROBERTS.

"Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord."

However well you may speak the word given unto you it will be utterly impossible to do it as it should be done unless your hearts are purified by the power of the Holy Ghost, applying the all-cleansing blood of the Son of God. I hold it as a truth incontrovertible, that to be faithful to the trust committed to us by the great Head of the Church, we must ourselves measure up fully to the Gospel standard, and the requirements made at our hands by Him from whom we have received our call to the work of the ministry. No man can preach the truths of the Gospel, as well as he who has enjoyed, and continues to enjoy them fully.

Holiness of heart and life, entire redemption through the precious blood of Christ, held to the end of life, should be the burden of every true evangelical minister's teaching.

In order to your becoming "workmen that need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," we say to you with all the plainness and earnestness possible, if not as yet in your possession, *seek until you find the great blessing of Christian perfection.* Nothing is more manifest than you may, and *you will find it.* The individual who fully and honestly consecrates himself, *his all*, to God, and then by an act of simple, child-like faith, believes that God does *now*, this moment receive him wholly as his own, shall then and there obtain the assurance of *THIS* perfection. And this assurance, this witness of God's Spirit, that the *work is done*, will be as clear and satisfactory to his own mind, as was the witness of the same Holy Spirit to the great work of justification, which was wrought in him prior to the reception of this second blessing.

And be not led to postpone this work by the numerous specious attempts that are made by many to prove it unnecessary, and which are rife at the present time.

It is entirely too late to take the position, that it is impossible for Christian men to live without sin. He has studied the Word of God to little purpose, who has fully yielded himself to such an opinion. There can be no misunderstanding the meaning of such passages of Sacred Writ as these: "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin." (Rom. vi. 11). "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect." (Matt. v. 48). "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." (1. Thess. v. 23, 24.)

The command of Christ, the Son of God, is as full of meaning, and as much binding on us now, as it was when it first fell from his lips upon the ears of those who listened to his personal proclamation of Gospel truth; and so likewise with the

apostolic injunction. The Apostle Paul, so fully taught in the mysteries of divine truth, and so pre-eminently imbued with the Spirit of Christ, would never have uttered, nor left on record in the holy oracles, for the guidance and instruction of the Church in all ages, a *prayer* for a state of Christian experience and practice which he was persuaded was *unattainable*.

Neither will it do for any to suppose that the blessings of justification and of entire sanctification, are one and the same; that when a man is justified through faith in the blood of Christ, he is at the same time entirely sanctified, and has only to "grow in grace" until the hour of his dissolution. Our interpretation of God's word can never make it contrary to common sense, or to mean what God never intended it to mean.

The truths which are essential to salvation, whether viewed in the Greek, Latin, or English versions of the Bible, are plain, pointed, and easy of comprehension. "Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof." (Rom. vi. 12.)

The Greek word *ἁμαρτία* (*hamartia*), here rendered *sin*, embraces the meanings of both the Latin words *peccatum* and *vitiositas*; the former signifying the *outward act* of transgression, the latter the *corrupt* or *vicious principle* from which that act springs; or in other words, the one refers to inward depravity, the other to actual guilt. We are, therefore, taught that it is our privilege to be saved from sin—from the depravity, corruption, or defilement of our nature, as well as from the dominating power of sin or actual transgressions of the law.

WHAT A MISTAKE!

You are not what you would wish you were if you knew you were going to die in less than five minutes. This subject of perfect love has not been the most agreeable subject to you. You know that you do not enjoy it. You know you have less power in your life than you would have, did you enjoy it. You mean to have it before you die, but still, you do not say "I will have it now!" What a mistake!—ED.

For the Guide.

CLEANSED.

REV. S. B. TORREY.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." I have just experienced the truth of the above Scripture. Have believed that my heart has possessed the *Purity* which Jesus bestows, for several years, but this afternoon, while looking up to Heaven with longing desires for more of Christ's power and purity, and feeling a heavy burden of soul, I repeated aloud, "Jesus, I lean hard!" "I lean hard!" Then visibly, sensibly, the blood of Christ was sprinkled again and again upon my heart, producing a blessed purity. I saw it, felt it, thanked God for it; It was done in a moment. It was heavenly, like seeing a vision.

I now understand the meaning of that Scripture, "the blood cleanseth." O, how thankful for this blessing, received 3d April, in Parsonage, Huntsburg, Ohio.

For the Guide.

ANN HERBERT.

MARY D. JAMES.

CHAPTER IV.

"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work."—2 Cor., 9th chapter, 8th verse.

Ann Herbert may be called a *prodigy* in the religious world; but would any one dare to say—such a one I never could become—I never could gain such an altitude in Christian experience. Why not? Is not her Saviour your Saviour? Is not His blood as efficacious for you as for her? and may you not avail yourself of its all-cleansing power, and be made pure in heart, and enjoy all the fullness of gospel grace? Why not? "God is no respecter of persons." You cannot have a more depraved nature than Ann Herbert had, and if that were even possible, the provisions of the Gospel would be adequate to your case, for there can be no limits to the power of grace—it is infinite. If such a perfect conquest could be gained by Jesus in one case, why not in another?

O, precious soul, longing for the blessedness of purity of heart, come to the same Saviour—the same "Fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness," and you too shall be washed and made all glorious within, like the king's daughter, of whom you have been reading in this narrative.

Are you now ready to say—

"Lord Jesus, at Thy feet I fall!
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee."

Then you may add—

"I too shall walk with Thee in white!
With all Thy saints shall prove,
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of Jesus' love."

How many there are in the church who love Jesus, and are trying to serve Him, yet have not faith to claim Him as their complete Saviour. The result is, they are oppressed with life's cares and trials, bearing heavy burdens, when Jesus bids them cast them all upon Him! Often sorrowful and gloomy, when they might "rejoice in the Lord always." Sometimes overcome by the tempter, when they might always triumph in Christ; drones in the church, when the Master has bidden them work in His vineyard; hiding their light, when He says, "Let your light shine before men"—and they ought to be "burning and shining lights" in the world.

How many, occupying positions much higher than that of the subject of this narrative—positions giving them wide influence in society—with cultivated minds and pleasing manners—are living really to no purpose—aimless lives—accomplishing nothing for the salvation of souls or for the glory of God—laying up no treasure in Heaven. What fearful responsibility is theirs! God requires the use and improvement of the talents He has committed to you for the extension of His kingdom. What will you say when He comes to reckon with you?

This memoir is also suggestive of the duty of Christians in relation to those in the lower walks of life, especially such

as are employed in the capacity of servants, or hired persons. Many of these are gems, encrusted with ignorance and sin, superstition and depravity. Has not the Master given us a work to do for them? How many of them might be polished, and become bright jewels in our Redeemer's crown? Was not Ann Herbert as unpromising when a child as the worst of them? When that Christian lady, to whom she was bound as a servant, took that poor orphan child and began to plant the good seed in her heart, and sent her to Sabbath school, that there she might be instructed and trained religiously, she knew not what a priceless gem she was preparing to beautify the church of God on earth and to shine in His temple through endless ages. Ah, she little thought, when tried by the refractory temper and vicious habits of that poor little girl, one day that child would become "a burning and shining light"—glorifying God as few, very few, have done in this world. What if she had been careless of the soul of that child, thinking it of little consequence that she should be instructed, would Ann Herbert have been converted and grown up a Christian to bless the world with such an example of purity? How great the responsibility of Christians in regard to those under their care.

A woman over middle age, once employed in my family, said to me, "I have lived in many Christian families, and you are the first person that ever named the subject of religion to me, or advised me to seek Jesus." Soon after she came to live with me I had the joy to see her a penitent at the foot of the cross, and afterwards she professed to find redemption in the blood of the Lamb.

And is it possible that followers of Christ can have persons under their roof with whom they are daily conversant, and never speak to them of the interests of their undying souls, nor put forth one effort to bring them to Jesus? Perhaps keeping them at home on the holy Sabbath to work, which God has forbidden, to prepare a hot dinner, &c.! Alas!

how many are thus deprived of the blessed Gospel, of Sabbath school and prayer meeting, by professing Christians. When by sacrificing only undue and forbidden indulgences, such privileges might be afforded those employed by them as would lead them to the cross and to heaven. Many a poor child is kept from Sabbath school by late Sunday dinners!

Oh, what will the Judge say to those that hinder them in the great day when He shall inquire about the souls committed to their care.

Sabbath school teacher, have you a poor little "taken girl," or a degraded and vicious child in your class—or do you refuse to take such? One upon whom some of your scholars look with contempt, because she is poor—do you feel quite as much interested in that one, and do you try quite as hard to impress religious truth upon that mind as those others of your class? I hope you do. Remember, Jesus loves that little one just as much as any one of the others.

I have no doubt that Ann Herbert's teacher was one that had the spirit of Jesus—and she it was whom He owned as the chief instrument in the conversion of that soul. Teachers, wont you try to win souls for Jesus?

◆◆◆◆◆
 For the Guide.
SACRED HOUR:
 OR,
SWEET STORY OF REDEEMING LOVE.

Rev. M. P. Gaddis in his interesting biography of Miss Sallie Caldwell, (called "Sacred Hour,") says, "I will let her tell her own sweet story of redeeming love." He then gives the following brief recital from the journal of the now sainted Miss Caldwell.

At the age of fourteen I was powerfully convicted. I could find no rest. I was so greatly distressed in mind, that I even wished for annihilation. But not being attentive to the calls of the Holy Spirit, these impressions gradually wore away. I then thought when I arrived at the age of eighteen, I would seek the Lord. But when I arrived at that age I was wholly absorbed with company, novel reading, dress, and gaiety of every kind.

I entered Society with a warm and

For the Guide.

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REV. S. B. TORREY.

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MARY D. JAMES.

CHAPTER IV.

"And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, having all sufficiency in all things may abound to every good work."—2 Cor., 9th chapter, 8th verse.

Ann Herbert may be called a *prodigy* in the religious world; but would any one dare to say—such a one I never could become—I never could gain such an altitude in Christian experience. Why not? Is not her Saviour your Saviour? Is not His blood as efficacious for you as for her? and may you not avail yourself of its all-cleansing power, and be made pure in heart, and enjoy all the fullness of gospel grace? Why not? "God is no respecter of persons." You cannot have a more depraved nature than Ann Herbert had, and if that were even possible, the provisions of the Gospel would be adequate to your case, for there can be no limits to the power of grace—it is infinite. If such a perfect conquest could be gained by Jesus in one case, why not in another?

O, precious soul, longing for the blessedness of purity of heart, come to the same Saviour—the same "Fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness," and you too shall be washed and made all glorious within, like the king's daughter, of whom you have been reading in this narrative.

Are you now ready to say—

"Lord Jesus, at Thy feet I fall!

I groan to be set free;

I fain would now obey the call,

And give up all for Thee."

Then you may add—

"I too shall walk with Thee in white!

With all Thy saints shall prove,

What is the length, and breadth, and height,

And depth of Jesus' love."

How many there are in the church who love Jesus, and are trying to serve Him, yet have not faith to claim Him as their complete Saviour. The result is, they are oppressed with life's cares and trials, bearing heavy burdens, when Jesus bids them cast them all upon Him! Often sorrowful and gloomy, when they might "rejoice in the Lord always." Sometimes overcome by the tempter, when they might always triumph in Christ; drones in the church, when the Master has bidden them work in His vineyard; hiding their light, when He says, "Let your light shine before men"—and they ought to be "burning and shining lights" in the world.

How many, occupying positions much higher than that of the subject of this narrative—positions giving them wide influence in society—with cultivated minds and pleasing manners—are living really to no purpose—aimless lives—accomplishing nothing for the salvation of souls or for the glory of God—laying up no treasure in Heaven. What fearful responsibility is theirs! God requires the use and improvement of the talents He has committed to you for the extension of His kingdom. What will you say when He comes to reckon with you?

This memoir is also suggestive of the duty of Christians in relation to those in the lower walks of life, especially such

as are employed in the capacity of servants, or hired persons. Many of these are gems, encrusted with ignorance and sin, superstition and depravity. Has not the Master given us a work to do for them? How many of them might be polished, and become bright jewels in our Redeemer's crown? Was not Ann Herbert as unpromising when a child as the worst of them? When that Christian lady, to whom she was bound as a servant, took that poor orphan child and began to plant the good seed in her heart, and sent her to Sabbath school, that there she might be instructed and trained religiously, she knew not what a priceless gem she was preparing to beautify the church of God on earth and to shine in His temple through endless ages. Ah, she little thought, when tried by the refractory temper and vicious habits of that poor little girl, one day that child would become "a burning and shining light"—glorifying God as few, very few, have done in this world. What if she had been careless of the soul of that child, thinking it of little consequence that she should be instructed, would Ann Herbert have been converted and grown up a Christian to bless the world with such an example of purity? How great the responsibility of Christians in regard to those under their care.

A woman over middle age, once employed in my family, said to me, "I have lived in many Christian families, and you are the first person that ever named the subject of religion to me, or advised me to seek Jesus." Soon after she came to live with me I had the joy to see her a penitent at the foot of the cross, and afterwards she professed to find redemption in the blood of the Lamb.

And is it possible that followers of Christ can have persons under their roof with whom they are daily conversant, and never speak to them of the interests of their undying souls, nor put forth one effort to bring them to Jesus? Perhaps keeping them at home on the holy Sabbath to work, which God has forbidden, to prepare a hot dinner, &c.! Alas!

how many are thus deprived of the blessed Gospel, of Sabbath school and prayer meeting, by professing Christians. When by sacrificing only undue and forbidden indulgences, such privileges might be afforded those employed by them as would lead them to the cross and to heaven. Many a poor child is kept from Sabbath school by late Sunday dinners!

Oh, what will the Judge say to those that hinder them in the great day when He shall inquire about the souls committed to their care.

Sabbath school teacher, have you a poor little "taken girl," or a degraded and vicious child in your class—or do you refuse to take such? One upon whom some of your scholars look with contempt, because she is poor—do you feel quite as much interested in that one, and do you try quite as hard to impress religious truth upon that mind as those others of your class? I hope you do. Remember, Jesus loves that little one just as much as any one of the others.

I have no doubt that Ann Herbert's teacher was one that had the spirit of Jesus—and she it was whom He owned as the chief instrument in the conversion of that soul. Teachers, wont you try to win souls for Jesus?

For the Guide.

SACRED HOUR:

OR,

SWEET STORY OF REDEEMING LOVE.

Rev. M. P. Gaddis in his interesting biography of Miss Sallie Caldwell, (called "Sacred Hour,") says, "I will let her tell her own sweet story of redeeming love." He then gives the following brief recital from the journal of the now sainted Miss Caldwell.

At the age of fourteen I was powerfully convicted. I could find no rest. I was so greatly distressed in mind, that I even wished for annihilation. But not being attentive to the calls of the Holy Spirit, these impressions gradually wore away. I then thought when I arrived at the age of eighteen, I would seek the Lord. But when I arrived at that age I was wholly absorbed with company, novel reading, dress, and gaiety of every kind.

I entered Society with a warm and

confiding heart, but soon proved, that the immortal mind cannot be satisfied with such hollow-hearted professions of friendship, as greeted me on every side. My heart was filled with pride and vanity, but God only knows the bitterness of soul I experienced at times. My heart condemned me for the course I was pursuing.

Finding that FASHION made *slaves* of all her votaries, I turned from her shrine with disgust. I afterward resolved to seek happiness in FAME. But alas! I soon found that FASHION and fame combined, were unable to bring happiness and peace to the soul.

At last my weary, aching heart turned to seek rest in the wounds of Jesus. After a struggle of many weeks to understand the way of *faith*, I obtained relief in January, 1852. But still the evidence of my acceptance with God was not as satisfactory as I desired it should be.

All glory be to God! On the 13th of May, 1853, at the sweet hour of sunset, while reading and praying over a work called "Faith and its Effects," I grasped the promise, "He that believeth shall be saved." Instantly light from heaven shone on my soul. I was happy!

On her twenty-first birth-day she writes thus in her journal: "I learned by experience that it proves a blessing to commit one's thoughts to paper. I praise God for His great goodness in casting my lot in a Bible land, where I can enjoy all the means of grace. I thank Him for pious parents, for early religious training, mental culture, and the many facilities for improvement with which I have been favored. *My whole heart*,—the talents I possess—*ALL*—are *this day* unreservedly given to God and His service.

"It shall be the delight of my heart to instruct those around me in the knowledge of the crucified Redeemer. My sole purpose shall be to *do good—to be useful*, and contribute all in my power to make others happy. * * * *Lord, I am Thine!*"

Not long after Miss Caldwell united with the Church. The heart of the

gifted and pious Amelia ——— was drawn to her in a mysterious way. The attachment became mutual. The two friends were, doubtless, as fondly united in the bonds of affection and Christian fellowship as were the hearts of Jonathan and David. As time rolled on this union of hearts increased in strength daily. Truly these endeared friends felt with the poet,

"Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We to each other fly."

This bond of union was productive of highly beneficial results: FIRST, A regular correspondence was agreed upon. SECOND, An hour each day was set apart for *secret* prayer, at which time they were *unitedly* to pour out their fervent prayers for sanctification. This special hour was frequently called the "SACRED HOUR."

At this sacred hour a *regular* course of reading the Scriptures were adopted, each in their own rooms, reading two chapters, and the *same chapters*. The first Friday in each month was set apart as a *fast-day*, and as a period for the work of self-examination and fervent prayer, especially for a revival in the town where they lived.

To this was added, the daily practice of committing to memory from a Scripture diary one passage of the Word of God, with the verse of poetry attached as a theme for meditation.

Over THREE HUNDRED letters passed between these two sister-spirits during the course of three years. Two thousand, five hundred hours were spent in united prayer for each other, their friends, and the cause of God generally at this "*Sacred Hour*." That they did not pray in vain those who peruse the volume "SACRED HOUR" will see.

St. Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ; that he might be *found in* Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ, Avoid extremes. None should despair, because God can help them. None should presume, because God can cross them.—*P. Henry.*

For the Guide.

SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

ALBERT VEEDER.

Few mere doctrinal discussions have ever presented simple and complete views that thoroughly satisfy the wants of the common mind. Sometimes such discussions are extremely interesting, but much in the same way that a novel pleases,—they excite but often lead astray. Abstract ideas and speculations scattered broad-cast may enhance the glory of their authors, and yet supply no food for the hungering masses. They most frequently exalt the human, in such a way, that we feel doubts as to whether the whole system is not a complete fiction, elaborated by cunning theologians. Progress towards Christians civilization, as well as the salvation of souls, demands a radical simplification in many respects, not in the seeking out of new theories, nor in the modification of the old, but according to the one practical idea of the "Guide", in following out of the consequences of the existence of an Almighty God who *loves* us.

Of course we cannot forget that Satan exists in the world. Our continual conflict is with him and his agents. The only question is, whence is our strength? What are the weapons of the warfare? This alone determines the victory.

Some preachers sincerely believe that they have done a great work, and advanced the cause of religion wonderfully, when they have bound people to the observance of church rules, through open or covert appeals to the fear of coming death and judgement. These motives are undoubtedly indispensable to our selfish nature. But who is willing to *cherish* them all through life? We forget or neglect them most willingly. If they are the main weapons of the Christian, our religion certainly needs remodeling. We must go back to some of those forms, where priests speak with authority, where impressive ceremonies and mysteries inspire awe, and increase our defensive armor of fear. This has been tried, and it is found that to cultivate superstition wont do. It degrades.

The enlightened and nobler instincts

of man tell him that such a religion is void of power to elevate. Hence to suit thinking society, Ministers feel the necessity of covering the seasoning of fire and brimstone with appeals to the nobler impulses of the human heart. God has been good to us, we are in *honor* bound to obey Him, Jesus is presented bleeding on the cross, all the surroundings of that sad scene are made, as indeed they ought, to touch the sympathies. Perhaps the reader exclaims, what else in the name of common sense do you or can you want? We want more, something besides the human, we want the Divine? We want to forget the speaker and *with* him look up for the descent of the regenerating peace-giving Spirit. We want a conscious sense of the presence of the Most High, in answer to continual yearning of heart that will not be satisfied, until its God shall be enthroned.

How sad, how strange it is that every where we find people seeking something better, knowing their needs and yet not able to characterize them. Asking for bread they receive the husks of worldly wisdom. How long before the ministry will become as a body, entirely consecrated, earnest in prayer; inspiring faith more by little acts, than by swelling words. And then too, almost in a spirit of sadness we exclaim, a revival of Holiness! Why, what is religion? Is it the worship of an all-powerful God, or is it a reliance on the human will? Is it the formation of good principles in the mind, or is it the reception of the mighty cleansing Spirit into the prepared heart? An inert and listless God dwelling afar off, is this the object of our worship? Then don't let us call Him loving Father. Don't let us *lie* by saying, Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory.

Do let us get beyond these shams and surface-work; do let us try and have the scales fall from our eyes. The best, in fact the only true way is in the reading and hearing of God's word *with prayer*. Our duties will soon be revealed, and with them grace to their performance, until finally entire consecration will seem no theory, but a very simple, consistent act that brings blessings unutterable.

For the Guide.

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

REV. DANIEL JOHNSON.

I embraced the religion of Christ when twenty years old, and in a year or two was moved by the Holy Ghost to preach, but excused myself on the ground of inability; and because I did not trust the Lord and go forward, I lost the evidence of Justification, and lived most of the time in the dark, until I was twenty-five. The thoughts of my heart troubled me. I took a voyage on the ocean, and met with a storm which created serious thought and trouble.

I then promised the Lord to do better, and by the grace of God kept my promise. But I found it more difficult to obtain the evidence of justifying grace than at the first. Provisionally the Church brought more helps to my aid, than I had realized before. My attention was directed to the right sort of books.

Through Rev. Wm. M. Wightman of Charleston, S. C., I was induced to make it a rule to pray in secret three times every day. I felt willing to pursue a course that would secure the favor of God and my own salvation. I tried a month or two to see whether I could keep such a rule, and then adopted it, and from that time to this, forty years, have found it just what I needed.

I soon found myself advancing in the life of the Christian. From this time I had such a spirit of prayer and delight in it, as the Christian might desire to possess. A few months after in a Monday night prayer meeting, my blessed Lord pictured before my mind what he would shortly do for the people of that place, in pouring out His Spirit in such a wonderful manner, as to shake the town from centre to circumference. The sight was overwhelming. I waited three years and six months for the fulfilment (from November 1828, until May 1832,) when the promised blessed heavenly shower came down upon the people. Such a revival I never saw before or since. It built up the M. E. the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches. I had the pleasure to be in it from beginning to end, about forty days and nights. All

circumstances seemed to work for my spiritual good. I was engaged as class leader and exhorter about eight years after my restoration to the favor of God. During most of this time I had some faint conception of the blessing of sanctification or perfect love. I understood from the word of the Lord, "Be ye Holy for I am Holy," and similar passages, that such a state of Christian experience might be enjoyed in this life.

I searched the Scriptures with prayer, conversed on the subject with brethren of ripe experience, and read what I could find in Wesley and Fletcher on the subject. The Lord opened my eyes to see men as trees walking; but I seemed to shrink from so large a blessing. My heart was not yet willing to come so near to Jesus, and yet I enjoyed at times refreshing seasons from the Lord, but at other times had dark days of doubts and fears. At length I saw the inconsistency of seeking that which I was unwilling to receive.

I resolved that I would give my whole heart to God; bear every cross, and despise the shame; for I was well convinced, that they who live Godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution. My progress seemed gradual but sure, till at length I found myself living in the presence of my blessed Jesus. He was with me and I was with Him. From this state of blessed experience, I have occasionally fallen; but as often regained it. Truly the Lord is good, and His mercy endureth forever.

For some years past, I have been led to consider more maturely the Scripture texts, containing the doctrine of Holiness, and leading the heart to lay hold of the grace. "Be ye Holy for I am Holy" is a Divine precept binding on all, without Bible knowledge, who would conceive the thought of being rooted and grounded in love to God and man, and to stand perfect and complete in all the will of God—Colos. iv. 12. God's message to Abraham—"walk before Me and be thou perfect"—Gen. xvii. 1. is strong encouragement to hope for, and reach after a blessed state of Christian experience, in which the man of God

may be preserved blameless unto the coming of Christ—1. Thess. v. 23. can a man commit sin and be blameless before God?

Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not—1. John iii. 6.

Whosoever keepeth His word in him, verily is the love of God perfected—1. John ii. 5. If a Christian can keep God's word, then he can enjoy Holiness. If he cannot keep His word, then God requires an impossibility, and who is prepared to attribute such a character to the God of Heaven.

These and similar considerations matured in my mind with prayer, have by God's grace, settled, fixed, grounded and rooted in my soul the doctrine of Holiness, as we read it in the Scriptures of truth.

My soul says praise the Lord. I find it a spirit of prayer, and delight in it. I find it the knowledge that I shall be like Him and see Him as He is. I find it exactly what a poor sinner needs in this world of wretchedness and woe.

I have been an interested reader of the "Guide" for 1868, and think I am a better man for having read it.

SPRING PLACE, Murray Co., Ga.

COMPREHENDED BY GOD.

FLETCHER.

Let us plunge ourselves into that ocean of purity. Let us try to fathom the depths of Divine mercy, and convinced of the impossibility of such an attempt, let us lose ourselves in them. Let us be comprehended by God, if we cannot comprehend him. Let us be *supremely happy* in God. Let the intenseness of our happiness border on misery, because we can make him no return. Let our heads become waters, and our eyes fountains of tears—*tears* of humble repentance, of solemn joy, of silent admiration, of exalted adoration, of raptured desires, of inflamed transports, of speechless awe! My God, and my all! your God, and your all! our God, and our all! Praise him, and with our souls blended in one by Divine love, let us with *one mouth glorify the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,—our Father, who is over all, through all, and in us all.*

For the Guide.

TEACH ME.

MRS. B. P. SANDS.

"Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God; thy Spirit is good; lead me into the land of uprightness."
—Psalms.

"Teach me," no human mind,
Can counsel me aright.

"Thou art my God," O! make
Me perfect in Thy sight;
A perfect Christian, Lord, and to Thy will
Conform; and bid mine own be still.

"Thy Spirit, Lord, is good,"
By it I would be led;
Its teachings be my law,
Its peaceful paths I'd tread;
Yea, Father, lead me, 'tis no matter where,
Only that I may know that Thou art there.

O Lord there is a land
Of uprightness, I seek,
Thou only canst direct,
Thy voice alone can speak;
And tell me where, Thy hand alone can stay,
And keep me in that holy, narrow way.

"I will sing a new song unto the Lord."
Yea! praises let me sing,
He answered when I sought,
And from the bonds of fear,
My fainting soul has brought;
My boat is launched, no storms can overwhelm,
No fears assail, for God is at the helm.
LODI, N. Y.

For the Guide.

VICTORY OR DEATH.

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

"Religions all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out the world, and in her right the next.
"Religion! Providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours."

"Victory or Death!" So we said on
that memorable night that astonished
earth, and made heaven rejoice, while
angels recorded new decisions, to forsake
sin and seek righteousness; and the "tall
oaks of Bashan were being brought
low." Long had our faith anchored in
the eternal word, while weeping "be-

tween the porch and the altar," long waited like the "Syrophenician woman, for the crumbs that fall from the Master's table." Having read that the unjust judge avenged the widow, lest by her continual coming she should weary him; faith plead before the throne, "shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them?" I tell you that He will avenge them speedily. O how precious the promises! what solid rock! how immutable! how importunate our request, while pleading for those deeply dyed in sin, and while pressing our suit to the throne, in the name of Him who said, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it," we felt as never before the worth of souls; saw their exposure to the wrath of God; and was willing to go to the sinks of iniquity, and even to the borders of the pit, if possible, to rescue them. Many had been redeemed, but the strongholds remained apparently impregnable. The modern Jerico seemed secure in the fastnesses of the wicked one. The faint hearted in the Church said, "its of no use," but the faith "that laughs at impossibilities," remained unmoved, with its steady eye looking through the promise to a covenant keeping God, until "Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt," assured us that while "the kingdom of heaven had suffered violence, the violent had taken it by force," and as the leader in the ranks of the enemy tremblingly bowed at the altar, to ground the weapons of his rebellion at the foot of the cross, we knew that the God who answers by fire was really in our midst.

"The godly sorrow that worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of," was terrible, and it was not until the third day, that he who had lived nearly half a century in the service of Satan, could be led to understand that "by grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." "I have been such a terrible sinner," he would say, "I cannot expect salvation immediately;" but ere long, venturing upon the promises; *light*, like the dawning of the morning illumined

his soul, increasing in brilliancy day by day, and he who once was of the number of whom the Prophet said, "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them," had once led in the bacchanalian song, and midnight revelry, *now wears* the clean robe of Christ's righteousness; a faithful leader of the "Praying Band."

Never have we witnessed a victory that thrilled a community, or threw consternation into the ranks of the enemy, more than in that case. A new impetus was given to the work, and the aged, the middle aged and the youth, alike proved the power of that salvation which saves to the uttermost. Praise God for the *victory* which is obtained by FAITH. With the poet we can say,

"My prostrate soul adores the present God."
COLUMBIA.

For the Guide.

PATIENT FAITH.

H. S. A.

Dear Fellow Pilgrim, in the "King's high way," have you never felt the need of patience in the service of our Divine Master? even though sweetly resting in His love, with bright hopes for the future, and a present realization of the power of His blood, as applied by faith to thy poor sinful heart, to cleanse from all unrighteousness.

Perchance, great effort has been made in some special case. The silent night watches may have found thee bearing the subject of thy prayers to heaven. Faith seemed to say "Thy prayer is heard", yet thou hast been tested, severely tried is thy faith, till the almost fainting soul hears the soothing words of the All Powerful One, saying "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Then the drooping spirits revive, and when patience has had its perfect work, however dark the prospects; the trusting soul cries out with unwavering faith, "O Lord let it be in Thine own good time and way; but it shall be done."

We have much to learn in the school of Christ, and our faithful Teacher never

makes the least mistake in the discipline of His little ones. We have only to sit at His feet, and learn of Him the precious lessons of Humility, Faith and Patience. These graces combined and perfected in our hearts, will render us fit for the Masters use. More to be desired are they, than all the treasures of the Universe.

A heart cleansed from sin, is just in a condition to appreciate this, and may advance rapidly in the cultivation of all the fruits of the spirit, "perfecting Holiness in the fear of the Lord."

One word to the youthful disciple who hitherto may have yielded to the temptation so common. "It is too much for me to be pure in heart."

Is there not danger you may stop short? Never say that again; but let your mind dwell upon the rich blessings provided for you in the gospel of Christ, and remember it is written "God is no respecter of persons."

Let the true value, and exceeding beauty of Christian character, be kept constantly before you, as the only copy worthy your imitation, and while you admire, begin at once, to strive with all your powers, to attain your privilege in Christ Jesus.

First let the blood of Jesus purify your heart. Search the conditions, made plain in God's holy word, and remember there is not a promise within the lids of that Book, but is thine; and as sure as you claim them, you shall prove that "He is faithful that promised."

BELOIT, Wisconsin.

WHY AM I NOT SAVED?

S. R. HERRICK.

In answering the above question, we may ask with the Prophet, "Is there no Balm in Gilead, and is there no Physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" In the atonement and shed blood of Christ, has not God provided an all-sufficient and perfect remedy for the sin-sick soul, and made the same perfectly available to every one, in every possible exigency and condition of life? The Scriptures of Divine truth are *overwhelming* in their attestation of this fact—it is written out on almost every page

of Bible truth, and in every conceivable form of expression. As we return and press the point with which we started, are we not met as was the Prophet by the Syrian Leper with the question, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, *better* than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean? Must I plunge in the fountain of Jesus' blood, in order to be made whole? Must I cease to "make void the promise of God" by my unbelief?

Yes, my dear brother and sister, for there is no other way—"none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Must I give up every sinful pleasure, all my unbelief, every impure thought, every lustful desire, speak no wrong word, perform no unkind act? Must my entire being, together with all I love and value, be laid as a *living* sacrifice upon God's altar? Must I commit myself to the cheerful, earnest, enterprising, and untiring performance of *each, every, and any* duty which God may require at my hands? Is these among the costs of salvation, the way to enter the "rest of faith," to be "cleansed from all unrighteousness," and to enjoy the witness of the Spirit?"

Yes, these are our Father's terms, and as they are reasonable, changeless and pure, so are they the crowning glory of the Gospel. The purity of God and the glorious end to be attained by us, will not admit of their being anything less. "He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all," proffers all the grace and strength we need. Come to the open and flowing fountain while you read these lines, and receive a clean heart and a pure spirit, to lay as a votive offering upon the Divine altar. You have nothing too valuable, too costly, or too precious, to lay upon that altar. Haste then to do this work, and henceforth enjoy the truly precious promise, "And I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my Sons and Daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Having this promise, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting *holiness* in the fear of God.

ASHBURNHAM, Mass.

For the Guide.

IX.

HEAVEN WITHIN US.

T. C. U.

'It is time to be thinking of heaven,'

So the voice of the teachers doth say ;
But the heaven to which they would lead us,
Is a heaven that is far, far away.

They tell us, that, o'er the dark river,
We will land on the heavenly shore ;
But is it not wiser and better,
To find that bright Canaan before ?

"The kingdom of God is within you,"
The greatest of teachers hath said ;
And the faithful and loving have found it,
And enjoy'd it, before they were dead.

The kingdom of God is within you ;
Let doubtings and sorrows depart ;
The kingdom of God is within you ;
It dwells in the sanctified heart.

For the Guide.

X.

THE SCEPTRE OF LOVE.

T. C. U.

I hold the sceptre in my hand,
Which rules the universe of things ;
Which rules the ocean, rules the land,
And puts to shame the power of kings.

The iron wheels of cruel war,
The swords and scimetars of strife !
They see its glories from afar ;
And bow before its power of life.

Look up! Its lifted light behold ;
Not fram'd by human power or art ;
Not made of wood, or stone, or gold ;
'Tis LOVE! the sceptre of the heart

'Tis LOVE! All things shall love obey ;
All things its high behests fulfill ;
It holds the thunders in its sway ;
It says to stormy seas, "Be still."

My Father smiled, and bade me take,
My infant hand, that sceptre fair ;
Beneath its power the nations shake,
For God's Omnipotence is there.

My little children, let us not love in
word, neither in tongue, but in deed, and
in truth.—*John.*

For the Guide.

ORNAMENTS.

With a prayer to Almighty God for
the influence of the Holy Spirit upon
the hearts of those of Christ's followers,
whose eyes may fall upon my sincere
effort, I will briefly relate my experience
or what the Spirit has taught me re-
garding the wearing of "gold and pearls
and costly array."

For a long time after I had entered
upon the Higher Christian attainment, I
felt that I could wear a useful ornament
of gold, and still glorify God; for I was
conscious that my heart was interested
supremely in more important things than
outward adornings.

But at length the Spirit of the Lord
clearly revealed to me that I must "take
heed lest by any means this liberty of
mine become a stumbling-block to them
that are weak."—1st. Cor. viii. 9. Hav-
ing a friend who had recently obtained
the blessing of Holiness, and who was
naturally given to vanity—fond of dress,
the allurements of the world, especially
gay Society; hence the Spirit of God
taught her to lay aside her breast-pin as
well as her ear ornaments. Knowing as
she did that she placed an undue value
upon them, and that the wearing of
them would have a tendency to draw off
the affections from higher things and
thus endanger her piety—she obeyed.

Now in view of her resuming these
ornaments in an hour of temptation and
from my example, I saw no other way
for me than to declare in the words of
Paul, that "if meat make my brother to
offend, I will eat no flesh while the world
standeth, lest I make my brother to
offend."

And now when thrown among the gay
and worldly, the very consciousness of
my apparel being divested for Christ's
sake of those ornaments universally worn
by those who do not love our Lord su-
premely, proves a shield to ward off
Satan's attacks in other directions re-
garding conformity to the world.

Dear sisters in Christ, let us take heed
that we disobey not this divine injunc-
tion. "Be not conformed to the world,
but be ye transformed by the renewing

of your minds that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

THE NEW BATTLE-GROUND—ROUND LAKE.

REV. G. HUGHES.

How many eyes are turned already toward Round Lake? It is a spot on this green earth, which, until now, has never been invested with such special interest. At present its geographical position is well defined in the thoughts and feelings of thousands. They are thinking of Round Lake, ay, *praying* about it. On the mountain sides, yea, on the mountain peaks and in lowly vales, over the length and breadth of this broad Continent the name of Round Lake has become familiar.

What gives it this strange interest? Its natural beauty and attractiveness? No; not chiefly. It does, indeed, present to the eye a beauteous prospect. What, then, is the potency; the magnetic influence of the name? It is that it is destined to be a great BATTLE-GROUND.

The forces of Israel are to gather there on the 6th of July. They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and the south, in militant array, to do battle for the Lord of hosts!

The century has already given two memorable battle-grounds, Vineland and Manheim. Who that was there will ever forget them? What wonders eternity will reveal in that connection. How the celestial annals teem with glowing recitals! The songs, the sermons, the *prayers*, have made their everlasting impression. The wealth of Messiah's kingdom has been augmented—the inheritance of the saints widened as the consequence.

Multitudes yet unborn will feel the moral force of those memorable convocations. Souls converted there are making their mighty impression upon other souls. Souls sanctified there are permeating the circles where they move with living light. The waters of salvation have rolled forth from those hallowed spots, constituting a river large enough to swim in.

Vain the attempts to upraise opposing barriers. They have been swept down like refuse wood before the leaping mountain-torrent. HOLINESS is POWER—yea, it is OMNIPOTENCE. Let a wicked world learn the lesson. Let Apostate professors be wise to understand, if they be not wholly blinded by "the God of this world." God has *predes- tinated* its continuance in the world, so long as the sun and moon endure. He has planted it here in the bosom of the Church to antagonize the combined forces of iniquity. Immortality is its life-time.

The National Camp Meetings are fanning it to a flame. They are opening a highway for our God; they are mustering millennial agencies; they are multiplying greatly the crowns of Immanuel; they are exciting the rage of apostate angels. In vain they throw themselves against the solid, mighty spiritual phalanxes.

Round Lake—what is to be its history? I believe grand, unparalleled, world-reaching. Not a continent of earth—not an island of the sea—that shall not feel the electric shock going out from Zion's batteries in sight of that placid lake.

God has given us a noble working force on the ground to prepare the way of the Lord. The men of Troy and Albany are setting the ground in order. "They look like men in uniform—they look like men of war." The gates of entrance to the battle-ground will soon be thrown open. The trumpet will be blown. The marshalled legions will be treading their way to the appointed arena. Who ever heard of the appointment of a camp meeting in such proximity to the Nation's birth-day—in sound of the Nation's guns? Surely this is the emblem of latter-day glories, "a nation born in a day." While the rejoicings are yet swelling in patriot hearts; while the loud anthems are pealing, the solemn assembly will be convened; and such an assembly as that at Round Lake no mortal eye has yet looked upon.

To crown the occasion with pre-eminent glory, the first battle must be fought single-handed, in the intervening weeks, on the *knees* or on the *face*. A battle such as Jacob fought—a night-long battle—wrestling with the angel of the Covenant, and prevailing. Thousands who will not be able to reach

Round Lake will help in this preliminary contest.

We summon the tens of thousands of our Israel, the *lovers of holiness to the knee-con-test!* THE CLOSET BATTLE! Victory should be declared in advance of the actual conflict.

Go, ye pleading ones, everywhere, to the blood-besprinkled throne, and cry,

"By the deep, expiring groan,
By the sad, sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
Hear, O hear, our humble cry."

Then, come, fresh from that victorious interview, to Round Lake, and the day will be ours—gloriously ours.

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

MISS MARY REA SPENCE.

H. H.

Mary R. Spence, beloved daughter of Harriet and the late Joel C. Spence, departed this life on her 26th birthday, August 24th, 1868.

She was converted to God under the pastoral labors of the Rev. Anthony Atwood, stationed at that time at the Kensington M. E. Church, Philadelphia, and united with the church March 16th, 1856. She adorned her profession by an upright walk and chaste conversation. Was connected with the Sabbath school the greater portion of her life, first as scholar and subsequently as teacher, from which position she resigned about two and a half years previous to her decease. She loved to instruct the little ones, but her labors during the week being too confining, her friends persuaded her to give up her class, to which she yielded a reluctant consent. The Superintendent of the school pointed her out as his "model teacher."

As a teacher in the Public School, her intercourse with her collaborators was of the most pleasant character; a prominent trait was to make peace, whether at home or abroad. She was a reader and lover of the "Guide," and below we give some extracts from her

diary, upon the subject which this magazine sets forth:

May 22d, 1866.—I have long been trying to give myself wholly to the Lord, but pride has so lurked in my heart that I have broken all my promises, and gone back to my former sins; but I have resolved to-day, God being my helper, I will be on the Lord's side. I feel I have consecrated all to Him. O! God cleanse my heart, and make it fit for Thy indwelling.

Sabbath, January 6th, 1867.—Went this afternoon to sacrament. As I took the wine, I felt that I could realize that the blood of Christ cleansed me from all sin, and God accepted me.

Sabbath, May 27th, 1867.—This morning felt very much depressed in spirits, for fear my heart was not cleansed from every sin. After breakfast, retired to pray. I asked the Lord to give me some passage that would comfort me. The first lines that met my eye were: "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." St. John xiv. 20. I felt the Lord had given me those lines, and that I should have more faith and believe He was willing, but the hindrance was in me. He desired to make me holy, but unbelief hid it from my eyes. I cried, Lord, save me! and I felt at that moment that He did save to the uttermost; my heart was emptied of sin. After I arose from my knees, I feared I would not be faithful, and be a reproach to the cause, but in a moment these words were given me, "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." I again knelt in prayer, and opening my Bible I saw these lines, "Now ye are clean through the words which I have spoken unto you"—St. John, xv. 3. I took fresh courage and rested all in Christ.

When giving her experience, in the class meeting, the language made use of was very concise and expressive.

During her last illness, in conversation with a friend, she expressed herself ready to go, whenever the summons should come. During this illness she was heard to exclaim, "wholly the Lord's, soul and body!" Having called her physician to her bedside, she asked his opinion concerning her case, with calmness she received his decision—that she would not get well. Her sister, speaking to

her of her calmness, she replied, "for this I have prayed." On being convinced that she was passing through the valley, asked for her sisters and friends, saying that she was very weak, and fearing that she would not be able to speak at the last moment, desired to say a few words to all. As they came forward, she took them by the hand and bade them adieu, urging them at the same time, "to meet her in heaven." Having taken the hand of her sorrow-stricken mother in hers, and desiring to comfort her, she said, "it will not be long till we shall meet again." Thus calmly and peacefully this young, lovely Christian passed away. A dutiful and affectionate daughter, a loving sister and kind friend. Dear Mary "rests from her labors and her works do follow her 'absent from the body, present with the Lord.'"

—♦—♦—♦—
For the Guide.

FRANKLIN JENKINS.

MRS. S. JENKINS.

Mr. Franklin Jenkins died at Stockbridge, Jan. 14th, 1869, aged 65 years.

"He sleeps in Jesus."

"He sleeps in Jesus;" happy thought:
Has reached at last the rest he sought,
From storms without and fears within,
He rests secure from pain and sin.

"He sleeps in Jesus;" blessed sleep,
"From which none ever wake to weep;"
How sweet to lay down care and strife,
And wake to everlasting life.

Awhile he waited the blest hour,
When pain and death should lose its power;
And now, submissive to God's will,
He sleeps in Jesus, peace be still.

Long he had walked life's wearied way,
And wondered at his lengthened day;
At last a light shone in his room,
And Jesus whispered, "Child, come home."

Farewell! I will not wish thee back,
To walk again life's weary track,
Though while my soul shall here abide,
I'll miss thee walking by my side.

O! may I thus in patience wait,
Until I near that pearly gate,
Where my enraptured soul shall see,
That he is waiting there for me.

COLUMBUS, WISCONSIN.

For the Guide.

ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE MARY.

COUSIN LIBBEY.

To-day within thy lonely home,
There is a little, vacant chair,
And from thy bosom has been torn,
A little form that nestled there.

Not long you kept the tender plant,
Which God had lent, but had not given,
For Mary was a flower but sent
To bud on earth and bloom in heaven.

Her little eyes are closed in death,
Her prattling voice forever hushed,
And when she ceased this fleeting breath,
Long cherished hopes of thine were crushed.

But mourn your loved one not as lost,
She sleeps a calm and peaceful sleep,
Though tears of grief for her you shed,
She's gone where mortals never weep.

She's gone to join yon cherub throng,
She feels thy loving Saviour's care,
And oft thy weary spirit longs
To be at rest forever there.

Thy little one doth sweetly sleep,
Free from all earthly pain and fear,
Oh! think of her, as now you weep,
Transplanted in a brighter sphere.

Dry thy sad tears, dispel thy gloom,
Nor bow thy heart in vain regret,
'Tis but the casket in the tomb,
The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

Then, mother, never wish her back,
In this unfriendly world to roam,
But bless the hand that gave and took,
And calmly say, "Thy will be done."

Editorial.

MARKED PEOPLE:

OR,

SAINTS AND CHRISTIANS.

A devoted minister in describing the characteristics of his flock to a fellow-laborer who had come to aid him, said, "My people would be frightened if you should call them saints, but they would be offended if you should not think them Christians."

What a mistake! Not on the part of the minister, for further acquaintance with the

people convinced us that he had placed a proper estimate on their piety. But it is a serious mistake, that they should think themselves *Christians* while they could not properly be called saints.

And how may saints be known? They may be distinguished by a *mark* manifest to the eye of God and man. When those invisible agencies in charge of the city in the days of Ezekiel, were commanded to draw near, six came, each with a destroying weapon in his hand. One of these clothed in linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side, was commanded to go through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark on the forehead of a certain class of the people. And who were the distinguished ones? Those only who, living in the spirit of sacrifice, were found in sympathy with the Divine being, sighing and crying for the abominations done in the land. All others were left unmarked.

And then the men with the slaughter weapons were sent forth, and their fearful commission read thus, "Slay utterly, old and young, both maids and little children and women; but come not near any upon whom is the *mark*, and begin at my sanctuary. Then they began with the ancient men which were before the house." Alas, how great was the slaughter! So great that the prophet cried out, "Ah, Lord God, wilt thou destroy all the residue of Israel?" Well for the prophet that he was found among God's *marked* men.

Reader, what was written aforetime was written for our instruction in righteousness. Not alone in Ezekiel's time was the Divine mark given. The solemn work is still going on. Had you lived in the prophet's day, would you have been found in heart-sympathy with God, sighing and crying for the abominations done in the land, or having been left *unmarked* would you have been a victim of the destroyer's deadly weapon?

"I want to be one of God's marked men."

So said an interesting young man who presented himself as a seeker at the altar of prayer.

We had asked, "What would you have Jesus do for you?"

"I want to be one of God's marked men," was his significant reply.

Have you been born of the Spirit?

"No!"

"Then you cannot be one of God's marked men until your heart is changed, for it is only thus that we are made partakers of the Divine nature. 'Unto us are given exceeding great and precious promises.' That is, unto you, if *you* will comply with the conditions. Give your heart to Jesus, just as it is, and then the promise is yours, 'I will receive you.' 'I will take away the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh.' 'A new heart will I give unto you.' The moment you surrender your heart, Christ will make the exchange. You have his *promise*. *Believe*, and you will now be made a partaker of the Divine nature." He did believe, and before the service closed, rejoiced in the witness of adoption.

"Now you may be one of God's marked men," said we to the newly saved one. "You doubtless have friends out of the ark of safety, and you must try and bring some one or more unsaved ones with you to the service to-morrow evening."

"O, I live a long distance, I walked four miles to get here."

"But what is four miles, or forty miles in comparison to the worth of a soul. Jesus came all the way from heaven to earth to save you, and now that you are one of God's marked men, you will be in sympathy with your Saviour for perishing sinners, and think no conceivable sacrifice too much, that may be subservient to the salvation of souls."

The next evening he came from his distant home, bringing a friend with him, for whose salvation he seemed most deeply interested. He accompanied his friend to the altar, and the penitent was most gloriously saved. The next evening he came with another friend, the succeeding evening with two, all of whom were won over to Jesus, in less than a week from the time that he had said, "I want to be one of God's marked men." How manifestly had God made him just what he had asked to be! a marked man in the truest sense. Surely his eight miles walk, and his daily effort to seek and save the lost cost him something.

The foundation of the Christian religion was laid in *sacrifice*. Did the Father sacrifice anything when he gave his Son, who from all eternity dwelt in his bosom? Think

of the Son of God, who made himself of no reputation, and came in the form of a servant. Though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor, lived a life of suffering, and died the death of the cross! To profess to be a Christian, and not live in the spirit of *sacrifice*—what an inconsistency! Nothing can be more true than that Christians are *saints*, and saints are all marked.

Can anything be called sacrifice that costs nothing? Shall that which costs nothing in time, reputation, ease or money, be called sacrifice? God's saints in all ages have been a marked people. They sacrifice that which costs something. David was a *marked man*. He might have sacrificed that which cost him nothing. But his noble soul disdained it, exclaiming, "Shall I sacrifice that which costs me nothing?"

How rapidly are the months and years of life's probation passing away. With the present number, we close our semi-annual volume. It will *cost* us something to rise early and present the first virgin hour of the remainder of the year 1869 to our Creator, Redeemer, and Preserver. Nature may crave a little more sleep. But perhaps by some pre-arrangement or act of self denial, you may retire over night a little earlier than you have been wont, for the sole purpose of sacrificing the first pure unsullied hour of the morning to the God of all your mercies. Do not forget that to sacrifice that which costs you nothing is *not* sacrifice.

Remember Him who rose long before it was day to pray for you. Surely you would not be willing to offer to God that which costs you nothing in time of ease. Thus prepared by communion with God in prayer and searching the Scriptures, you may obtain help of God to walk before Him through the day in the spirit of sacrifice, living out of self, even as Christ, who lived not to please himself. Ask at the opening of every day what you may do for Jesus? and he will surely give you some little errand of mercy, or work of grace, which an angel might covet to perform.

Thus may you begin and end each remaining day of the year 1869, in the spirit of love and sacrifice, and stand confessed before God, angels and men as one of God's marked people.

Soon will life's probation close, and God's saints be gathered. And how solemn and

suggestive the thought, that only *saints* are to be gathered as God's elect. And how may saints be known amid the mass of nominal Christians? He who himself is to be Judge, has given an infallible characteristic. Yes, "The Lord knoweth them that are His." "Gather my saints unto me, those who have made a covenant with me by *sacrifice*." Such and such only are God's *marked people*.

The Music in our May number should have been credited to a Musical work called "Leaves of Blessing for Sunday Schools," By Wm. G. Fischer, 1018 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. This would have been done but from an unintentional omission on the part of the printer.—Ed.

Revival Miscellany.

Our exchanges during all the winter months have come freighted with the glorious intelligence of revivals in all parts of our land, and very frequently it is noted that the work commenced with the week of prayer.

In the town of Fulton, Ill., a most wonderful visitation of the Spirit of the Lord has been experienced—Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists alike sharing in it. It was agreed by these several denominations to observe the week of prayer by two services per day in all the churches; and, furthermore, to district the city, and visit every home, and talk on the subject of religion. *Pious women* were chiefly selected for this work. They did the visitations promptly and thoroughly, and as a result a work commenced which swept the town. It would seem that in every instance where the week of prayer was observed, and where its observance was connected with thorough visitation, a revival was sure to follow. When are we to cease hoping that a revival will come unattended by self-denying and earnest consecration and labor?

THE OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT.—Dr. G. Haven, in *Zion's Herald*, says, "Now seems to be an hour of this grace. The Holy Ghost is moving on the hearts of the children of men. Many and marked are the revelations of His saving presence. In East Boston the

work is going forward mightily in all the Churches of Christ. In South Boston cases are daily occurring, bordering on the marvelous, actually marvelous, for all conversions are miraculous; men of the vilest lives are being washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb. In Westfield the power is remarkable. Leading citizens and sinners are turning to the Lord by scores and scores. At Chelsea a like outpouring of grace and in-pouring of saved souls is experienced. In other parts of the land are like displays. The Conference sessions are seasons of spiritual power. The slain of the Lord are many."

THE Bedford Street Church, under the pastoral care of Rev. John E. Cookman, has enjoyed a great revival, which has continued without intermission for over twelve weeks, the meetings being held every evening, and sometimes during the day, when the membership have assembled to pray for the baptism of the Spirit and the sanctification of the Church. Thus clothed with the inspiration of the Spirit, more than four hundred souls have been converted, the most of whom have united with the Church.

If there ever was a great revival wherein it might be said, that the whole Church worked in union and harmony, under the direction of the Pastor, this has been one. A large amount of the work was done under God outside of the meetings. Brother Cookman had organized a league of faith and prayer. Each one who joined (and there were many) received a card upon which was a printed pledge, as fellows:

First, We covenant to pray three times a day for a revival of religion in our congregation and community.

Second, To pray specially for some particular individual until he or she is saved.

Third, To attend the public services ourselves.

Fourth, To invite our friends to attend.

Fifth, To believe that for Christ's sake God will give us spiritual prosperity.

The above mentioned organization has been undoubtedly a great power for good. At the conversion of almost every soul the minister would ask the congregation to rise and sing the doxology. Thus God was glorified in the salvation of all.

THE WORK AT ATHENS.—Rev. J. Vansaw writes, March, "I ask to amend the brief notice of the revival in Athens, by stating, that the accessions, up to date, in the Methodist Episcopal Church alone, are 165. The number of conversions in the Presbyterian Church here is quite large, but their quarterly communion has been postponed, and the number can not be definitely stated. The blessing has been poured out upon us beyond what we could have asked or believed. It is beyond all precedent. But few of the students in the University are left unconverted, and the Spirit is abroad on our streets and in our houses till men, women, and children are coming by twos and by dozens, to inquire the way of salvation. Rev. Mr. Avery, Evangelist, is laboring in the Presbyterian Church with the pastor, Rev. J. H. Holcomb, and Rev. J. M. Jameson holds forth to the people who throng the Methodist Episcopal Church night and morning, but 'it is the Lord's doings, and marvelous in our eyes.'"

Dr. Howard, of the University, states the accessions to the Methodist Episcopal Church as 190. From the several College classes, as fruits of the blessed work, he thinks at least six will go forth as ministers of the Gospel.

CANTON, PA.—There have been up to this date 175 or 180 seekers. Of these, fully 155 or 160 have been happily converted or reclaimed, or are still seeking the Lord, and still the wave of grace is rising and flowing on. I think as many as five or six entire families have been happily united to Christ during the progress of the work. Several have sought the rest of perfect love, and rejoice in its possession. With such experiences multiplying, as we pray they may in the Church, we may look for the continuance of the work among sinners. J. D. REQUA.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT, CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.—Rev. A. Lowry, March, "Glory to God, he is doing wonders for us. There is a general quickening throughout Springfield District, and in some cases 'the Pentecost has fully come.' I can not give the exact number converted and received on trial, but a golden harvest has been reaped. Personal holiness, the great object of Christ's mission and work, is engaging the special attention of some

members and ministers. Two preachers have recently obtained and openly professed, with hallowing effect, this mature state of grace. And why not acknowledge such an achievement? If God were to light up a new sun within the limits of our vision, we would make haste to tell it, to His praise. To cleanse a soul from all sin is a more splendid deed. Then why not celebrate it? All glory to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

VINCENNES, INDIANA.—Rev. John Kiger: "Having closed my second round on Vincennes district, I would report that the Lord has again visited this portion of our beloved Zion with glorious manifestations of revival influence. All the charges, except two or three, are very prosperous. About 650 have been added to the Church, up to this time, in the bounds of the district."

VALPARISO, N. W., IND.—Rev. G. M. Boyd, pastor: "129 have been received into the Church on probation; nearly all converted. Many are heads of families, while there is a large number of young men and women."

GREENFIELD.—Rev. J. F. Marlay says, "The revival in Greenfield, under the ministry of Rev. S. D. Clayton, has been in progress for more than two months, and yet the interest seems to be on the increase. The conversions now number over 200, and the additions to the Church have been 222. On the evening of the 3d inst., between forty and fifty penitents surrounded the altar, nine of whom were converted. Brother Clayton appoints nearly every week a day of fasting and prayer, and attributes much of the success of the meeting to the observance of these days. The work in Greenfield is the most wonderful witnessed in this region for many years."

WILLIAMSBURG, CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.—Rev. C. Kalbfus, March 4, "Our meeting in this place, which resulted in 150 accessions to the Church, was transferred to the Salem appointment last Saturday week. The meeting is still going on; fifty-one have, up to this writing, been added to the Church there, making 201 accessions since January 2d, in this charge."

ROBERTS CHAPEL, INDIANAPOLIS.—Rev. F. C. Holliday: "The revival in Roberts Chapel moves on gloriously. We are enjoying a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The interest is unabated. To the present date 170 have been added to the Church. An unusual amount of spiritual influence characterizes our services, and remarkable displays of Divine power are witnessed among us."

EDINBURG, SOUTH-EASTERN INDIANA CONFERENCE.—Rev. W. Maupin: "Our meeting, which has been in progress for over seven weeks, has just closed. Since I last wrote eighteen have united with the Church, making in all 103 accessions, and near that number of conversions since our meeting commenced. 'The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'"

DURING the last three months about 100 have professed conversion in Pennington Charge, New Jersey, and eighty of them have already united with the Church. The pastor, Rev. S. Parker, writes, that the residents of the place, and the students of the Conference Seminary, and of the Pennington Institute, have alike shared in the gracious work.

PLEASANTON CIRCUIT, OHIO CONFERENCE.—Rev. R. H. Wallace: "We commenced our meetings, and labored for ten weeks without intermission. Such displays of Divine power I have never seen before as there were at some of our meetings. At Pleasanton there were as many as from thirty to forty conversions at one coming together. In all there have been more than 275 conversions, and, up to this time, 235 have joined the Church since Conference."

ON Blue Sulphur Circuit, Virginia Conference, Rev. B. Morgan, Pastor, ninety have professed religion, and seventy-six have united with the Church. The membership has been greatly revived.

AT North Ferrisburgh, Vt., Rev. A. J. Ingalls, Pastor, about 100 converts are reported in a revival still in progress. The Middleburgh brethren aided the Church in the good work.

XENIA DISTRICT, CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

—Rev. J. W. Weakley, D. D., writes, "Allow me to report our success in the bounds of the Xenia District for the two quarters now closed. All the accessions, however, excepting about fifty, have been in the last nine weeks. Probationers received in the various charges as follows: Xenia, First Church, 20; Trinity, 35; Old Town, 15; Yellow Springs, 12; Fairfield, 16; Carlisle, 85; Jamestown, 180; South Charleston, 31; Waynesville, 164; Raysville, 60; Union, 50; New Burlington, 65; Monroe, 10; Lebanon, 41. In all 783, and still the work goes gloriously on. In some of the fields of labor, at the date of reporting to me, as many as thirty were at the altar. One peculiar feature of the work has been, as reported by several of the brethren, conversions in excess of accessions. To God be all the glory."

PLYMOUTH CIRCUIT, NORTH OHIO CONFERENCE.—S. M'Burney: "Seventy conversions in Plymouth, and sixty additions to the Church. At New Haven about twenty-five professed to have found 'the pearl of great price,' twenty-two of whom united with our society. Now, at M'Kendree, the altar is crowded nightly with anxious penitents."

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

THE RECORD OF SIN.

T. E. W.

Our little Linnie, five years of age, fell into the practice of saying, whenever her mother required her to do anything, "I don't want to," or "I don't like to."

Her mother pinned a yellow paper to the wall, and made a mark on it for every offense. Linnie saw her, and asked why she did it. On learning that the yellow paper was to attract attention, and the marks on it were to show to all her naughtiness—her guilt, she became sad—sorrowful indeed, and begged her mother to take it down, but she would not.

Every little while "Don't want to" was heard from Linnie, and her mother would quietly make a mark on the paper, and each time Linnie was thrown into a paroxysm of grief.

All the after part of the day Linnie seemed deeply sorrowful, as she saw on the wall the evidence of her guilt, and promising reformation every little while, plead that the cruel paper might be taken down.

She said her little prayer at night, and lay down to rest, and as her mother kissed her good night, still her heart was heavy, and pleadingly she said, "Ma, I won't say that any more—won't you take down the paper."

Her mother explained to her the rebelliousness of heart, the words "Don't want to" indicated, and that God marks our thoughts, words, and deeds, and assured her the yellow paper should come down.

Then Linnie was happy! And that night she fell asleep with an unusually light and joyous heart.

Immortal man, dost thou see on the walls of thy soul, on the vaulted sky, and in the Book of God the record of thy sins?

Agents as true and faithful as God have written it! It is real. It speaks of doom! Let a sense of guilt weigh down thy soul. Be sad—be humbled every hour—all the day! And as thou liest down, if not before, as objects of sense are "kissing thee, good night," confess, forsake, ask, believing that the scroll may be removed, that thy sins may be blotted out, and thou shalt be justified—shalt rest in Christ; shalt have a free and joyous heart.

Disciple of Jesus, hast thou peace, and yet not perfect peace? Dost thou yet see the dark spot of depravity in the soul? Look away from self to Jesus. Behold His glories and His sufficiency. Trust Him to take the plague spot from within; sink into His will; that thou mayest live unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. His blood cleanseth from all sin—from all unrighteousness. Then shalt thy peace be as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.

For the Guide.

LEAF FROM MY DIARY.

MRS. L. H. SWARTZ.

SEPT. 14, 1867.

This night at fifteen minutes past 8 o'clock I re-dedicate myself to God—body, soul, and spirit. O, it seems to me I never so much felt the solemnity, the majesty, the responsibility of being a child of God. I tremble at the vow I am making to be henceforth wholly the Lord's.

But I praise His name that it is left on record, that He is able to save unto the uttermost; and as I write the silent tear drop asserts that I am happy. I never yet have shouted aloud, but usually am happiest when I weep. I have been somewhat in doubt for a week or two past—not that I doubted the favor of God, for I felt, that “living or dying,” I was the Lord’s. Yet I scarcely understood my own experience, whether I was sanctified or not. I believe the blessing has been mine, most, if not all, of the time since I was so sweetly filled with the love of God at Mount Union, Ohio, over a year ago, while praying expressly for “holiness of heart,” when these words were so forcibly applied to my heart, “Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in Thee.”

15TH.

Sunday morning—Feel this morning a very comfortable assurance that I am wholly the Lord’s, and this day shall be especially devoted to His service. Blessed day! “The day of all the week—the best.”

Six o’clock, P. M.—Sweet sunset hour! How I love this holy silence—this sweet repose of nature. And thus do I repose to-night upon the bosom of the Infinite. To-day has been a good day to me, and if God is able to keep me one day from sinning against Him, He is able to keep me a life time; which, at most, is made up of only a small number of days. I do feel that I trust Him for the present and for all time to come! Praise His holy and exalted name for this sweet assurance of His loving favor!

18TH.

This day still finds me in the “way.” But I feel that without the constant application of His blood—of the merits of His death, I cannot travel in the way for a single hour. O, for more of the fullness of the “Gospel of peace.”

19TH.

Arose this morning about a half hour earlier than usual; and I think it has been a benefit to me. Do not feel any need of hurrying or delaying my devotional exercises as I have done sometimes. I believe this half hour, which I daily dedicate to God, is a great blessing to my soul.

SEPT. 14, 1868.

Monday night—One year ago, to-night, is a time long to be remembered in my Christian history. After the sore trial through which I had been called to pass, my soul seemed more

drawn out after God, and I felt the need of a more complete consecration of all to Him, which I made at that time, and after a severe conflict with Satan in the form of unbelief, felt assured that the sacrifice was accepted, and that the altar sanctified the gift; and to-night I would not unloose the offering that is bound by the chords of faith to the horns of the altar. O, that I may ever feel as I do now, that the precious blood of Jesus is constantly sprinkled upon it, making it pure from every stain that sin hath made.

DEC. 22, 1868.

Tuesday—I have felt but little emotion to-day, yet I do realize, “Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness—my beauty—are my glorious dress.”

Yes, my soul doth magnify the Lord.

For the Guide.

PRESENT EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. C. HARRYMAN.

This has been a year of trial to me. Two years ago I received the blessing of sanctification. Last spring entered Conference. On trial sent to the Oswego Mission, and I have been endeavoring to preach according to my ability. There has been a number of conversions, and one received the blessing of sanctification.

I give glory to God for what He has done, yet I should love to have seen many more entering into the rest of perfect love. When I see so many older brethren so indifferent on the subject, my heart is grieved, and I do not wonder that so few of the members obtain the blessing.

I expect to preach holiness as long as I live, and I want to die proclaiming holiness to the Lord. I am happy to-day. May God raise up here a host of holy men and women.

For the Guide.

AVALANCHE OF LOVE.

MRS. JOHN P. NOYES.

Perhaps it will not be amiss to send you a little of my husband’s experience, who has been an invalid for three years. But although afflicted in body, and almost blind, he can, by the eye-faith, see far into the future, and sometimes it seems that he, in his musings, has communion with loved ones gone before. He feels that the “Guide” has been a God send to him, inasmuch as it has been a beacon

light to guide him into the paths of entire consecration to Jesus, perfect love, which casteth out all fear.

He had for many years been a follower of Jesus, (more than forty years), but has for a long time felt that a more entire surrender was necessary, and after agonizing and praying for a long time, "sanctify me through Thy truth, Thy word is truth." Jesus came to him and awoke him out of sleep at daybreak one morning, and so impressed him that he felt the pressure in his body, and at the same filled him full of the love of God. He felt that he was in the very audience chamber of the Most High. For some time he could not speak, and when he could speak he exclaimed: "What condescension; Jesus came to the foot of my bed, and awoke me, and told me that he loved me; that I was His and He mine, and poured such an avalanche of love into my soul that for a while I knew not whether I was in the body or out. Blessed Jesus! What immense condescension, to come and commune with poor unworthy me! Oh! I am full of love," and many like expressions fall frequently from his lips. Blessed Jesus! Oh! how sweet to be for such communion meet.

On being asked if he would have something to eat, he replied, "I do not need anything now, I am feeding on the love of the Saviour," and notwithstanding he has many troubles and vexations, the love of the Saviour will make up for all, and he will exclaim, "Why should I trouble about the cares of earth, when I have a home prepared for me, a mansion in the skies, and soon, very soon, Jesus will come with His chariot, attended with His angels, to convey me home." He is happy all the time and feels that all would be right if called at a moment's warning to heaven.

Oh! that all the soldiers of the Cross would fall into line and march under the banner of Perfect Love to their eternal home. Angels would rejoice and the redeemed would shout glory to God, who hath given us the victory over sin, death and the grave. Yes, all fear of death is taken away, and my husband fears the grave as little as his bed. Thanks be to God for the gift of perfect love.

Real Christians are the resemblances of Christ; and if we love the original, we must also love the copy.

For the Guide.

GLORIOUS LIFE.

Rev. Samuel N. Emerson, of Honolulu, in ordering some numbers of the "Guide," writes, "For more than two months I have felt the constant presence of Christ with me, leading, aiding and strengthening me in everything.

"It is a glorious life to be hid with Christ in God. Oh: the joy, peace, love and light that I receive from Christ is unspeakable. I cannot but speak of what I know and feel. Praise be to Him *alone* who hath loved us, and given us the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil."

For the Guide.

REALIZING FAITH.

REV. C. BROOKS.

One friend writing to another says: Do you remember how "Christian" was encouraged while passing through the Dark Valley, when he heard the voice of a fellow pilgrim before him, and felt that he was not alone in the terrible trials through which he was passing? I confess to a similar feeling of encouragement, when I learn that you are sometimes subjected to trials similar to mine.

Some of my sorest temptations are of a character that I hardly dare speak of, especially in the presence of those who are weak. I cannot call it properly a temptation to doubt Christianity, for in that open form the tempter has hardly ventured to assail me; but it is a temptation in that direction. It is an attempt to cast a kind of obscurity, almost uncertainty, upon the things unseen—to make them seem unreal.

For a year or two past I have been striving for a realizing faith—a faith that not only substitutes knowledge, but sense; that contemplates spirits, spiritual agency, the spirit world—everything spiritual—as just, as real, real to my apprehension as the objects of sense around me. I have come to regard this as embraced in the Apostle's definition of faith, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Imagination pictures to the mind, but "Faith lends its realizing light"—a light that reveals things as they actually are. Am I wrong in this?

I apprehend that these aspirations have drawn the attack of the enemy to this point. Yet, thus far, he has been foiled, and I have

full confidence in the Captain of my salvation, that he will bring me off more than conqueror.

I have seasons of wonderful enjoyment. At such time I cannot help wondering that, with such a sense of my sinfulness, and the imperfection of all my services, I should feel such freedom, so much at my ease, (I speak it reverently), in the presence of the King. I cannot feel embarrassed in the thought of mingling with the holy ones, but at home among them. At such times, death and judgment do not produce the slightest recoil in my feelings. I am sure it is not presumption, for I never feel more self-abasement than when I have these sweet experiences. But "I call the world's Redeemer *mine*." Mine! He is mine. I cannot describe it, and to you I need not.

For the Guide.

A CLEAN HEART.

ELLA S. GRISWOLD.

Glory to God in the highest. By the application of the precious purifying blood of Jesus my soul is cleansed from all unrighteousness. I have proved the power of Jesus to keep me pure and unspotted in this world. How precious is His Holy Word to me, I love to have it near me all the time, I kneel and read a portion of it every day, and I believe Jesus reveals its true meaning to me more powerfully under these circumstances than under any other. Try it, fellow disciple, if you wish to understand the full meaning of God's word. Praise the Lord, for an efficient guide to lead us to our heavenly mansion.

The trials and cares attending a worldly life do not trouble me, I have exchanged them for a dear Saviour, and O, how much I gained by so doing, life and happiness in this world, beside an eternity of bliss with Jesus. The most coveted place to me on earth is to be at work in my Father's vineyard. There life is very sweet to me. Hallelujah to Jesus! He fills me to overflowing with that love which is beyond all earthly description.

When through trials and persecutions I was seeking to be sanctified through the purifying blood of my Saviour, I said to a friend whom I believed walking in the highway of holiness, do not earthly cares trouble you? He answered no. I could not then believe it, still I longed to have my mind in the same state of

perfect rest in Jesus. I think he saw my unbelief, for through his prayer of faith, Jesus enabled me to realize that he could take all worldly care from our minds. After that, I sought more earnestly than ever to obtain the blessing of perfect love. I resolved never to stop seeking until death. Glory to Jesus! I did not seek in vain. He gave me a clean heart the second day of March, 1867.

NAPLES, N. Y.

THANK OFFERING. OR

FIFTY-THREE SUBSCRIBERS IN FIFTY-THREE DAYS.

A dear minister in West Virginia, who fifty-three days since received the blessing of heart-purity through the instrumentality of the Guide to Holiness sends to the publisher *fifty-three subscribers* with the accompanying note:—"You may say, for stimulating others, that a subscriber to the "Guide" has thus far (Feb. 9th) procured one subscriber each day since he received the blessing of holiness, namely for fifty-three days, and by the help of the good Spirit hopes to continue to do as well in the future, and if possible better. Pray for us." Who will do likewise?

Miscellaneous Gatherings

WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

The ministries of woman in religion, so prominently noted in Bible history, have been too much neglected in the Christian Church. If Protestantism has failed at all, it has failed here. Even Methodism has not kept the promise of its earlier years and annals, when such historic figures stood among her earliest toilers as the Countess of Huntington, Mary Fletcher, Hester Ann Rogers in England, and Barbara Heck, Mary White, Prudence Gough, and Catharine Garrettson in this country. The restoration of that golden age of female agency in religion will mark the incoming of a new and promising era in the Church.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

THE DUMB SPEAK.

Last week's *Atlanta Advocate* mentions a remarkable "fruit" of conversion. A colored man in Whitesville, Ga., who had never spoken, was happily converted to God under the labors of the Methodist Episcopal minis-

ters in that charge, Collins Dabbs and Frank Joseph. He commenced at once to praise God aloud, and from that time began to speak. Now his utterance is so distinct that he holds prayer meetings through the country with marked interest.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

At a temperance meeting, some years ago, a learned clergyman spoke in favor of wine as a drink, demonstrating its use, quite to his own satisfaction to be Scriptural, gentlemanly and healthful.

When he sat down a plain, elderly man rose, and asked leave to say a few words.

"A young friend of mine," said he, "who had long been intemperate, was, at length, prevailed on, to the great joy of his friends, to take the pledge of entire abstinence from all that could intoxicate. He kept the pledge faithfully for some time, struggling with his habit fearfully, till one evening in a social party, glasses of wine were handed around. They came to a clergyman present, who took a glass, saying a few words in vindication of the practice. 'Well,' thought the young man, 'if a clergyman can take wine and justify it so well, why not I?' So he took a glass. It instantly re-kindled his slumbering appetite, and, after a downward course, he died of delirium tremens—died a raving madman." The old man paused for utterance, and was just able to add, "that young man was my son, and that clergyman was the Rev. Doctor who has addressed the assembly."

THE New Zealand massacre has developed some latter-day martyrs for religion's sake. The natives captured by the Maori rebels were offered their lives if they would bow down to the Hanlan god; but they refused, and fifty of them were put to death.

ADVANTAGES OF ROMANISM.

IGNORANCE.

Sixty-five per cent. of the male population of Spain, and eighty-six per cent. of its female population are unable to read and write. Only about one in every thirteen of the population goes to school. This does not speak well for the prospects of that country. It needs fewer priests and more schoolmasters.

CRIME.

Statistics given in the London *Examiner* in regard to crime in Romish and Protestant countries are full of instruction. The proportion of murders to the population in England is one to every 178,000, in Holland one to every 163,000; but in Spain it is one to every 4,113, and in Rome and the Papal States one to every 750.

LICENTIOUSNESS.

The nearer we approach the centre of the Romish Church the more shamefully the sanctity of the marriage relation is disregarded. The percentage of illegitimate births in the following cities tells a plain story: London, 4; Paris, 48; Brussels, 53; Vienna, 118; Rome, 243. Nearly two and a half to one born in lawful wedlock! In Roman Catholic countries houses of ill-fame are regularly licensed.

Such is the Romanism which is now bidding for the ascendancy in our own country, and to which our unprincipled politicians are succumbing.

POST OFFICE CORRUPTION

It seems from our exchanges that some publishing firms have had a hard experience with the Post Office Department recently, and that we are far from being alone in failing to receive money sent to us in letters.

During the month of February the New York *Observer* received information of *twenty four* letters which had been mailed to its address, containing various sums, amounting in all to \$127, not one of which came to hand.

During the same month the *Congregationalist* came to the knowledge of *sixty-six* letters which had been mailed for it, containing \$239, every one of which failed to be delivered. It also says that "in our experience, a letter with *three* dollars in it is not safe on such quiet routes, and for such short distances, as between Haverhill and Essex, and Boston. We have lately failed to receive letters containing the aggregate of \$12 from Andover, Mass."

The *Morning Star* adds, "We have also had a similar experience at this office. Between November 14 and January 22 there were sent *from* this office letters containing \$873.25, which did not reach their destination. Many letters also directed to this office

have shared the same fate. Most of the above sum was in drafts, so that it was not a loss to the establishment, but no thanks to the pilferers."

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that there is a great deal of dishonesty, carelessness, and corruption connected with the Post Office Department, and that those sending money had better do it, if possible, by bank check, Post-office order, or registered letter.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

A Congregational minister said, "Would I could find words to express the sweetness of the deep realization that I have in my soul that Jesus saves me now. My heart trusts in God. Am I asked how this is? I have a sweet consciousness of it welling up in my soul. I have tried to be saved otherwise, and thought I succeeded, but it was a failure except when I believed. When believing, I have been free—have had many fights when it seemed an utter impossibility to believe. It was a death struggle, and finally, when I have believed, not only have I had the rest of faith, but of sight, a real rest of the Spirit. When thoughts flit before my mind which are not right, there seems to come up a sort of protest in my soul which is not of me. The Spirit of God inclines me to look to Jesus, who is within me. I have no confidence in anything that I do to save myself. Jesus must save. I do not have hard work to try now. It seems rather to come from my own spontaneity. I have a long season of devotion with Jesus early every morning. I have many names which are remembered before Him then—do not seem satisfied unless these are mentioned in my intercessions. When this precious season is ended, it proves a good preparation for the day. Sometimes the dear ones who assemble here have said to me, 'Brother, I pray for you.' It has been a blessing to me for years. I request that you will pray for my people, and that God will enable me to preach with the Holy Ghost."

Mrs. P. mentioned an objection which had once been put in the mouth of her child. The daughter had said, concerning a profession of this grace, "'If it is to say I never would sin again, I never expect to profess it.' I answered, 'Think of the effect of one sin—Adam's for instance. What dreadful consequences has resulted from that one sin. Think of the sin of Moses, "He spake unadvisedly with his lips," I have often thought, "O, that all professors would see the exceeding sinfulness of sin." We must be saved from sin or we will sin.' I said to my daughter, 'What would you do if you were going to sin, and die that moment?' For some time she appeared distressed. I told her I could tell her, 'You would be watching every moment against sin. Then you would be every moment casting yourself on Jesus to save you from sin.' She said at once, 'O, ma, that's just what I would do.' 'I know that is what you would do.' I do know that the Holy Ghost takes up His residence in my heart. I feel deeply that I cannot be saved for one moment only as I trust. God says, "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." Believing is a momentary act, like the breathing of the air. Let every one here say, 'I will trust, and not be afraid. Every one here this afternoon may have the consciousness of present salvation.'"

A brother said, "Praise God's holy name that He has washed and sanctified me. I can testify that the precious blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. I bless Him for His willingness to save His dear people from sin. Hallelujah! I am walking in the Light."

Another said he was much indebted to the grace of God. "I want to say a few words for the Saviour; have been many years a professor of religion; have been very happy since the word of God, family devotions, and private devotions have been precious to me, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' I once found a good deal of pride and vanity, but looked to Jesus to cut them off. I would not give up my hope for ten thousand worlds. I crossed the water last year. Men there require a double share of the grace of God; was at Enniskillen, a very bad, fashionable place, where liquor and tobacco are very extensively used. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer went there, and by their exertions a camp-meeting was held there, and

there commenced a great work of grace. Now there is a new church there, and Methodism is in the ascendancy."

Sister A. said, "That our thoughts and feelings are not bounded by the horizon around us. We have an enlarged love. I have great dependence on the teachings and leadings of the Holy Spirit, especially in prayer. Have often admired the work of the Spirit in my heart drawing me out toward others. Sometimes have been a little tried, but upon waiting I have found that that was the right leading. No one could have led me so. I like the plain teachings of Scripture; I like to take Bible language and Bible experience. Some don't like the term holiness. But it is the language of the Spirit. My prayer is that God will bless the whole Church. When she appears before God with hands washed in innocency, the Church will be most powerful. I find all the way to heaven is new, and am learning more and more of God and heaven, my own necessities, and of God's precious bounties."

Sister C. said, "I felt the importance of giving myself to the guidance of the Spirit and the word. We may try the Spirit by the word. 'He shall guide you into all truth.' The reason why many have lost their evidences is that they have not yielded obedience. He empowers me to do His will. I do rejoice that we may be bathed in His love."

A Methodist minister wanted it to be known that he believed in holiness, had experienced it in his heart, and that he preached it. He had been in conversation with persons who desire the gift, but would not dare to mention it, and they said their ministers would frown upon it. We feel that this is greatly so, and yet herein what an anomaly in the Christian Church—ministers preaching the necessity of holiness, and yet denying that we can be holy! Said the brother, "My experience, latterly, has been very clear and definite. Recently I made a visit. I said to myself, 'This shall be a spiritual visit, I will be very definite in expressing my sentiments.' Enjoyed precious privileges; was definite, earnest. While there, I came out in a brightness of experience I never had before. I am in light and liberty to-day."

Book Notices.

NEW PAMPHLET.

Just from the press. PARTING ADVICES TO FELLOW LABORERS AND YOUNG CONVERTS. By the author of "Way of Holiness," "Faith and its Effects," etc., etc. W. C. Palmer, Jr., 14 Bible House, N. Y. 46 pages. 20 copies for \$1, or single copies sent by mail on receipt of ten cent stamp.

THE ST. JOHN'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SABBATH SCHOOL, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This is the inscription on the cover of a handsomely bound book, which, with other recent publications, demands a passing notice. We would announce as usual the *Publisher's* name, but find on turning to the title-page, that he is *silent*. That is, the Publisher don't give his name. We of course conclude that there is fatherhood to this volume of 134 pages, for not only talent and tact, but exactings on the purse are most manifest. We find, on turning over the leaves, that it bears unmistakable marks of authorship in the name of one who, by the editor of the *Sunday School Journal*, has been introduced to the religious public as the "*Silent Superintendent*," who, though Grant-like in his reticent style, is remarkable in achievement. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with the management, structure and various paraphernalia of one of the best organized Sabbath Schools in the land, will wish to possess themselves of the book.

THE SACRED HOUR. By Rev. MAXWELL P. GADSWIN, author of "Footprints of an Itinerant." 14 Bible House.

Miss Sallie K. Caldwell, and her dear friend Amelia —, were heart associates, whose affectionate aim was to help each other daily, in efforts to get nearer to Jesus. For this purpose a certain hour of every day was sacredly set apart for secret prayer, at which time they were unitedly to pour out their hearts before God. This gives a clue to the name of the book—"SACRED HOUR." To know something of the results of that sacred hour the reader must peruse this precious volume.

MANNA FOR THE PILGRIM; OR, READINGS FOR A MONTH FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS, HEWITSON, McCHENE, ADELAIDE NEWTON, and others. Selected and arranged by the Compiler of "Drifted Snow Flakes." J. Hamilton, 1344 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

This beautifully bound little volume of 130 pages will commend itself to every intelligent Christian heart. The selections of prose and poetry are choice, presenting a rich portion of heavenly manna, suited to the appetite of earnest Christians for every day in the month.

MANUAL OF METHODISM; OR, THE DOCTRINES, GENERAL RULES AND USAGES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WITH SCRIPTURE PROOFS AND EXPLANATIONS. By BOSTWICK HAWLEY, D.D. Carlton & Lanahan.

The design of this little volume is to bring the whole system, both of doctrines and usages, of the M. E. Church, into such small compass that they may be widely circulated and their excellencies better understood by the religious community.

THE DAY DAWN AND THE RAIN, AND OTHER SERMONS. By Rev. JOHN KET, Glasgow, Scotland. New York, Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway.

An excellent volume of Sermons, displaying originality of style and deep religious fervour. The Alpha and Omega of this book of Sermons is CHRIST.

SUPPLEMENT.

Third National Camp Meeting

AT

ROUND LAKE, N. Y., July 6th to 16th, 1869.

THE National Camp Meeting Committee accepted the urgent invitation of the Round Lake Camp Meeting Association to hold their third National Camp in their beautiful grove and upon their admirably located grounds, in the early part of July. From all over the land prayer had gone up for its success, and as many a one alighted from the cars and passed through the depot or gate on to that consecrated soil, there was a deep conviction that God was about to speak in power yet in loving accents to his militant host. On Sunday the 4th, though the gates of the ground were not opened, some 200 worshippers were thrice before the Lord. Of them it might be said—

"The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;

* * * * *

Now oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow ;
And longing-hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow."

At one of the meetings on that day a gentleman well-known abroad, declared his belief that he had been led of the Spirit from England to this country to obtain the grace that he then rejoiced in, even the blessing of Perfect Love. A

brother minister responded that the Holy Spirit did indeed lead us betimes very singularly, for he went from America to England and there entered upon this grace.

Monday was a day of very active preparation for a life in camp, and each train brought many new recruits, who at once enlisted in these activities. At night an excellent meeting was held in one of the tents. But the Camp Meeting proper was not officially commenced until Tuesday afternoon, the 6th inst., when the Rev. J. S. Inskip, now of Baltimore Conference, the president of the National Camp Meeting Committee, preached the dedicatory sermon. The earnestness of the preacher, the unction of the Holy One attending the sermon, and the deep attention of the hearers, gave assurance that the keynote struck by Bro. Inskip, *Holiness to the Lord*, would be fully responded to throughout the ten days of the meeting. The grounds were well arranged; the fountain sent forth its silvery jets; the deep green shade of the intertwining oaks falling upon the encircling tents, the proximity of the quiet waters of the rightly named Round Lake

—no one of these, nor all of the features in Nature's lovely face, were to have such power to charm, as had the motto inscribed on the banner of the meeting just unfurled—**HOLINESS TO THE LORD.**

The Preacher's Stand was the largest and best arranged we have ever seen, having under the cornice, on each side, some brief and striking passage of Scripture, and a bell of considerable size and good tone surmounted it, which utterly ignored the old-fashioned tin horn call to worship. Although this ground was occupied first for camp meeting purposes last year, yet there are some twelve or more gothic cottages built, besides two stores and a substantial depot building. The Rochester tent was also in use, and is capable of holding 3000 persons, and served admirably when the weather would not allow of worship before the stand, or when a number of meetings were being held at same time, or when, as on Sabbath afternoon, July 11th, the vast mass of people were divided into two congregations that they might the better hear the preached word.

The weather, as a whole, was propitious, being neither too hot or cold; and though, for the time, a fair amount of rain fell, it seemed but to accelerate the work of God in the hearts of His people.

The order of the meeting was all that could be desired. Everybody seemed disposed to do what was right. We did not hear an oath, or ribald song, or singing by any one in mockery or mirthfulness. There was also a marked absence of promenading, gossiping, smoking, and lightness or trifling. We have often been pained with these exhibitions at camp-meetings, where the unconverted seemed to regard the place and time as fitting for these things, and even the

converted were not entirely free from them. But, without particular allusion to this from the stand, all seemed to be directed in another line of thought, and to be possessed of another spirit. Yes, the Spirit of the Lord was wonderfully present, graciously affecting even the ungodly. 800 tents were estimated to be on the ground, and they were arranged in well-laid-out avenues and streets—the avenues being called after the worthy dead of Methodism, and the streets were numbered. 20,000 persons were supposed to have been present on Sunday the 11th inst.

When to carry forward God's cause there is a need of money, it is well enough to ask the people for it, but through the efficiency of the Round Lake Com., charged with the temporalities of this Camp-meeting, all the necessarily great expense of the occasion was provided for, so that at no time was there any solicitation for pecuniary help made upon the congregation. From no source, therefore, was there any marked tendency to divert thought from the one important topic.

The National Committee had exclusive charge of the spiritual interests of the meeting. One of its members said, at a very harmonious interview of the two Committees, near the close of the Camp-meeting, he knew "he spoke the sentiment of the entire Com., when he thanked the Round Lake Association for its efficient temporal management; for at other meetings he felt he had one hand hold of earth, in the care and endeavor necessary to provide for the expense of the meeting, while with the other he could hold on to heaven in behalf of souls; but at that meeting he could with both hands take hold on

God. This division of interests and responsibilities is so simple and proper, we wonder it is not much more fully practiced.

The National Com. having in it ministerial representatives from a number of the States, were a unit in sentiment and action, and in all their interviews were, undoubtedly, much given to prayer. It was publicly said of them more than once, that they seemed to be "under the special guidance of the Lord." These brethren thought it might be proper to accept of an invitation to sit as a Com. before one of the tents for a photographic group. They had passed through seasons of trial for the sake of this great theme of *Holiness to the Lord*. Two of their number were then detained by sickness, and they could not tell how soon death might break the circle; it would be a gratification to look on each other's faces when separated, and help them to waft a prayer to heaven, that the others might fight the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life.

While the artist was making the necessary preparation they sang

"Shall we know each other there,"

and other appropriate strains. Immediately after the picture was taken they withdrew to the nearest tent, and forming a circle, and clasping each other's hands, they knelt, and there promised God to be true to Him, to the Church, and to the doctrine they felt themselves called of God so publicly to advocate. Many of the lookers-on were moved to tears—one prominent minister just then had all his scruples removed, and a sister was brought instantly into the blessing of full salvation, and gave vent to her joy in exclamations of praise.

In the interim of preaching there were

services in a number of the tents in addition to the children's meeting, the young people's meeting, the class reader's meeting, the meeting for the preachers' wives, and the very deeply interesting meeting for the ministers themselves. The National Experience Meetings, whereat testimonies were called for from different States, were thrillingly interesting; and the ever-memorable service of the Lord's Supper in the large tent, participated in by Bishop Simpson—150 preachers and about 2000 of the laity—was wonderful indeed. A fuller account of these great seasons we shall, undoubtedly, have in the promised history of the National Camp-meetings, called *PENUEL*; or, *FACE TO FACE WITH GOD*.

For nearly the whole time of the Camp-meeting our esteemed Bishop Simpson and his family were present mingling in the varied services; also, ten or twelve presiding elders from different parts of the country, and, probably, from five to 700 ministers were from first to last in attendance. The personal appearance, conversation, public exercises and conference standing of these ministers, gave fullest assurance that they were men of no ordinary calibre, and whether they went to the meeting fully in sympathy with its object or not, we believe it to be entirely true that none of those ambassadors for Jesus left that hallowed spot without stronger convictions of the truth of this old Bible doctrine, and thanking God that our fathers and our Church so fully espoused it. Indeed, the impression made on these ministers was, perhaps, the most marked feature of the whole meeting. They listened to preaching and experience with the closest attention, and, jealous for Zion, watched for anything that might devel-

ope into hurtful tendencies. Yet, with wonderful unanimity they were delighted with and profited by the sermons, and were so charmed with the humility, zeal, and love of both preachers and people professing entire sanctification, that criticism was disarmed, all objections were speedily removed, and they with the rest were intently anxious to be borne far out on the sea of perfect love.

While there was no appearance of trying to preach great sermons, nearly all were really great in clear statement, logical connection, forcible illustration, pointed application, and divine unction. No wonder then that after these efforts from two to five hundred persons might be seen kneeling in front of the stand, seeking earnestly for full communion with the Saviour; or that, at other times, nearly the whole congregation bowed before God, embracing in the number, traveling and local preachers, class leaders, stewards, and trustees of our own churches, and brethren and sisters of other persuasions, all seeking with one heart and soul this blessing. At such times, even the unconverted, who were there as mere lookers-on, seemed awed into deep solemnity, as if in the felt presence of the Almighty.

It were not worth while to distinguish between these discourses, as they are all to be given in *PENUEL*. Yet the sermon of Bishop Simpson, on Sabbath morning, we may be permitted to say, was one of his happiest efforts, and we have no doubt it was made, under God, the turning point in the experience of many who heard it, and, we believe, will prove thus

valuable to many others who may read it in *PENUEL*. The thousands gathered in that beautiful grove listened to it with breathless attention, as the Bishop carried them out further and further in the holy purpose of an immediate and complete consecration to God.

One might think there would be sameness in the sermons preached on the single theme of *Holiness to the Lord*, yet every hearer must have been surprised and delighted with the scope and variety of treatment which was presented; and this, we know, must prove an attractive and experimentally profitable feature to all those who peruse *PENUEL*. Its readers cannot fail to see, as the hearers of those sermons were made to feel, that entire sanctification or perfect love is not an obscurely taught or far-fetched inference from an isolated passage or two of Scripture, but that it underlies the whole Word of God; that its out-croppings are very numerous, and that frequently it rises into the boldest mountain-peaks therein. Glory to God the Bible is all in favor of holiness.

But our space forbids further enlargement on the peculiarly blessed theme represented at the National Camp-meetings. We gladly refer the reader to the book *PENUEL*,* with an *Introduction by Bishop Simpson*, giving the sermons, experiences, incidents, and impression of all the great gatherings, and pray those truths there presented may bring the reader "face to face with God," as the hearing them did the multitudes gathered in the tented-grove.

PURITAN.

**PENUEL; OR, FACE TO FACE WITH GOD*," will be published by the 15th of August. See advertisement on last page of cover.

Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1869

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

REV. ALONZO WHITCOMB.

From my first recollections, religious impressions, were made and fixed in my mind. Receiving early religious instructions from a pious devoted mother, the thought would often come to my mind, and I would ask myself the question, when should I be a Christian? Thoughts of God and heaven and of the blest were for many days together, sometimes all that my young mind dwelt upon. Yet time passed on until I had nearly reached my fifteenth birth day, when for the first time I attended a watch meeting.

There, as I listened to the earnest prayers of those that loved God, and felt an interest in the salvation of others, that they might be converted to God and enjoy the blessings of a like precious faith in Christ, the Spirit of God moved upon my heart, and I felt that I ought to seek religion. From that watch meeting, under the earnest labors of the Rev. Flavel Brittan, a glorious revival commenced, scores were converted to God. Never shall I forget the 19th day of January, 1853, for on that day God spoke peace to my soul. My load of guilt was gone, and a constant rejoicing in a Saviour's love was mine, while all around me seemed to speak forth the praises of God. Such sweet peace filled my soul, that I could sing and pray, and praise God all the time; it was my chief delight.

I at once selected a place for secret prayer, and oft resorted to the sacred spot, and poured out my soul in grateful aspirations to God, who had extended

his mercy to one so unworthy. From this special means of grace, I received strength to stand fast in the liberty wherewith I had been made free. I trusted in God, though Satan oft tried to lead me astray; yet I felt the grace of God to be sufficient for me, and could look up and believe his every promise true.

Feeling that the M. E. Church was my home, I united myself with this people; was baptized, and after six months' probation was received into full fellowship. Though often severely tried, and sometimes in a measure yielding to temptation, yet it was with remorse of conscience. Such a course I feared would drown my better feelings, and lead me away from God, until I should deny my Saviour, who bought me with his blood. I at once resolved that by the assisting grace of God, I would confess my wanderings and take up my cross and follow Christ. I improved the first opportunity that presented itself to me, made my confession, and since that period have endeavored to walk in the footsteps of my Redeemer. Fathers and mothers in Israel took me by the hand, gave me their counsel, watched over and cared for me.

But as years rolled on, I felt that there were higher attainments in the divine life that I did not enjoy. An increasing desire to be cleansed from all unrighteousness filled my soul, and my earnest prayer to God was, that every evil thought, every unholy desire, every unruly passion might cease, and the yoke of inbred sin fully broken, so that I could launch out into the broad ocean of the

love of God, and love him supremely, and worthily magnify his name. The language of the Saviour, in his sermon on the mount, seemed just here to meet my case, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Here I was enabled to look up and take God at his word, and believe this positive promise that he had made. Such sweet peace then filled my soul, that I felt the force of the expression given by the prophet Isaiah, that such as hearken to the commandments of God, their peace shall be like a river, and their righteousness as the waves of the sea.

I now feel that Jesus is a present Saviour; that he saves me now, just now. And in this state of experience I believe every Christian may live; having their minds constantly growing and expanding, learning more and more of God and His saving power. With the promises of God revealed to him, I wonder not that Paul should say; "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." "Loving the Lord, with all our heart, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves." "Loving one another, as Christ has loved us;" thus, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. This is what I understand to be the meaning of the term Christian Perfection or Perfect Love. This I believe accords with the teachings of the Bible, Mr. Wesley, and the experience of the writers and editors of the "Guide." And when all the graces of the spirit dwell in us and abound, they make us that we shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge and love of God. We will not say to others, stand by, for I am holier than thou; thus biting and devouring one another; but will seek to build each other up in the most holy faith of the gospel; keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. This theme I love to dwell upon, this doctrine I love to preach; telling the sweet story of the cross, of the power of Jesus to save, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works.

For the Guide.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT-

No. 9.

REV. W. H. POOLE, CANADA.

TEMPERANCE.

The duty enjoined in this fruit of the Spirit is, though the last named, not the least important, nor the least difficult. It means self-control in the exercise and enjoyment of all our faculties, desires, passions, and dispositions. That self-rule which a man has over all the propensities and inclinations of mind and body. "He that hath no rule over his own spirit, is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

The word is compounded of *εν* "in," and *κρατος* "power," and means to have power over one's self, to master one's self. To be able to practice moderation, sobriety, or temperance in meats, drinks, dress, style, and anything and everything wherein our mental tastes and bodily appetites are gratified or delighted. There are many who enlist in the work and war for Jesus, and who are, no doubt, in earnest, but who, when the battle between the flesh, the carnal mind, or the old natures, and the spirit is put in array, instead of exercising all the powers of the new natures, and trusting God for grace to conquer, yield to the fleshly tastes, appetites, or habits, and are easily slain or cast down, and are conquered. Yes, conquered! and that, too, by an enemy as insignificant as a wine-cup, a pipe, an ale-pot, a frivolous fashion, a loved idol. They are intemperate in the use of meats, or drinks, or dress, or sleep, or pleasure, or recreation, and instead of rejoicing in the glorious liberty of the Gospel, exercising the power of self-control. They are slaves of habit and of sin. True, they cry out in agony against the oppressor, and writhe in anguish of soul, as did Israel in Egypt, but they do not arise in their strength, and go up, and possess the goodly land.

The fruit of the Spirit is seen in the firmness and self-government, or self-control, which enables the man to give up all for Jesus, to lay his body, soul, and spirit, his all, upon the altar that

sanctifieth the gift; which enables him to eat and drink, to dress, to sleep and pray with a desire to please God. "He uses this world as not abusing it," "Is temperate in all things," "Whether he eats or drinks, or whatever he does, he does all to the glory of God."

There is nothing more common than to hear professors of religion saying, in reference to habits acquired before they professed to give their hearts to God, "Oh, I wish I could give it up; I have tried to do without it; I know it is not right, but it is so hard." What a confession of weakness! What an evidence of carnality! No power over self; no rule over appetite or passion. Still the child of creature delight!

Our word "temperance" has long been used in a limited sense as referring chiefly to abstinence from intoxicating drinks. In this sense, also, it may be called a "fruit of the Spirit," for while under the teachings of the Spirit, the man must avoid intemperance in all its phases; if his religion does not teach him sobriety it is not worth having. No man can indulge in acts of intemperance, and retain the evidence of his acceptance with God. There is no sin that so effectually grieves the Holy Spirit or brings more scandal upon the cause of God.

But the word "temperance," as Paul used it here, and when addressing Felix and Drusilla, is employed in a much more extended signification. It includes the complete and constant control of all evil propensities, the government of all the natural appetites and passions, tempers and dispositions, and the right and proper use of all our temporal enjoyments. In a word, all that is chaste in thought, pure in action, and holy in life.

"The precept that enjoins Temperance
Forbids man none but the licentious joy,
Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy."

GODERICH, 1869.

THE WHOLE HEART.

ANNA SHIPTON.

It is *the heart* for which the Lord is often contending in His dealing with his people, the *whole heart*; for it is in proportion as the old nature, with its affections and lusts, is crucified, that the in-

dwelling of the Holy Ghost is manifested. How soon a desire unduly indulged, or an unholy thought unrestrained, will cast its shadow on the spirit; or idle words or foolish jesting break the sweet peace that reigned before! How rapidly and unconsciously some cherished affection may beget

AN IDOL,

which the hand of love must break to pieces.

For our poor hearts fail to know,
Where our gourds are growing:
Till the east wind lays them low,
And our tears are flowing.

A godly pastor, who had been much blest in his ministry, lost the comfort and witness of the Holy Spirit. He became consciously straightened in his preaching, and weary of his work. He sought an aged member of his flock, and inquired of her if she still received benefit from his ministry.

"I no longer gain anything from your preaching," replied his honest hearer.

"The fault may in be yourself," suggested the pastor, "perhaps you have ceased to pray for me."

"Not so," said she; "I pray, but the heavens are brass."

"Nevertheless, pray on," said the sad-hearted man, "and I will see you again."

Accordingly, after a week had gone by, he inquired, anxiously, "what have you to tell me? Was the power of the Spirit felt yesterday in my discourse?"

"Nay," replied the faithful woman, "it lacked unction. Your words were nothing to me."

"Have you prayed for me?" he continued; for he felt, in the desolation and coldness of his heart, how much he needed it.

"I said before," she answered, "that the heavens were brass, when I prayed for you; but this week the Lord says, 'Let him alone! he is joined to his idols, let him alone!'"

There was silence. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. God had spoken.

The pastor put his hand into his breast, and drew forth a miniature sus-

pended there; throwing it on the stone floor, he stamped his heel heavily on it, and the ivory picture lay scattered in fragments at his feet. It was the portrait of his fair young daughter, who had been removed by death a few months before. Immoderate grief for her loss, had hidden from him the face of the Master, who thus was pleading with him for his whole heart, waiting to restore to him the joy of His salvation; for what have we to do any more with idols?

For the Guide.

CROWN, HARP AND ROBE.

J. M. CAVANESS.

REV. iii. 2.

There's a crown that is waiting for you,
More bright than the diamond's glow,
More lustrous than stars of the night,
More fair than the glittering snow;—
Shall it deck in the ages to come
Thine own or *another* one's brow?

REV. v. 8.

There's a harp that is waiting for you,
Even now it with melody rings,
As zephyrs play over its cords,
Set in motion by angelic wings;—
Shall *other* than *thy* fingers touch,
And wake to sweet music its strings?

REV. vii. 9.

There's a robe that is waiting for you,
A robe that's resplendently fair,
Made white in the blood of the Lamb,
Thickly studded with jewels most rare;—
Now Jesus preserves it for *you*,—
Shall *another* this gorgeous robe wear?
Oh why should you let this bright crown,
On the brow of another one shine?
Oh why should another this harp,
Wake to anthems and praises divine?
Oh why should another than thou
Wear the robe that should ever be thine?

The Saviour prepared them for *you*,
For you He now holds them in trust;
He has promised to give them to you,
How can you *His* promise distrust;
He *died* to obtain them for you,
To refuse how ungrateful, unjust!

CHETOP. KAN, 1869.

WITNESSES

EDITORIAL.

A witness testifies to a thing he *knows*. "We speak of that we know." Many would love to receive of the grace of Christ and share his glory, but they shrink from his ignominy and shame.

They might be willing to ride along by the side of the man of sorrows amid the hosannas of the multitude, but would prefer not to accompany him when on his way to Pilate's bar. I have had many a friend who desired the glory and power which obedience to the command "Be ye holy" gives, but have been unwilling to meet the responsibility, and perhaps the unpopularity which the profession of this grace involves. "Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord.

For the Guide.

APPROPRIATING FAITH.

MRS. S. J. WATTS.

Ever since I can remember I have loved the idea of being a Christian, and also, the term holiness. I was converted at about ten years of age, and from that period felt the necessity of a clean heart. About five years after my conversion, a desire for purity of heart became very intense, and continued for nearly two years, when, after anxiety and struggles, which caused my physical strength to fail, I was enabled to claim the precious gift; and love, joy, and peace, filled every avenue of my poor heart. For about three months I was so happy I could scarcely eat or sleep; then temptation came in, and very soon I found my joy was gone, and the adversary told me that I had committed sin, and lost the blessing, or I should not have been without that joyous frame of mind. I did not distinguish between temptation and actual sin. My mind became overcast with clouds, and my enemy ever haunting me with the idea, "that if my heart were cleansed from sin I should not feel thus, and that whatever I had enjoyed I did not possess it now." Thus he robbed me. I became discouraged and thought it impossible for me to live a holy life.

But as time passed on I could not be

satisfied, and again, and again, I tried to rise, but with every effort there seemed to be some insurmountable difficulty, and I could not tell what. For seventeen years I lived sometimes quite backslidden; then rise in religious enjoyment until I could go no farther without holiness of heart. At times my faith would grasp the prize, but soon let go her hold. I fully believe that at four different periods I enjoyed this blessing, and as many times lost it. Then came the query, whether I was so constituted that I could live thus holy, or did I understand the nature of this grace. This I could not decide. Yet I must be a Christian, and it was

"Worse than death my God to love
And not my God alone."

In September of '67 again I became very much interested in the way to *obtain*, and *retain*, the fullness of Christ in me. I could so gladly consecrate all to God, but failed to receive the desired blessing. Here I was met with the idea, that there must be some hidden thing from which I would not part. Then I would pray that God would show me where, and what it was, and I would lay it upon the altar at whatever cost. But it ever seemed hidden. I did not know that this was a trick of the enemy to hinder my coming to Christ. I conversed with my minister and others, who, I felt, might be a help to me, but none of them opened the way any more clearly. Thus every prop upon which I tried to lean for a single moment was taken away, or proved insufficient, and I must contend alone with my adversary.

It was deeply impressed upon my mind that I must come off victorious now, or that the Spirit of God would not again arouse in my mind one single desire after purity. This thought urged me on. Again and again I offered my sacrifice to the Lord, and agonized before Him, but the "secret thing" was ever in my way. But when I began to feel that possibly this was a temptation, I told the Lord that every thing of which my mind could conceive, also this hidden thing, whatever it might be, all both known and unknown, I then and there laid upon the

altar of God, to be not mine, but *His*, to all eternity. Then I felt in my heart that the sacrifice was complete, and consequently, was such an one as God required; that for his truth's sake, it was acceptable, through the merits of his Son. Now came the question, Do I now possess the long desired blessing for which I have so earnestly sought? I had consecrated all, and left it upon the altar, and it was acceptable to God, and now I was in a position to receive that which he had in reserve for me, yet from any point, I could not reasonably believe that I did have a pure heart.

I began to scan very closely my every motive, desire, action, and feeling, but failed to find that the source from which they sprang was any more holy than before. Yet I had a power to resist temptation, to which hitherto I had been a stranger, and also felt that I was in closer union with Christ. Still I was perplexed with regard to my position. Oh how I longed to know what next I must do in order to be filled with all His fullness. The room was swept and garnished but not filled. Just here I waited for five long weeks, yet it was pleasant to wait, for He had promised that "He would come and would not tarry."

Just here, at an evening meeting, our pastor endeavored to illustrate the way of faith, in this way: "If we should ask a favor of a friend, receive an affirmative answer, then leave him without the desired favor; come again with the same request, receive the same answer, and go away as before, empty handed, and do this again and again, how strange and how ungrateful such a course would be, and yet we do this when we ask blessings at the hand of God." I saw its force, yet it failed to tell me just how I was to receive from my friend. I stated this to my companion, on my return home. His answer was like this, "Christ has prepared a banquet to which you are invited, the table is spread; and you have met the requirements upon which the invitation was based, now you are expected to take of the provision before you." I retired to rest with this thought, just take the offered gift. I saw where I had

failed. I had waited for Christ to roll the blessing upon me, but I must take it. "Take the cup of salvation." With such thoughts as these appropriating faith was given me, and I began to satisfy my longings. And I asked, "O Lord is this the way I should receive from thee?" The answer came, "Ask and receive that your joy may be full." Oh what a sweet peace pervaded my whole being, as wave after wave flowed over my soul, and appropriating faith reached out and gathered in and conveyed to my heretofore empty heart a full supply.

I keep advantage of the ground thus gained by frequently looking to Christ, and saying I take this salvation, it is thy gift to me. Here I rest. Oh what a blessed resting place. Sometimes my cup runs over, then again care and anxiety weighs me down, but does not crush me, for Christ is my refuge. Glory to the Lamb. How glad I am that even at last I have learned the way of appropriating faith, and living by that faith on the Son of God. Surely he has become my salvation, and I shall not be greatly moved. And those distressing fears, which have ever harrassed me, that I shall lose this blessing is removed, for *Jesus keeps* me, and He will ever keep that which I commit to him.

For the Guide.

WORK IN THE VINEYARD

REV. CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

The church and world need working Christians. Says the great Master to every one of His children, "Go work in my vineyard." Providing for the body is a duty, but it is not the great work of the believer. *Glorifying God and saving souls* is the *all important work* to which every purpose, interest, and effort of Christian life should be subordinate.

It is not enough to turn away from the seductive gratifications of the selfish, avoid immoralities, be respectable, go to church, and pay money for the support of the Gospel. Grace should renovate the soul, inspire the heart with beneficence, and make its recipient a personal laborer for God and souls. Churches with hundreds of respectable non-working

members, often see years of fruitless formality in succession. Other instrumentalities, within the bounds of such a church, may save now and then a soul, but such nonworkers have no part in the matter. Such professors come far short of any just appreciation of their great mission work among men.

No wonder that with them life is a dull wearisome round! No wonder they have but little real joy, peace and hope! No wonder, that to a painful degree, they seem to live for nought! Let them fully come into sympathy with Jesus and live, and earnestly and persistently labor to save souls; and light, goodness, greatness, and glory will be poured all over their being.

Dear child of God, this is your duty. Take right hold of it. Do not object that it is a difficult thing, that you lack talents for it, but in Christian simplicity, humility, and faith, enter upon it. Do not wait for some extraordinary opportunity, or think you must display talents wisdom or eloquence, but trusting in God seize upon the little every-day opportunities you have to labor for souls. Sow beside all waters. Stand up for Jesus, speak for him, go out and labor for him, be in earnest, press the work on and on, with all your might. A word may save an immortal soul for whom the adorable Redeemer died. Time and opportunities are rapidly passing. Souls are perishing. God, heaven, earth, and hell urge me to work! *work! WORK!!* And then the worker will soon have a glorious and an eternal reward!

UTICA, 1869.

For the Guide.

FAITH.

REV. T. M. HARTLEY.

Faith embraces two distinct definitions; the one, which is the *assent* of the mind, is partial, and may exist independently of the other. It is only mental action. The other is *trust*, and is complete; for it embraces the other. It is the action of the soul. It is called an *active* faith. Five men desire to cross the river; a boat is procured; the question is, is it large enough? and is it

strong enough? After close examination they all come to the same conclusion, that it is sufficient. That is one definition of faith, *assent*: but it is only partial, nothing is gained but a common agreement—every thing remains the same—all on the same side. Something more is to be done. Now the question is, shall we *trust* to that boat? Three of the men answer yes, and step on, immediately leaving the shore are soon safe landed on the other side, shouting back, “all safe!”

This is the other definition of faith, and is complete. The word of God proposes to land us safely in the port of everlasting peace. It is not enough for us to *assent* to the fact, but we must go farther—must step out on the word and *trust* it; this brings us over; that leaves us still on the shore battling with fears and doubts.

For a long time I stood on the shore; Jesus came, holding out his arms of love, saying, come unto me, “I will bear thee over.” I seemed to look down with anxiety from where I stood, wondering, if it were possible for Jesus to carry *me* clean over—to cleanse me from *all* sin. I soon saw I must take his *whole* word; if I believe any I must believe all. Suddenly all inward resistance gave way and I stepped down into Jesus’ arms. I shouted, “why I am over here.”

For the Guide.

THE MINISTRY OF GRIEF.

LIZZIE S. CLARK.

Lord, thou hast said, that from the furnace flame
Thy gold shall brightest shine;
And so, I trust that my affliction came
To chasten and refine.

I hear Thee answer, while my grief I tell,
My weariness, and loss,—
“No longer doubt, thy Saviour fainting, fell,
And Simon bore his cross.”

“Thy cross I knew; yet still I bid thee come,
E’en though thou fainting fall;”
My heart replies, while my pale lips are dumb,
“Yea Lord, thou knowest all.”

Yea, Lord, I’ll take my cross and follow thee,
Trusting thy sure relief;
And yield submissive to this ministry,
The ministry of grief.

Thy “grace sufficient,” sanctifying pain
My sure support shall be.
Thus teach me still to count my loss but gain,
And stand complete in thee.

PLAINFIELD, Mass.

A VOICE FROM MISSOURI.

MRS M. H. WELLER.

I had the privilege the past summer, of attending the Moundsville camp-meeting, West Virginia, where I heard proclaimed the doctrines of a *free* and *full* salvation, and reiterated in the language and in the experience of scores of God’s dear children. I had believed in the doctrine for years, yet thought it was too great a blessing for me to experience. But at this meeting the way was made plain, and my soul drank in the precious truths, and I began to ask God to give *me* a clean heart—a heart of love.

For two days I sought carefully with many tears, and on the night of August 24th, while without all nature was hushed in silence, and God’s people were with one accord in one place, with hearts uplifted in earnest prayer, God came in mercy and love to unworthy *me*, and I could say with a full heart, God is mine and I am his. For some moments I was unable to move from the sacred spot. God’s gracious power was upon me, His presence was above and around me; and the forest leaves which quivered over my head, seemed to speak forth His praise. It was indeed a heaven on earth.

Such a sweet peace filled my soul—a peace which cannot be described. The first thought was, will you go back to Missouri and tell your brethren and sisters what God has done for you? O! yes, I will acknowledge Christ evermore, and in all places. I have kept my promise so far, and have been blessed in every instance.

The other morning I received a copy of the “Guide” from you. O, how glad I was to get that precious little book. It is a great help to me. I thought I would try to circulate it among our dear people. I know it will do them good.

My husband is presiding elder of Macon dist., Missouri conf., having traveled thirteen years in the old Pittsburgh conference, and for the last four years we have been trying to promote Christ’s cause in these ends of the earth, and feel joyful in our work. Our field of labor is largely missionary. May we have your prayers for success.

For the Guide.

AN HOUR WITH GOD.

ROBERT NEWMAN.

I had been reading one of Rev. James Caughey's sermons in *Revival Miscellany*, called the *Standing Doubt*, and as it gave the very light I needed, at its close I rose, quickly exclaiming, I will have that doubt removed. While passing through my room to my usual place of prayer, I noticed the clock, it was just 12. I went into my closet, shut to the door, and knelt in prayer to ask a favor of God.

Previous to this hour my Christian experience, for about fifteen months, had been at times on the mount with God, at other times down in the valley, through unbelief, but I did not then know the cause. The distress and suffering in the valley was as inexpressible as the joy on the mount. O how I longed to get to some place where I could not, or where I would not, offend my God, for I supposed my distress came because of offence to him in some way. I asked the Lord then if my sins were forgiven to give me such an assurance that I could never again doubt it. I wanted to do his will. I wanted to live to his honor and glory.

I had time to say no more, for another was speaking, and in these words, "your sins are all forgiven and were long ago, but you lacked the faith to believe it." I found then God as ready to give as I to ask, and in a voice with power, that removed all doubt forever; and now it was no longer I that was praying, but the Spirit making intercession for me; for I do not remember ever to have used such language or to have had such liberty. I was as low on my knees as I could well get, but at the sound of this voice, I seemed to melt away down, and under the melting, purifying influence of this Spirit voice, I remained the greater part of an hour, in inexpressible ecstasy. I never felt so completely my unworthiness as at this hour, truly the place where I was I felt to be holy ground, because of the presence of God.

I remained in prayer, and this confession and promise was made: "I know that I have been a great sinner, but I

will strive never to offend Thee more." At the confession my sins rose up as it were like mountains, at the promise they as quickly disappeared. A great change had taken place in my feelings, so much so, that my last words were, Father I believe thou hast sanctified me, body, soul, and spirit, and hereafter I will strive to show it in my life. I arose to my feet returned to my room, it was one o'clock; an hour had passed while memory lasts never to be forgotten, and from that hour the record reads, full assurance of acceptance with God, sanctified body, soul and spirit.

Nearly an hour elapsed from the time the assurance was given to the act of faith for full redemption. Four years have passed since, I took God at his word, and as yet I know no reason why I should not believe the work was then accomplished I am still holding on to Christ by faith. By faith we stand, by faith we are justified, by faith sanctified and saved, and God is glorified in us through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And ante-date that day.

For the Guide.

BLESSED HOUR.

L. N. SCARLET.

How blest is the hour of devotion, when at our request, the Holy Spirit sheds its benign influence upon our hearts, and the celestial breeze steals softly o'er our toil-worn spirits, lulling every thought and care to repose, and tuning the harp strings of our inner life in unison with that sublime chant which proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation long ago. With what sweet confidence do we present our petitions at the throne of grace in the all prevailing name of Jesus, our precious intercessor, and faithful High Priest, and receive in return those priceless gifts so fitly adapted to every human want.

Aspiring faith bears us away from the din of worldly strife, where we seem to inhale the balmy fragrance of paradise, regale our hungry souls from the tree of life, slake our thirst at the healing springs of salvation, and delight our inner sensa-

tion in the ante-past of a glorious future as it unfolds to us, vested in all the beauty of Christ's redeeming love.

Basking a while in the mild radiance of divine glory, our spiritual life is inspired with a new impetus for life's mission, our mental energies are invigorated for conquest over difficulties, and we descend to the scene of secular pursuits, and take up our cross of daily duty, with a clear consciousness that every path in our routine has been hallowed by our Saviour's footsteps, and that the darkest defile in our journey home will ever be illumined by rays of divine favor and sympathy.

For the Guide.

THE CLOSET.

A. T. ALLIS.

Oh! hallowed spot where Christians kneel
Alone with God in secret prayer,
And freely tell Him all they feel,
And sweetly feel His presence there.

Had ye but tongues, how could ye tell
Of multitudes oppressed with grief,
Who in your sacred walls have fell
Before the Lord and found relief.

What conflicts might ye not disclose
With carnal nature's clamorings—
With inward fears, and outward foes,
And Satan's cruel buffetings.

And oh! how many victories,
Grand, glorious, might ye not record,
Whose only written histories
Are in the archives of the Lord.

Ah! who that once has wept o'er sin
And sweetly felt them all forgiven,
But loves to often kneel herein—
This spot so near to God and heaven.

And what poor prodigal, but can,
As memory her steps retrace,
See that his wanderings began
Here, from this ever-hallowed place.

Then precious soul who'er thou art,
Who would pursue the narrow way—
Would keep the Saviour in thy heart,
Often in secret must thou pray.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

CHRISTIAN MATURITY.

REV. JAS. H. WHITE.

"Grow in grace," is a divine command. Growth is used many times in the Scriptures, expressive of spiritual advancement.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear;" is given by the great Teacher, as the law of spiritual development.

As in the animal and vegetable, so in the spiritual; growth is the process through which maturity is attained.

But maturity must not be confounded with either spiritual life, or spiritual purity. Both of these are direct gifts of God, and wrought in the soul by the Holy Ghost. Being thus wrought of God, in response to faith, or trust in the crucified One, we need not wait, but may receive them now. "*Now* is the accepted time; behold *now* is the day of salvation." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

LIFE.

True we hear people talk of growing up into spiritual life; and making men children of God by cultivation. But how absurd. As well might they talk of cultivating a dead tree, shrub, plant or animal, into a state of life. Spiritually unrenewed, humanity, is dead. "Dead in trespasses and sins," is the Divine testimony. All the known laws of growth, point to *life* as the first and indispensable requisite thereto. Without it, cultivation is useless, and growth or development an impossibility. Life is the central thought of the gospel, and life from the dead, the *resurrection cry* of salvation.

"Was dead and is alive again," is a passage in the experience of every child of God.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life." Literally "*into life*." This new life is called by various names in the Scriptures—"alive from the dead"—"born again"—"everlasting life"—"he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life"—"eternal life,"—"the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord"—"the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy

Ghost." By whatever name it is called, or by whatsoever figure represented, we always see man as its subject, instead of agent; and God as both its author and agent.

PURITY.

"Pure in heart" describes a gospel fact and a human experience; a divine truth and a human consciousness: a heavenly gift and a human privilege. No scriptural truth is more clearly taught than Christian purity.

Jesus "gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people." He did this *anciently* "purifying their hearts by faith." And "*now* the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart."

Christian purity is also represented by the word holiness, as in the following: "For God hath not called us unto *uncleanness*, but unto *holiness*." "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto *holiness*, and the end everlasting life."

See, also, the various places where *holiness* is used.

Sanctification also stands for the same state of the soul, and is the representative of the same Greek word as holiness. "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." (See, also, the other places where the word is used).

Sanctify means "to make holy," and is of frequent use in the New Testament. "Sanctify them through thy truth." "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." "Being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth from all sin." These last quotations fix the agency by which it is wrought.

The "Holy Ghost" and "the blood of Jesus." Thank God! "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood,—to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

MATURITY.

This is a state of the soul attained through one of its activity, viz—growth. Its nature is clearly set forth in the following scriptures.

"Till we all come—unto a perfect

man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

"But strong meat belongeth to them that are of *full age*." "Brethren be not children in understanding; howbeit, in malice be ye children, but in understanding be *men*." These phrases, "perfect man;" "of full age;" "and men," are used in contrast with "babes" and "children," &c; their import is in no degree doubtful.

They represent the results of the "*gradual*" in religious experience, as "life" and "purity" represent the results of the "*instantaneous*."

These phrases not only represent the same idea and the same facts in Christian experience; but they all represent one and the same Greek word used by the Apostle.

They represent the manhood of the *saints*; literally "*the holy ones*." This manhood is attained through growth and development. There are several requisites to this development. As physical manhood is not attained without life, neither is spiritual manhood.

Physical manhood also requires that the infant life be fed and nourished; protected from its enemies; have time to grow; and have suitable exercise and training in its development. All this is equally true of spiritual manhood.

Christian maturity is then in its totality; the representative of vitality and duration, nourishment and protection, care, and culture, growth and development. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear," is the irrevocable law of spiritual, as well as vegetable and animal growth. This view, if it be the correct one, will explain why we have so many old Christians, who are but babes in Christ.

Their souls like a well planted garden made early promise of abundant fruit of holy living; but like a neglected garden, the young and tender graces of the Spirit were overgrown by the noxious weeds of perverse practices, or choked by the thorns of worldly cares, so that they bring forth "no fruit to perfection;" literally "no ripe, well formed or mature fruit." Careful, constant, Christian cul-

ture is the price of a well defined, well balanced, symmetrical, Christian character: and who that beholds its beauty will say the price is too great?

CRESO, IOWA. 1869.

For the Guide.

NEVER CEASING.

A. MILLS.

I am happy, still happy. Gracious streams still flow from Heaven, richly freighted with joy and love.

My Master ceaseth not his care for me. Closer and firmer grows the union of my soul to Him. Storms have gathered with thick clouds, but he covers my defenceless head with the shadow of his wing. The Almighty One hath undertaken for me. Whom shall I fear? Of what shall I be afraid? My utter unworthiness would banish hope from my soul, but I trust the never failing promise of my substitute.

Human promises may prove worthless, and keen disappointment take the place of joyous anticipation, but he that promises to receive the fully consecrated soul, *never disappoints*. We not only feel the cleansing blood applied, but he stands ever ready, to grant the momentary grace needed, to keep us pure, and to enable us to grow up in Him.

Just where the cloud seems to rest heaviest, his love distils, and our poor, little hearts are soon overflowingly full. Then how light from above makes the darkness all glorious! How thin the intervening veil seems, that hides Jesus and our loved ones from our sight! We listen to hear our welcome home. But no, not yet.

The fields are white and ready for the harvest, and the laborers are few.

How the slaves of sin are toiling for their pitiless master. How they squander the gifts of Heaven in his service! O! we can tarry yet a little while with our feet outside the pearly gates, if at last we can bring some of these with us as stars for the crown of our King. How precious each moment. Now some sinking one may be grasped, saved. Tomorrow the dark waters may rest in sullen silence over the perished.

We can wait a little for our crowns, but not for the baptism of fire. O! ye dear forgiven ones, why will you so readily listen to the voices that persuades you that full salvation is not for you *now*? Can you afford to live on without it? The moments haste away while you parley with the tempter.

Shall Jesus still ask with sorrowful love, "wilt thou be made whole"? While you reply, by your acts, if not with your lips, "*not now?*"

What of value can you forfeit, by testing experimentally the truth of the doctrine of present purity?

Will you not come without the loss of another day, and bringing all your tithes, prove the Promiser?

Behold the cloud of witnesses that praise the cleansing fountain, and its virtue never ceaseth.

MOUNT MORRIS, ILL., 1869.

For the Guide.

PURCHASED LIBERTY.

REV. O. HICKS.

When held by Satan's strongest chains,
The Lord of heaven called to me,
And said, "For thee I suffered pain,
And with my blood, bought liberty."

At these dear words my heart felt glad—
I asked in faith to be made free;
He washed me with His precious blood,
And gave me perfect liberty.

Jesus!—bless'd name—it is so sweet—
The name of Him who died for me;
Of this I think—then at His feet
I fall, and praise for liberty.

Most precious boon of all to men,
The gift of Him who made us free;
While here we stay—we'll follow Him,
And bless our God for liberty.

When finished here, our Master's will,
In blood-washed robes His face we'll see,
And then with prophets, priests, and kings
We'll shout, eternal liberty!

FRANKLIN CIRCUIT, W. VA.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into its nest.

For the Guide.
THE MYSTICAL MOUNTAIN.—A DREAM.
REV. R. GILBERT.

It was a pleasant evening in Spring. The toil of the day having ended I wandered over the highland prairie to commune with Heaven—to “look through nature up to nature’s God.” In the distance I saw the wooded hills of the Des Moines, whose summits seemed tinged with gold reflected from the setting sun. The green groves that skirt the warbling brook were vocal with the music of nature’s “ethereal choir,” reminding me of the holier happier choir that “sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,” I thought of “loved ones gone before” and the happy greeting of all the “blood washed” millions of earth that strike glad hands before the “great white throne,” while thus I mused, the refulgent beams of the setting sun receded, and the dusk of evening surrounded me. Reclining upon nature’s green carpet, unconsciously I fell asleep, and saw a vast elevated plain surrounded on all sides by perpendicular precipices, whose vast depths were lost in the “mists of darkness” that environed the plain. In the midst of this plain I saw a mountain covered with perpetual green—a mountain whose summit was lost to view in the scintillating clouds that formed its coronal. Upon the plain and green slopes of the mountain I saw many thousands of persons of both sexes and of various ages. The general movement of the people was toward the mountain and up its sides. Quite a number turned their faces from the mountain, and walking to the edge of the interminable abyss, stumbled headlong and disappeared in the surrounding darkness.

To my surprise, even some that had nearly ascended to the summit of this glorious mountain with apparent unconsciousness, glided down the mountain and passing onward across the plain, stumbled as if smitten with blindness and toppled over the precipice, and the “mists of darkness” received them out of my sight. Both on the plain and upon the sides of the mountain I saw some recede for a time, but before arriving at the precipice, they renewed the struggle for the summit

of the mountain and regained the lost ground. When the strength of some partially failed, or the ascent became difficult, I saw some get upon their knees and to my surprise, their speed was more rapid than before. When mists enveloped any, and for a time obscured their vision, I saw streams of light flash from the luminous clouds and instantly dispel the darkness. As I gazed, with most intent admiration, I saw some ascend to the coronal of luminous clouds, and as they arrived shadowy forms, scarcely observable in the dim distance, caught them in their arms, and then I heard the “voice of harpers harping with their harps.”

I was particularly struck with admiration at the example of one. I first saw him near the edge of the precipice. His gaze was fixed upon the top of the mountain and his steps were rapid towards it. A group of *sirens*, “decked to the taste of flesh and blood,” chanted music beside his pathway. Without turning his gaze from the top of the mountain, he stopped his ears with both hands, and cried, “Life, life, LIFE—ETERNAL LIFE!” As he moved on, with unfaltering step, thousands seemed electrified by his example, and quickened their pace or turned to follow him. I beheld till he ascended to the top of the mountain. There, the dimly seen forms, flashing with glory, caught him in their arms, and sweet voices echoed down the mountain, “Welcome, welcome, welcome, BRAMWELL, to Heaven!” Then said I, “This ‘MYSTICAL MOUNTAIN’ is the mountain of holiness.” I, too, will ascend the mountain. And as I leaped forward to “run the race” I awoke.

DOUD’S STATION, IOWA.



For the Guide.

HOW TO DO IT.

MRS. O. M. FITZGERALD.

Sometime since at a Camp-meeting, Brother A—preached a powerful sermon on entire sanctification. At the close of the sermon, a friend met sister L— and was talking with her in regard to the sermon and how the servant of God had not only obeyed the command given to Peter, “Feed my lambs,” but had also obeyed the one which said “Feed my

sheep." Presently a gentleman walked near to them and stopped, seeming to listen attentively to what they were saying. Sister L— left, and as the other was about to go to her tent, he stepping to her said, brother A— did preach a good sermon, but after all he did not tell us how to get it.

How to get it she repeated? Yes how to get it.

Why, my dear sir, there are but two steps to that blessing, and if you are in earnest about seeking it, God can give it to you in ten minutes, just as well as in ten years.

Two steps. What are they?

The first is entire consecration to God the next is faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Consecration! I have consecrated and reconsecrated myself to God for the last thirty years and have never received the blessing.

Did you ever in that time believe that Jesus saved wholly? He says, believe and you shall receive.

I think I can say I have consecrated myself to God a thousand times, but I have never felt that I had the blessing.

The promise is not feel and you shall receive, "but believe and you shall receive." It seems your repeated consecrations during these thirty past years have not brought the blessing, but if you will give yourself wholly to the Lord, and by faith claim Christ as your complete Saviour, *now*, you may receive the blessing just where you stand. You say you have given yourself wholly to the Lord so many times. Will you give yourself wholly to Him *now*?

I think I am willing.

Do you know that you are willing? It is your privilege to know that you are willing. After a moments pause he said, I am willing. She said to him, God not only required Abraham to be willing to lay Isaac on the altar, but He required him to put his Isaac upon it. And so he requires you to put yourself on the altar. And if you are willing to give yourself to the Lord do it *now*, close your eyes for one minute and talk with God, who is here present with us, and tell Him that you are now entering into an everlasting covenant with Him, to be what he wills

you to be. To do His will, and to suffer His entire will, He being your helper. That you give yourself, soul, body, and spirit, to Him for time and eternity. He stood with closed eyes for a short time, at the end of which she asked, have you given yourself wholly to God? After deep searching he said, I have given up all I see to give up.

Ask the Holy Spirit to search your heart and show you if there be anything kept back, or if all is given up. After a short pause, in which he seemed to realize that he was under the searching eye of the Great Searcher of hearts, he said, there is nothing kept back, it is all given up. She said, now call the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, to witness the covenant that you are about entering in to, to be wholly and forever the Lord's, from this moment, never to take anything off that altar. He did it, and while he stood with closed eyes, entering into an everlasting covenant with the Triune God, his countenance bore such an expression of the workings of the Holy Spirit as is never to be forgotten.

As he opened his eyes, she said, have you given yourself wholly to the Lord? He said yes! Repeating it again, she said are you wholly and forever the Lord's! He said yes, wholly His.

Do you believe that He accepts the offering you have made? With a countenance beaming with delight, while tears of joy trickled down his cheeks, he said, how can I doubt it? I have been true to my part, and I cannot doubt but God is true to His. Then you now claim Christ as your complete Saviour? Yes, He is my complete Saviour. Your Saviour from all sin just now? He said yes, He saves me wholly, and then said, why how easy! Yes, now you see it is easy for Jesus to save us when we give ourselves to Him, and by faith take Him as our complete Saviour. Surely one day is with God as a thousand years. He had wandered in the wilderness of unbelief for thirty years, seeking the blessing after his own plan, which is consecration, and feeling, instead of seeking it in God's order, which is consecration and faith.

NEWARK, N.

For the Guide.

XI.

THE INWARD LIGHT.

T. C. U.

There was a man ; and he was blind ;
 And yet he said, the Lord is kind ;
 For, while he takes the outward sight,
 He gives me more of inward light ;
 The inward light, the inward light,
He gives me more of inward light.

The outward sight is very dear,
 With power to know, and power to cheer ;
 It visits field and fruit and flower,
 And running stream and sunny bower ;
 But know, that not till that is seal'd,
 Is all of inward light reveal'd.

The soul, to outward objects blind,
 Opens the eye-lids of the mind ;
 And to the sun-beams from the sky,
 That light its deep, interior eye,
 The truths, unseen before, are given,
 Which shine like stars, and guide to heaven.

Oh God, the Universal Whole,
 Visit the Temple of the soul ;
 Oh God, the living light within,
 Dispel the shades and clouds of sin ;
 Take, if Thou wilt, the outward sight,
 And quench its rays in sunless night,
But give, oh give the inward light.

For the Guide.

XII.

THE PROMISE OF THE LORD.

T. C. U.

We thank Thee, Lord, before 'tis done ;
 We know Thy promise doth endure ;
 And battles fought are battles won,
Because Thy word is sure.

Look back, and confirmation see
 In the long history of years ;
 When God hath uttered his decree,
 No place remains for fears.

There's something brighter than the light
 Of burnish'd spear and gleaming sword ;
 Gird on the heavenly armor bright,
 The strength of God's great word.

Behold the boasting foemen flee
 With flags and cohorts crush'd and broken ;
 'Tis God, that gives the victory ;
The Lord himself hath spoken.

For the Guide.

MY PLACE IN THE VINEYARD.

E. R. STERLING.

Just where the Master has placed you, my sister. You may not, like a Harriet Newell, be called to the distant isles of the sea, or like a Mrs. Judson, to the benighted, sitting in the region and the shadow of death, to tell the wondrous story of the cross. Your pen may not be that of a Madam Guion, and a host of others, whose thoughts have gone out to enrich the world. But you have your sphere, and in that the Master expects you to work ; to use the one talent, if it be but one, he has given you. Worn mother of many cares, say you, I could do something for the glory of God were I differently situated in life. I am so confined to my home, my family, and my many duties ! Nay, say not so ; hear Jesus thine elder brother saying, " child of my love, lean hard and let me feel the pressure of thy care ;" and as you go on day by day in the discharge of these Heaven-imposed duties, look upward for strength, and remember that in whatsoever we do, we are to do all to the glory of God. It is not in our own strength we are to work, but in the strength of Him who has said, " Fear thou not for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee ; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." And if called to work in an obscure part of the vineyard, let us do our work well, and with an eye single to His glory, who hath seen fit to put us in trust of the Gospel ; who has honored us by making us co-laborers with Him ; who has called us his witnesses, his children, yea, more, joint heirs with him to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that shall never fade away.

The mariner drops anchor, that his tempest-tossed ship may be steadied upon the breast of the heaving billows that threaten to engulf him. Dear sisters panting to know more of God, and desiring to do more for Christ, so may you drop anchor in the sea of perfect love, and there find rest on life's heaving bosom.

O the blessedness of this divine union between God and the soul, the blessedness of a constant consciousness that we are Christ's and He is ours; our Leader our Comforter, our Saviour, moment by moment, from our sins.

Then let us claim the full purchase of the atonement. Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, for he is faithful who has promised. Let us honor God by taking him at his word, when he assures us "this is the will of God, even your sanctification." Say you "when may I receive this blessing?" Even now, if you have fulfilled the conditions of entire consecration to God, and faith in Him as your *present, perfect* Saviour. The Spirit and the bride say come, all things are now ready. "He wills that I should holy be." Then why should I hesitate to reach out and take the proffered gift? His command is, "be ye holy for I am holy."

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

POUGHKEEPSIE, 1869.

For the Guide.

HEAVENLY ATTRACTIONS.

REV. C. D. BATTELLE.

There comes upon my soul a Spirit—prevailing and powerful—which bids me look on high—and as I gaze, by faith, the New Jerusalem appears in all its God-like grandeur; I see its gates of pearl, its royal mansions, its great white Throne, its golden streets, its crystal stream, its perennial fruits, its countless myriads with their robes of white, their crowns and palms, their harp and song! And as they move, a sound as of many waters rushes upon my ear—I catch the sound more distinctly—it is the harps of heaven—the Alleluia's of the skies!

Gazing still amid the infinitely brightening scenes, star after star appears in radiance and glory beyond what I can describe—they were from earth—went up "through great tribulation." Many of them I once knew, and knew them only to love and admire for their work's sake. Their names are in the Book of

Life—names of precious memory to me. Their angelic whispers cheer me—their smiles shall welcome me ere long to their bright abode. There, too, I shall see my Redeemer in all the glory of His grace, while He opens to the white-robed band, the unfading joys of their Lord!

Alleluia! I am *saved now*! I shall be saved then, when death is swallowed up in victory!

For the Guide.

IN SEASON OUT OF SEASON.

MRS. C. H. PURDY.

"Be instant in season and out of season, in doing the work of the Lord," "sow thy seed in the morning, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which may prosper," and again, "sow by the side of *all* waters."

Then Christian friend, raise thy voice among the daily avocations of life, in the street, in the railroad car, and the steamboat, along the great thoroughfares of life, where the Christian, the Catholic, the Jew, the Infidel, believer and unbeliever, all meet, let the word of exhortation be heard, at convenient intervals, when the car stops for water, or fuel, let a word be spoken or a tract be dropped, that those who never enter churches, may hear, and not meet you in judgment with this reproach, "no man careth for my soul."

You may reply, it is not appropriate to speak of such things in such public places. Did not our Lord, in the market place of the streets of Jerusalem, all along the thoroughfares of life, preach to the fallen sons of men? Again, you may say, I may be thought insane. "What is that to thee, follow thou me," says the Captain of thy salvation. Do you not thus shrink from the cross of doing *duty* out of season, loving the praise of men more than the favor of God. Oh rather "stand up for Jesus," and trust the Holy Ghost to make your words "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

A Presbyterian clergyman, after listening to a lady who had made such an appeal in the cars, remarked about thus:

"We *must* have a religion that makes us peculiar, if we take the religion of the cross." Where are our colporteurs of the young men's Christian association, who travel our highways? Oh that we could hear their voices, uttering Scripture texts and exhortations. Oh yes, and singing the songs of Zion (as one did once on a time), even *there* also, rebuking profanity, the ribald jest, grumbling, infidelity, and the dreadful literature of death that Satan is pouring out all over the land, *he was there betimes* to take the field.

Arise, Oh Christian, buckle on the armor, and go ye out to meet him, ask your own heart, minister of the gospel, have you not shrunk from *your duty here*. Sister of the Holy Cross have you "done what you could here?" Let each and all of us, not as Presbyterians, Episcopalians. Baptists or Methodists, but as *Christians* who love Our Lord Jesus Christ, and who look for his coming, and desire to see his millennial day dawn, enter this field and labor together, to snatch souls from the eternal burnings.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

For the Guide.

FUNERAL SUPPER.

REV. A. B. MSELFRESH.

"Reckon ye yourself *dead*, indeed, unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Death is, therefore, a word in common use in allusion to the experience of holiness. But many Christians have no idea of this death until about the time of leaving this world. In regard to the great question we may very appropriately apply, as a figure, the old colored man's notions of his own funeral supper.

It was a custom in some of the Southern States, when one of the negroes died, to give all the other slaves on the plantation what was called a funeral supper. Among the negroes belonging to a wealthy Roman Catholic widow was one old man, who concluded that he would like his mistress to give him his funeral supper before he died. This was a novel idea to his mistress, but to gratify him she told him if he would see all the other

negroes, and get them all to consent not to ask another supper when he left the world, she would give him his supper.

Accordingly the arrangements were all made, and the supper prepared, and it was remarked that there never was a happier man than this old negro over his own funeral supper. So I think we, as Christians, should have this death unto sin at once, and rejoice at our own funeral supper in dying to sin, the world, and to the flesh.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

"ASLEEP IN JESUS."

J. LEE GAMBLE.

DEATH, pale monarch, possesses but a shadowy throne. Through his domains the hallowed spirit finds a brightening path to its haven of eternal repose.

A dear sister

"Has knocked at the portals above,
And entered the mansions of love."

Her short life was all given to Jesus. Early in life my dear sister, Rebecca Jane, found peace in believing, and casting all upon her blessed Saviour, she ceased not to perfect herself in love and the knowledge of God, "which passeth all understanding."

God, in his wisdom, saw proper to perfect her through suffering, and in a wonderful manner was exemplified the power of Jesus to sustain under sore affliction.

Being fully consecrated to God, "she counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord;" and throughout an illness of many months she continued to show forth, in the highest degree, the beauties of Christian holiness and perfection.

Having committed herself fully to Jesus, she was filled with the presence of her blessed Lord and Saviour continually, and was enabled to endure suffering as a good soldier of the cross, never murmuring or complaining. Jesus whispered, "Be of good comfort, I am with you even to the end."

When the strong arm of Christ is around us, we are happy even in the intensest agony.

She thought not of herself or suffering, but long assured that the "time of her de-

parture" was approaching, she engaged earnestly in speaking of Jesus to those around her, even sending out for friends and neighbors, that in this last opportunity she might do more good than in all her life before; desiring them to witness her triumphant departure, the confirmation of her faith, for already she saw Jesus coming to guide her safely through the gloom.

She approaches the stream of Jordan. Her countenance, Heaven lit, has lost all earthly. Speech fails, and she whispers, "pray that I may have power to say a few more parting words." Her wish was caught by angels and rapidly borne to the throne of God. Swift came back responsive answer to her prayer—clearly, sweetly, calmly, exultantly she spoke of Jesus and the "mansions above;" and with impressive earnestness enjoined upon all to meet her in Glory. *Bright* world. Even to the "gates" the Christian pleads with sinners.

Her mission on earth was accomplished, and she had only to fold her arms in *peace*. Already her feet had touched the stream; her countenance grew brighter; angel hands held hers; the waters rose not high around her, but smilingly, beautifully on the "other shore," she fell into the arms of Jesus. Lost to earth; lost to friends for a time, but saved in heaven forever.

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."
"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

What a legacy have we who are left behind, and all who wait for the "appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ." Blessed be God for the doctrine of holiness. His blessed word teaches it, Christians live it, and in death it sustains them. Praise the Lord.

For the Guide.

MAGGIE J. HAWKINS.

REV. W. C. STOCKTON.

Maggie J. Hawkins died on the 28th of February, 1869, in the 21st year of her age. She was converted to God in her 15th year, and united with the M. E. Church, at Port Elizabeth, N. J. Her acceptance with God was clear. In this sweet blessing she lived until, at the Seaville Camp-meeting, ever memorable for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, she sought and obtained

the precious blessing of perfect love. This sweet rest of soul from inbred sin was received in her eighteenth year.

From that time until called to her home in Heaven, her "Path was as the shining light; shining more and more unto the perfect day." She was ready for every good word and work. She delighted to labor in the Sabbath-school as a teacher, and felt it to be a privilege to distribute tracts from door to door, thus seeking in a quiet, unobtrusive way, to show by her works that she was wholly consecrated to God. But that destroyer of the young, consumption, marked her for his victim, and for many months, slowly but surely, she wasted away.

It was in the sick room the grace of perfect love shone the brightest. She never was heard to murmur or complain. She said on one occasion, sometimes I do so much desire to live, but immediately added, not my will but thine be done. "Only think how many of earth's trials I shall escape by leaving the world so young." "My Father will do what is best for his child." "He cannot err." "Yes, I am His child." "I know it." "His spirit witnesses with mine, that I am His." "Blessed be God for such a witness." At another time she said, "O the sweetness there is in going to our Father." "Yes, I am His child. During the past week I have enjoyed more of the sweetness, or, in other words, I have felt the love burn brighter. My faith has been strengthened. My acceptance has been confirmed anew." And then, with a soul full of righteous love, exclaimed, with the Psalmist, "Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

The day before she fell asleep in Jesus, she said "mamma, if I should die, you would not grieve very much, would you? Think of your Maggie in Heaven, and don't grieve much." Her mother replied, our Saviour did not condemn grief. He even wept himself when on earth. She said, "not like some, mamma, not like some." When death's cold sweat gathered upon her brow, she asked, "is this death, mamma?" Are you afraid to die, daughter? "No, I am *safe*; but I want Jesus a little nearer." At another time she said, "I am going to Jesus. No, Jesus is coming to take me home," and with a sweet smile

upon her countenance, she gently "fell asleep in His arms."

"She is gone, and why should we weep?
She has left this world of care,
She has sweetly fallen asleep,
The rest of the saints to share.

"She has gone, and gently as eve
Melts into the shades of night;
Her spirit the body did leave
For the upward realms of light."

For the Guide.

MRS. R. B. DUNCAN.

Died in Stoddard, N. H., March 28th, Mrs. R. B. Duncan, aged 68. On a beautiful Sabbath morning the Lord called our much loved friend to his side. Mrs. D. was of the excellent of the earth. Her life was one of entire devotion to God. Her memory is sacred. She rests in Jesus. In 1860 she asked a dismissal from the Congregational Church in S. and joined the M. E. Church with her husband, where she labored faithfully until death. At this time the Holy Spirit moved her to seek for a higher Christian life. After a severe struggle with temptations, without and within, she gave herself up wholly to the Lord in consecrating all that she had to His service, and by faith received the witness of entire sanctification, which she retained until death. I have been permitted to enjoy her Christian counsel since that time, and I do not remember a single day when she could not testify to the saving power of Christ. She believed in God to the *saving of the soul*. I have known many who professed regeneration and entire sanctification of the spirit, but in devotedness to the cause of Christ, and deep religious experience have seldom seen her equal.

Mrs. D. was a firm believer in the doctrine of Holiness. She often said "we live moment by moment, trusting in Jesus," by which trust she was sustained in a long and useful life. There were united in her daily life, all those graces which make a complete Christian character.

But she lives on earth no more. Her children mourn a loving mother; the poor and needy a kind benefactor; the church a devoted member, and the cause of Holiness one of its most earnest supporters. Speaking of the "Guide," she once said, long as I

have the means to buy bread I shall take it: which she did, often taking extra numbers to distribute. Earnest and faithful as she was, trials and crosses were her lot. Having no fellowship with sin she reproved it, and sometimes bore heavy burdens by so doing. In all such trials she sought her closet. I have seen her returning from these seasons of wrestling when her face appeared to shine with heavenly light. In prayer she exercised such faith that the whole storehouse of divine love seemed to unlock, and nothing to do but *ask* and *receive*. The last night I spent with her she spoke of working for Jesus, while the day lasts, urging me to be faithful, for soon I could not hear her voice. To use her own words, "N— be faithful, I soon shall go, but remember the glory to be revealed in Christ," and ended by saying:

"Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
I'm following those who've gone before."

In prayer, the night before she died, she called all her children by name, and commended them to God. But the voice is hushed in death. Mortality is swallowed up of life. We mourn our loss. To her it is gain. We cannot call her back, but hasten on to join her in the skies, and

"While our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won."

We would walk with God as she has walked.
SAMBARTON BRIDGE, N. H.

For the Guide.

MARIA CARTER.

JENNIE SANDFORD.

Our beloved sister Carter passed triumphantly from earth to heaven in the 42d year of her age, February 17th, 1869. She was converted in her sixteenth year, at Honesdale, Pa. Her life was wholly devoted to God and his cause. The yoke was easy and the burden light, for in them she gloried.

Being made partaker of the blessings of the Gospel, her time was occupied in doing good, and her moments too precious for idle talk or fashion's display. As an angel of light and mercy she was welcomed by the afflicted and dying. Her loving Christ-like disposition endeared her to all who knew her, and her loss is deeply lamented.

Holiness of heart was her theme. The Bible and "Guide to Holiness" her compan-

panions. She was a faithful attendant on the means of grace, and loved especially the meetings for the promotion of holiness. She was a faithful wife and loving mother.

Her sickness was short, and suffering intense; she was not able to converse, but in response to a prayer for her restoration said, "Thy will be done;" and thus our dear sister Carter unexpectedly passed through the valley of the shadow of death to her reward in heaven. "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

IN MEMORY OF MRS. MARIA CARTER.

H. J. DENNIS.

Oh, friend; forever loved, forever dear,
What fruitless tears have bathed thy honored bier;
What sighs re-echoed to thy parting breath,
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death.

Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his darts relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay;
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey?

Thou still hadst lived to bless the aching sight,
Thy comrades honor and thy friends delight;
If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot where now thy mouldering ashes lie.

Here wilt thou read recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art;
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues there are seen to weep.

But wherefore weep? her matchless spirit soars
Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day,
And smiling angels lead her to those bowers,
Where endless pleasures virtues' deeds repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven arraign,
And madly God-Like Providence accuse?
Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so vain,
I'll ne'er submission to my God refuse.

She was not formed for living here
So linked her soul was with the sky;
Yet ah, we held her all so dear
We thought she was not formed to die.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., 1869.

Editorial.

HOW TO SECURE A RIGHT.

There is but one way by which a right may be obtained to enter through the gates into the city, and sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

What a gathering will that be, when all the truly good of every age, down from righteous Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham and all the Patriarch's, Prophets and Apostles, with all our friends who have died in the Lord,

to the last individual saved through the blood of Jesus, shall pass over the boundaries of time, shall meet at the marriage of the Lamb, and it shall be echoed through the unbounded realms of glory, "The marriage of the Lamb has come, and the Bride the Lamb's wife, hath made herself ready."

And who constitute the Bride, the Lamb's wife? Who will be thus gloriously recognized in that day? Is it not those who are united to Jesus by living faith here, those through whose instrumentality many sons and daughters are born into the kingdom, and brought to glory?

That one way is clearly pointed out in the Scriptures of truth. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." Which is the greatest command was answered by Jesus, when the lawyer asked him the question, and he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and added that the second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Loving God with all the heart implies nothing more or less than perfect love. Not always perfect *wisdom*, or perfect *knowledge*. Not a state from which you may not *progress*—endless progression. Perfect love, entire sanctification, holiness, purity of heart are synonymous terms, as each express about one and the same thing.

IT COSTS TOO MUCH:

OR,

"I HAVE PEACE."

So said a worldly conformed professor, who had been saying words to us expressive of strong desire to be cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. With yearning of heart we referred her to the *condition* upon which the Faithful and True has promised to cleanse His people from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you." (1 Cor. vi. 16-18.) and then asked, are you willing to comply with the conditions upon which God has promised to sanctify you wholly—that is; are you willing to give up conformity to the world, and array your body as a *temple for God*. "For

ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people?"

"Now would you be willing thus to adorn that body as the *living, walking* temple of the living God?"

"But do you think the Bible means these little things?"

"What does the God of the Bible say—surely it stands written, "Be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind." Certainly the teachings of a *renewed* mind suggests outward, as also, inward conformity to the Divine will."

"But I do not feel condemned for conformity to the world, my conscience does not condemn me. *I have peace.*"

"How is conscience to be regulated, but by the WORD OF GOD. Are not the Scriptures the *lively*, that is, the *living* oracles. The Bible is the voice of God speaking to *you*, just as truly as though you could *hear* Him speaking from heaven at this moment. Just now He is saying to you, "Be not conformed to the world, but be *transformed*, by the renewing of your mind."

"I do not wish you to think that I indulge in pride in wearing these things, "I have peace with God." I will confess that I love to wear pretty things. God made flowers for adornment, and if He made them, why is it wrong to wear them?"

"It is true that our loving, heavenly Father has caused beautiful flowers to grow for the adornment of earth, and if you should choose to pluck a natural flower and place it on your bosom, its sweet perfume and beautiful hues might only raise the note of praise higher to the blessed all bounteous Giver, but how different would be the effect of placing a scentless artificial flower on the bonnet."

"On the same principle we may say, God made the gold, and He also says, the silver and the gold is mine, as the flowers are good for the adornment of the earth, so gold has its uses. But while it is good for currency and other purposes, God expressly forbids its use for mere adornment, as an incentive to pride. Listen to the voice of Divine inspiration, "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and

of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel," &c.

"Well, if I do not feel that I put on such by way of indulging pride, and if my conscience does not condemn me, and if I have peace, can it be wrong for *me*?"

"If God says do not do this and the other thing, how *can* it be otherwise than wrong to do them? There are different sorts of consciences. The Bible speaks of a *seared* conscience, an *evil* conscience, and also a *good* conscience. A *good* conscience will always be regulated by the WORD of God, and we can only know what sort of a conscience we have by bringing it to the only true test—that is, THE WORD OF GOD. The same may also be said of *Peace*. It is possible to have a *false* peace. The Holy Book tells us of those who would fain have quieted conscience by crying "Peace! Peace! when God had not spoken peace."

The above is a transcript of a conversation the writer recently had with an interesting lady of the M. E. Church, who, within a few days since, came to express her appreciation of the doctrine of entire sanctification, and her longing desires for the blessing. Hoped, doubtless, that she might receive it, during our season of intercourse on the subject. But she went as she came. Though tearful and prayerful in regard to the theme, yet she did not receive the grace. And *why* did she not receive? Not because God was not willing to give it. But because she was not willing to comply with the conditions. IT COSTS TOO MUCH. But why do those who are unwilling to pay the cost of being holy, not count the cost of living and dying *without holiness*. "HOLINESS, WITHOUT WHICH NO MAN SHALL SEE THE LORD."

OVER WITH.

"He will not always chide."

If a child had done wrong and you saw that he was really sorry for it, what would you do? If you were a loving, considerate parent, you certainly would not continue to hold that child in a state of alienation. You would not be ever accusing that penitent child of his former wrong-doings. No! you would long to restore that child to your loving heart. In affectionate tones you would say, Cheer up my dear one. It is not

in my heart to be ever chiding. That you have trespassed sorely, is true. In your trespass against me you have trespassed against yourself and the interests of the family. But now that you see your wrong, and your grieved heart is fully set on retrieving that wrong, I wish you to *know* and *FEEL* that I forgive you *freely*. And so long as you exhibit fruits meet for repentance, I wish you to approach me in future as lovingly and confidingly as though the wrong had never happened. Come! come, now! to my arms dear child, and let us love as never before! "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more."

BIBLE BURNED.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.—Matt. xxiv. 35.

OCT. 29th, 1860. This morning Mrs. B., of Leamington, related to me an account of much interest.

A lady residing in the town of N., went out on her daily walks of benevolence, taking as was usual with her, a few copies of the ever blessed WORD. Calling at a door in a low part of the town, a man opened it, to whom she addressed a few words in regard to the interests of his soul. He was very unwilling to hear, and in manner and tone, repelled her indignantly. Turning to go away, she asked him if he had a Bible? "No! neither do I want one;" was his reply. She entreated him to accept one as a gift, but he declared he would not have one in the house. But, said the persevering lady, I feel that I must leave one with you.

"I will not have it!" was his gruff reply. She stood a moment apparently seeking Divine direction, and then said, I must leave a Bible with you.

"If you do I will burn it."

That will be on your own responsibility, and not mine, was her meek reply. She left her Bible and went her way.

The adept in sin closed the door, went into the room where his wife was sitting, and pushing the blazing coals aside, made a bed for the Bible amid the burning embers. In vain did his wife expostulate, and seeing her inflexible husband about to throw the precious book in the bed of fire, she ran hastily

out of the house, declaring she could not witness a sight so horrid.

After awhile she returned, and seeing a piece of paper lying near the fire, she picked it up, when her fiendish husband eagerly exclaimed, "what is that? Ah! it is a piece of the Bible. Give it to me, it shall be burned with the rest." Snatching it from her hand, ere he threw it into the flames, he read the words,

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

That night was spent in great restlessness on the part of that heaven-daring man. Toward morning, turning to his wife, he said, "I cannot sleep." Neither can I, was her reply.

"Can you tell me where the lady lives who gave me the Bible," he asked.

His wife replied in the affirmative. Then, said he, I will trouble you no further. Next morning he hastened to the lady, and telling her what he had done, and the effect of the ever memorable words preserved from the flames.

With a seraphic look, and in seemingly seraph strains, she commenced singing,

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

And can we doubt whether the heavenly invocation was responded to? Surely the angel messengers in Heaven, who rejoice over one sinner repenting, must have joined with this angel messenger of earth, whose rejected message of life was now about being received by this repenting sinner.

The lady at once replaced the burned Bible with another, and soon after, this persecuting high-handed sinner, was made a monument of saving mercy.

Revival Miscellany.

WAYS AND WORKS FOR JESUS.

At an early hour on Wednesday May 5th, we left home in answer to the calls of the churches in central Illinois. Arrived at Cleveland about mid-day on Thursday, being delayed by an obstruction on the Great Western Railroad, we were permitted to en-

joy a short visit with our loved and hospitable friends, J. Lowman, Esq., and lady. Here we witnessed a gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit during the winter of 1867. We love to re-visit, though briefly, places thus made hallowed by the stately steppings of our Lord. A beautiful new chapel has since been erected.

Our route taking us through Chicago, we gladly availed ourselves of the privilege of turning aside for a few hours to visit our beloved Mrs. Bishop Hamline, whose pleasant residence is at Evanston, on the beautiful banks of Lake Michigan. Here in the lovely Pilgrim Home of our dear sister H. and her son Dr. Hamline, we enjoyed a restful night, and delightful intercourse with a few loved ones.

Heck Hall, reared through the divisings of enterprising Christian ladies as a centenary offering of the M. E. Church, is a noble commodious structure. It is located in the college grounds of the beautiful town of Evanston. It overlooks the expansive Michigan Lake. Umbrageous forest trees, and pleasant green clad lawns furnish delightful shady walks for the meditative student. This is a *connexional* Institution, of which Methodism East, West, North and South may well regard with favour. Scarcely a part of our land, but is represented by neatly furnished rooms, bearing record of the liberality of church communities and individuals, from near and remote regions.

Through the courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Kidder we were conducted through its spacious halls, and introduced to a number of the pious students. May this school of the prophets ever be a praise in the earth, not only for literary advantages and soundness of creed, but for richness of Divine unction, or in other words, for the reception of the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. on the part of all, who in all coming time shall be trained within these halls for the holy ministry. Surely a holy work demands first of all a holy heart. Thus far the Evanston Biblical Institute has had a good record. Several of the past graduates are nobly sustaining the banner which distinguishes the division of God's sacramental hosts denominated Methodists. The Bishops of the M. E. Church in their preliminary ad-

dress in the Book of Doctrine and Discipline, declare to the world, that God raised up the ministry of the Methodist Church in America, for the express purpose of "*spreading scriptural holiness over these lands.*" What a high and holy calling! May they ever as a body and as individuals be true to their solemn trust!

DECATUR, ILL.

Tuesday May 19th.—We have just finished a series of ten days service at this place, commencing on the 9th inst. Our first Sabbath morning service at 10 o'clock was signalized by manifestations of the presence of the Divine Convincer. We felt the girdings of Almighty grace as we endeavoured to set forth the claims of the Lord our Redeemer on the entire service of all who bear his sacred name.

Many were in attendance, and on calling forward those who were resolved to seek the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, more in number we think than those in the upper room on the day of Pentecost came and knelt near and around the altar. The energizing influences of the Holy Spirit was manifested, and we trust that some received the promised grace. Definite views and experience on the subject of heart holiness not having prevailed in these regions as in some other portions of Methodistic ground, we have greatly realized our need of power and wisdom from on high, to meet the emergency. Trusting in Omnipotence we were helped.

Three meetings have been held daily, and the altar surroundings have been crowded with seekers at almost every service. That much good has been done we are divinely constrained to believe. We are persuaded that the day of eternity will reveal, that not a day during these hallowing services has past, but the seal of the Sanctifier was set on many hearts. Of those who were newly baptised and raised up to testify of Christ's power to save to the uttermost was at least three or four ministers from contiguous towns, and many of the unsaved were convinced of sin. Several powerful conversions occurred, but as no secretary was appointed, we had no means of ascertaining the number saved either in pardon or purity.

The beloved pastor of the people, Rev. J. Davidson, at whose church we laboured, and

whose heart was most sweetly in sympathy with the work, was ill. With David he longed for the courts of the Lord's house, but as a prisoner of love he was detained.

There have been some sad retarding influences to the success of the cause of holiness in these parts. We will hope that no one has intentionally injured the cause, but alas, for the mistakes of some, who we hope would not wilfully injure a cause which stands so vitally connected with human salvation, "HOLINESS, WITHOUT WHICH NO MAN SHALL SEE THE LORD." Though subject to some trying straits, and in some respects called to pass away we have not passed heretofore, yet we expect to praise the Triune Deity through endless ages, that we have been permitted to do something toward raising the trailing banner HOLINESS TO THE LORD in these regions where so much skepticism on the subject of definite experience has prevailed.

We leave some very precious friends here, whom it will heighten the joy of the upper world to meet, as we walk the gold paved streets of the heavenly city. Not the least among these is our dear host Wm. Condell, Esq., and lovely family, at whose charming home we have been so affectionately cared for, also J. R. Gorin, Esq., and others whose names we would love to mention. Decatur is a beautiful prairie city of about 10,000 inhabitants. Often will memory recur to the many dear lovers of the Saviour with whom we enjoyed sweet converse while engaged in labours for the precious Master during our ten days service in this place.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

The Bloomington city Camp Meeting commenced Wednesday May 19th. "We arrived, after four hours ride in the cars, from Decatur, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The services commenced at three in the M. E. Church. Here we have found a faithful, affectionate band, united by a living faith to Jesus, and most earnest in loving persistent endeavours to lift the standard "HOLINESS TO THE LORD." A Tuesday evening meeting for the special promotion of holiness has been held for many months past, with increasing interest. God has highly rewarded the faith, and loving zeal of this devoted band during the past few days

of our stay here, and greatly increased the number of witnesses of perfect love.

Would that we could present before our readers a record of the goings forth of the High and Holy One, as manifested in this beautiful Prairie City since the commencement of our *Home Camp Meeting*. Every day the tide of Divine influence has been rising higher. Three meetings have been held daily. Ministers and people have come from surrounding places, and affectionately united in raising aloft the banner of Holiness. Prejudices against the subject have been removed from the minds of the multitude. Mountains of ice have melted, and genial rays of the Sun of Righteousness dispelled errors which had hitherto blunted the force of truth, in regard to the great crowning doctrine of the Christian dispensation.

The Illinois Wesleyan University is located on a rise of ground within a mile of the heart of the city of Bloomington. By invitation of Prof. Jaquess we attended a religious service of the Faculty and Students, the first day after our arrival. It was an interesting season. Many of the young men and some of the Faculty were in constant attendance on the services, and we trust that all the future of their lives will bear record of that baptism of fire received, while with one accord, bowed in supplication and prayer in the Bloomington Church, during these hallowing services. The altar and surroundings were crowded with seekers of the great salvation, and also many penitents at each service. Many found. Alleluia the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

Surely the day of eternity will mark this as a season of Divine visitation to this community. The whole city seem to have been moved by the arresting, awakening influence of the Spirit, and daily reports of the meetings were made in the secular papers. The editor of one of the city papers, though a leading man in the church, was one of those who presented himself at the altar as a candidate for the full baptism of the Spirit, and testified openly to its attainment. Some prominent in the church and its counsels, who had been prejudiced against holiness, when presented as a specialty in experience or doctrine, nobly confessed their mistake, and humbly knelt with the people in the presence of the Holy

Sanctifier, and sought the promised grace. Baptized into one spirit they also united in bearing aloft the banner of perfect, all subduing LOVE.

Bloomington is a populous city of about 18,000 inhabitants. It is distinguished for enterprise, has a number of handsome residences; a fine town hall is in course of erection. It has also excellent educational advantages for its young men and maidens.

The idea of a Prairie City might suggest to some minds, flat-lands and shadeless walks. Not so! Bloomington city is finely situated on rising ground, amid these beautiful rolling prairies. Shade trees of rapid growth every where lend their charm to the eye, and refreshing shades to the weary traveller. Our home is with the devoted agreeable family of Dr. Falloo. Comforts abound. How often do we have occasion to remember the affecting words of the homeless man of sorrows. The servant is above his Lord.

Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my master led,
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head.

Our excellent Brother E. Jones, a local preacher, and favourably known for largeness of heart, and intelligent piety in the religious circles of Philadelphia, Penn., and the surrounding regions, is doing much in a very quiet and unostentatious way, to help forward the cause of pure and undefiled religion in these parts. Intellect, heart, purse and reputation are on the Divine altar for the spread of Scriptural Holiness over these beautiful prairie lands. He is no schismatic and when he has occasionally witnessed tendencies in this direction, he weeps between the porch and the altar. We do not doubt but the day will soon reveal that his work of promoting the blessed doctrine and experience of Perfect Love, in the beautiful far off cities and towns, has been eminently owned of God. May he ever be kept most closely in the embrace of infinite LOVE, and the manifestations of his life ever prove as now, that the doctrine of perfect love and holiness of heart are identical.

A letter written by brother J. giving some account of the Bloomington Camp-meeting says, "At the three o'clock meeting on Sab-

bath afternoon, the cloud of glory that had been impending over us, descended. We seemed to commune with the Father face to face, and with His Son Jesus Christ our Saviour, and amid exclamations of praise, thanksgivings and joyful hallelujahs, the entire audience prostrated themselves in solemn adoration, consecrating themselves to God in holy and everlasting covenant. It was a scene long to be remembered.

From that blessed hour the enemies of Jesus beat a hasty retreat. Some subsequently bore testimony that to get out of the way they left the city, but followed by the Divine Spirit, were arrested and brought back in bonds, surrendered and enlisted for glory by the highway of holiness. Up to this time victory has perched upon our banner. All glory be to the Captain of our salvation.

Yesterday afternoon, twenty six of the students from the Wesleyan University, headed by that precious man of God Professor Jaquess, entered into solemn covenant to make "HOLINESS TO THE LORD" their motto, and to devote their lives to God in the blessed work of saving souls.

Some of these dear young men are studying for the ministry. They realize that there can be no better preparation for this work, than the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and truly it may be said now, that they speak with "tongues of fire."

The entire community has been aroused. Clouds of prejudice have vanished away before the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Over one hundred have received the blessing of justification or sanctification since last Sabbath, 23rd inst., and still the work goes on. Last evening thirty-five earnest seekers were forward for prayers. Truly the Lord is in his Sanctuary. Perhaps there has been in the minds of some, even of our dear people in those regions, a little prejudice against the word "Holiness," but this has not been manifested during our meeting in Bloomington. The great desire is to be like Jesus. Multitudes hunger and thirst after righteousness and are filled.

We could give many most interesting instances of Divine grace and power, but to avoid being tedious we forbear."

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

The Home Camp-meeting commenced Sabbath morning, May 30th. Our opening service was signally marked with manifestations of Divine favour. Though greatly worn in body, yet trusting Him who giveth power to the faint, we were mightily strengthened in the inner man, while pressing upon the congregation the ordination with which the Great Head of the church would endue His disciples as a present necessity.

When the candidates for the ordination of power were called upon to present themselves before God and His people, over a hundred, we should judge, came forward, filling the altar, surroundings and front seats. He who baptizeth with fire was in our midst, and grace rested upon the people. It is now the ninth day since the work began, and every day the tide of Divine influence has been most manifestly rising higher. Meetings have been held at 8 o'clock in the morning, 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and 7½ in the evening. The Master of assemblies has been powerfully present, and truly has he manifested his glory, in a manner that will be remembered with adoring gratitude, while eternity endures. Many in these regions, who have been skeptical on the subject of entire sanctification, have abandoned their cavilings, and receiving the truth in the love of it, are now giving their influence toward the sustainment of *experimental practical holiness*.

From thirty to forty are daily crowding around the altar of prayer, some seeking justifying grace, others purity. They that seek do find. Alleluia!

The beloved pastor of this charge, Rev. Hardin Wallace, has during the past few months been an experimental witness of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. At our PRAISE MEETING on Sabbath afternoon he gave in a flaming testimony before a crowded audience, to the reception of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And while he talked as with a tongue of fire, the burning arrows of truth seemed to fly in every direction. Many other gracious testimonies were given in, by both male and female disciples of Jesus, who spake as with tongues of fire.

In the evening the arrows of conviction penetrated the heart of many sinners. The

crowd was great, and it was difficult for them to press their way to the altar, but many came like doves to the windows. The altar-rail was crowded, both inside and out, with penitents. Christ, the heavenly Healer, was present. How many proved His power to make whole, we have no means of ascertaining, as no secretary of the meeting had been appointed, and no record kept. The meetings through the day yesterday was still more signally owned of God in the outpouring of His Spirit, in awakening, converting, and sanctifying power, than the day previous. Glory to God in the highest.

Many of those who have been newly saved are students of the Female College located in this beautiful town. May the Lord preserve them unto his heavenly Kingdom, and may all at last appear in Zion before God.

We abide during our pilgrim sojourn here with Mr. J. Dodsworth, who, with his amiable family are dear lovers of our Lord, and think no pains too great to expend in serving the lowly servants of the Master. How pleasant to those who serve, if they may but hear the voice of the Beloved say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these ye have done it unto me!"

Jacksonville city has been called the "New Haven" of the west. A large share of important State institutions, benevolent and educational, are located here. It is a handsome city, shaded with large elm and other beautiful trees. At present its atmosphere is redolent with the perfume of many flowers. It is of course but a youthful city, but bears an aspect of antiquity beyond its years. The Jacksonville people are forecasting for great things, and will probably succeed. Not a few of the private residences dotting the city and its environs, would rank well with the environs of New Haven and other cities East.

June 9th, yesterday we left Jacksonville for Springfield. Our last day services, morning, afternoon, and evening, were seasons of much power. Our ten days sojourn has been signally marked by manifestations of Divine approval, but the last were crowning services. Both penitents and seekers of the great salvation crowded the altar at each service, and many found. Eternal praise to God.

"That through the thanksgiving of many praise may redound to God, we take the following from the "Jacksonville Journal."

"The Revival services in the Brooklyn M. E. Church surpass in interest anything seen in Jacksonville for years. On Sabbath the house was excessively crowded, and in the evening hundreds went away unable to obtain admittance. The general theme of discussion is holiness, or purity of heart, and the manner in which it is presented by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer elicits general approval and hearty co-operation. Ministers and layman of different denominations heartily co-operate in promoting this great work, and the visit of Dr. and Mrs. P—— will be referred to after their departure, with feelings of grateful emotion.

They take their farewell this evening and leave for Springfield on Wednesday morning.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Here we are, June 14th, over a 1000 miles from home, still engaged in labors abundant, "Faint yet pursuing." The battle progresses graciously. Every day the fervors of holy zeal seem to be rising in intensity. Zion's altar-fires have been low in these regions. The Psalmist says, "Thou hast given a banner to all them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." Alas, that the hosts of Zion should have been so tardy and faltering in displaying the banner of Christian holiness in these parts.

What is the standard of Bible religion, but *holiness to the Lord*? We are thankful that it is the acknowledged doctrine of one division of God's sacramental hosts, but a thousand times more thankful that it is the great crowning doctrine of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and the grand *ultimatum* of all Christian ministrations, corroborative of this, Paul, who next to the Great Master, was the Prince of preachers, says, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." Yes, this is indeed the one grand ultimatum of the Gospel scheme. And to accomplish less than this, Christ would not have left his throne, to endure the agonies of the cross.

Scores have come out in open acknowlodge-

ment of their need of Christian Purity since we commenced our labours in this place. And a number of new witnesses have been raised up, who, we hope, will do valiant service in leading others to the ever open fountain that cleanseth from all sin. Three meetings are held daily. The altar of prayer is generally surrounded with earnest seekers of holiness, and others seeking forgiveness of sins. New witnesses are raised up at every service in testimony of the Divine faithfulness, not only to forgive, but to cleanse from all unrighteousness. The meetings are largely attended with people from the city and country, and thus the seeds of truth are being widely scattered. Alleluia!

Springfield is the capitol of Illinois. It numbers over 20,000 inhabitants. It has been signalized in the annals of our country, as the former residence of the lamented President Lincoln. Here stands the State House, in which he transacted business as a lawyer, and the neat residence which he occupied several years as a citizen of Springfield, and from which he went to the Presidential mansion in Washington, and here also, about one mile from where I now write, lies entombed his mouldering dust. The place of his sepulchre is a pretty sequestered spot. The people of Springfield cherish the memory of their martyred President with most affectionate veneration. No pains would have been spared by way of manifesting their regard for the widow of the illustrious dead, but she seems to have turned coldly from the magnanimous overtures calculated to detain her among them.

It was the wish of the people of the State of Illinois and heartily sanctioned by the executive, who conferred with Mrs. Lincoln, that President Lincoln's tomb should not have occupied its present sequestered shade. Several acres of land in the most elevated and beautiful part of the environs of the city, were selected for the place of entombment, in expectation of rearing a costly monument. Nature had favoured the spot with lofty trees and rich verdure. In this enclosure was a beautiful mansion with desirable surroundings, all of which would have been given to Mrs. Lincoln and her heirs forever, in token of their undying regard for her lamented husband. Day and night had busy hands been preparing the tomb, till just on the eve of the arrival of the body, with the long train of mourners, Mrs.

Lincoln's final refusal came, and the interment took place in the pleasant Oakland City Cemetery. The grounds which would have been presented to Mrs. L. as a gratuity, are now to be occupied as a site for the State Capital, which is in course of erection, at a cost of probably not less than five millions of dollars.

June 19th.—Since writing the above we have finished our stay at the beautiful town of Springfield. It was our wish to have remained longer. The revival flame daily rose in intensity, and could we only have continued a few days more, we doubt not that the more mighty things of our Almighty Lord, would have been more signally witnessed. But nearly forty days of continuous labour, reminded us of the absolute needs-be, for our Lord's words to his disciples, "turn aside and rest awhile."

Wherever we go, and into whatsoever house we enter, He who careth for the sparrow provides for us a *home*, not only in the affections of his people, but open doors await us to homes where all needful comforts abound. Our short sojourn at Springfield has been most happily spent with Rev. J. S. Foster and lady, whose pleasant residence stands surrounded by delightful forest trees and sweet flowers, near the environs of the city. Brother Foster is a lay, or as some would say, a local preacher. Though not quite as Paul, dwelling in his own *hired* house, yet he dwells in his own pleasant mansion, and *beside* abounding in hospitality, preaches the gospel free of charge. and very graciously does the Lord bless his labours.

The ministers of the two M. E. churches here, Rev. J. M. Crane, and Rev. J. Eads, through whose invitation we visited this place, are longing for the establishment of the people in the principles of righteousness and true holiness, have endeavoured to lend the weight of their influence in giving present and future permanency to the work. Ministers and people from the surrounding places have come; some have caught and others helped to spread the revival flame. The Lord bless them with yet larger and larger measures of the Spirit of Holiness, and may the work thus gloriously commenced result in a far more mighty baptism of fire on the ministry and people in these parts than has ever before been known.

Correspondence.

NOTICE.

TO WRITERS FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

We have much more matter sent us for this department than we can insert in view of the limited number of our pages. We are, therefore, compelled, either to omit giving some of the obituaries sent us altogether, or curtail them largely. Presuming the latter mode will suit better than the entire omission, we have taken pains to shorten the articles. Will our dear friends oblige us by studying *BREVITY* in this as in other departments. We would greatly prefer that, unless in extraordinary cases, obituary notices should not be sent us of persons who have been deceased over three months.

Sometimes we receive elaborately written biographies of persons who have months or years since passed away. We have just received one of a person deceased seven years! It *grieves* us always to lay aside such articles, but if the persons who send them will consider the size of our magazine, apology for not publishing the obituary of persons so long since passed away will not be necessary, and the necessity of writing briefly will be manifest.

For the Guide.

I DO BELIEVE.

Two years ago, Jan. 1st, 1867, at the altar in Union Church, St. Louis, Dr. Palmer bid me say, "*I do believe.*" When I told him I should praise God through all eternity for that message to my hungry soul, he asked, if I would tell others the way to "Perfect Love," as he had taught me, I replied, "Christ being my helper, *yes.*"

The enclosed letter is the experience of an Episcopalian lady, who was clearly converted to God last summer, through the instrumentality of a Methodist. In the fall she became deeply interested on the subject of Holiness, obtained the blessing while I was away from home, and wrote an account of it to me, not expecting I should make this use of it. If you think it will be for the glory of God to publish it in the "Guide," it is yours.

Mrs. LUCY E. PRESCOTT.

PERFECT LOVE.

God has greatly blessed me. Words can but feebly express the abundance of his grace manifested unto me. In one of Dr. R.'s sermons he spoke of fear as a motive by which some were induced to accept Christ, he not considering it an unworthy one.

I was led to look into my own heart and scan closely its motives; I could find no fear there, only love. My heart was very heavy and sad, weighed down by my husband's soul; so sad was I that I could not rejoice in my

own hope of salvation. I felt that he stood between my heart and Perfect Love. In the prayer following the sermon I determined to throw off the heavy burden I had so long carried, and leave it at the feet of Jesus. By God's grace I was enabled so to do, and a quiet and rest stole into my heart that even with the joy and peace of pardoning love, had not found entrance there before.

We came from church, and discussing the sermon as usual with Mr. S., I was led to say, well, I do not believe I have that *fear* Dr. R. spoke of, but I *do believe* I have the Perfect Love which casteth out all fear. That moment I was filled with joy unspeakable. These words came to my mind, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Thou art mine, wholly mine." Then I was at *rest*. My tired, weary soul resting in Jesus. I have *rested* and rejoiced ever since. Satan tempts me to give up my rest as a false one, but I look to Him whence cometh my help, and never look in vain. His grace has been sufficient for every trial, every temptation, and when one of my temperament, situated as I have been for two months past, can truly from the heart say, I rejoice, *rejoice* I mean evermore, and in all things give thanks, ought I not testify to God's wondrous power and goodness to me, and say to all around, "He who in the strength of Jesus trusts is more than conqueror."

I feel such a desire to urge His claims upon all about me, and yet, the way does not seem open for me to work much in the vineyard of the Master. God knows best, and I am willing and glad to wait until he makes me a *fit* instrument in his hands. I long for those I love to find the rest of Perfect Love, and freedom from bondage.

Pray for me that I may never falter, nor waver, and that I may yet do much good.

CHICAGO, 1869.

For the Guide.

GOING ON DUTY :

OR,

PUTTING ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.

While attending a protracted meeting, I heard these words preached from, "The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it, for they repented at the preaching of Jonas,

and behold a greater than Jonas is here." Conviction took hold upon me, I was undone, I knew in my present state I would be lost. I was about ten days in that condition. On the second day of October, 1861, in the morning, I opened the Bible and my eye fell on these words: "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart," and these are the terms on which I embraced religion.

It was not long, after complying with the 101st Psalm, while at my daily work, the Lord for Christ's sake caused the weight to fall off my back, as it did Bunyan's Pilgrim, and the light shone all around me. The sun was shining, but Christ's light was ten times brighter than the noon day sun, and glory to God, after getting the evidence, two weeks I was on the wing for heaven. My faith was made strong, the devil never tried to make me believe I had no religion, but after two weeks he told me I could not live religion, as I had been a very wicked man for 35 years. I had better pray to God to take me away immediately, and while reasoning with the enemy these words were presented to my mind: You have been serving the devil all your life, can't you serve me the remainder of your days, and glory to God, I cried out with good old Job, "All my appointed time will I wait till my change comes."

After this I felt the remains of corrupt nature, growing in-bred sin, lust, pride; my desire was to be Holy, perfect as my father which is in Heaven is perfect. I obtained Mr. Wesley's sermons, volume 1st. I read on page 108, sin in believers. Page 116, repentance of believers. Page 335, go on to perfection. I also read the life of Benjamin Abbott, Hester Ann Rogers, Mrs. Fletcher, who were guides to holiness; and blessed be God I went on duty.

I never heard a sermon preached on holiness till about five years after, by J. Wood, and I give glory to God at the camp-meeting at Camden, Delaware, I received the evidence of perfect love. The night the Lord worked that change in me, it was about one o'clock. I was taken deathly sick, though at the same time was enjoying good health. It was sin sick; I gathered in the wanderings of my mind, thought of what Mr. Wesley said in his sermons. I laid wife and children, houses and land upon the altar, and in a mo-

ment death and sickness was banished. The light of Christ shone all around me, and I lay about three hours. Knew nothing but the refining fire of Christ running through every part of soul and body, as fire through dry stubble, burning up the filthy weed of corrupt nature. And when I came to myself again, the Lord spoke to me in his still small voice, you are now whole throughout soul and body. And oh! it seemed in the morning that I had power through Christ, to save a world of sinners, and bless his Holy name, I can comply with the 101st Psalm. I am walking within my house with a perfect heart, and I say to all who would enjoy this blessing, read Mr. Wesley's sermons, on Holiness and simply go on duty. Take God at his word and you will find the pearl of great price; it is worth more than this perishing world.

KENTON, DEL.

TESTIMONY OF CARLOS DROWN,

WHO IS DEAF AND DUMB.

A dear brother, Carlos Drown, deaf and dumb has written us a letter requesting us to tell the readers and writers for the "Guide," that he is very much interested with its contents, and loves all those who are so kind as to write for it, as it often makes him happy while reading, and that God will reward them and lead them into all truth.

He says he often weeps and prays to God, that he would keep his heart pure every day, and enable him to keep his commandments at all times, and that his thoughts may all centre in God.

Several months ago he had a very delightful dream, which caused him to rejoice exceedingly, and made him very happy. His own language is, "I fell sweetly asleep in Jesus of dream." A spirit bright and beautiful came and sat upon his bed. His head was white like as wool. The spirit smiled on him, and he enquired, "Who art thou?" At the same time he knew that it was Jesus.

He then said, "O Jesus, my thoughts trouble me, and I have fear in my heart, and yet I love God, and know that Jesus has smiled my sins away." Jesus then cleansed his heart and came and dwelt within, according to his promise, "If a man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode

with him." He adds I cannot understand how it is, but thinks the preachers can.

For the Guide.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.

POINTE A LA HACHE,
Parish of Plaquemines La.,
May 10th, 1869.

Dear Brother and Sister Palmer :

You and I are strangers to each other, personally, having had no other acquaintance than that received through the monthly visits of the "Guide." We may never meet until we greet each other in our Father's Kingdom; yet I feel that we are not strangers to that Spirit that worketh by love and purifieth the earth.

For many years I have been a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the only Protestant minister, of any denomination, actively engaged in preaching the Gospel below the city of New Orleans.

The place from which I write is a most singular and sad one, being under the shade of an oak tree on the left bank of the Mississippi river, 55 miles below the above city, and directly opposite the place where an only son (except an adopted one) lies in the bed of that river.

My dear boy, John James, was drowned on the 3rd inst., a week ago to-day. He was 14 years and 10 months old at the time, and as a child was all that a fond father could wish, and what is far better I have every reason to hope that his young heart was renewed by grace.

Ah! yes, he's gone! my child is gone!
How soon he's called away!
In morn in health and youthful bloom,
At noon but lifeless clay.

Beneath the turbid river lies
The loved form of our son!
Yet from its muddy bed he'll rise;
Our own beloved one.

Like Peter on Tyberius' breast,
He looked to God in prayer,
Lord! then he cried with parting breath,
The Lord was present there.

When human strength could do no good,
"Though human tears fell fast;
'Twas Jesus then, the faithful one,
Was with him to the last.

He from our fold has took our lamb,
Yet now that lamb is safe;
We here bereaved mourn his loss,
He sings the Saviour's praise.

SEMEI LEE.

GOOD NEWS FROM BALTIMORE.

Rev. J. S. Inskip, in a letter to the Editors, remarks: "The mighty work is going forward everywhere. We have been favoured with most marvelous things in our new field of toil. Our Tuesday afternoon meetings are attended with great and glorious results. The main audience room is nearly full. Scores have been converted, and many have entered into the rest of "full redemption." The work continues with increasing interest and power. Our house will not hold the Sabbath congregation."

Miscellaneous Gatherings

HOUSE TO HOUSE VISITATION.

A note from a town in Eastern Ohio, tells us of the way in which a work of revival commenced. The pastor having, by announcement from the pulpit, secured the attendance at an evening meeting, of a large number of his members, explained to them how, in his judgment, the work of the Lord could be revived in the town and in the church. "Work," remarked he, "will do it—regular persistent hard work from every one who holds membership in the society, and who feels that Christ has died for sinners, and is willing to save them." After a twenty minutes' talk, he obtained the pledge of ten men and thirty women to do the work of religious visitation, from house to house, for at least two weeks, beginning on the morrow. The visiting was commenced as promised; and on the following Sabbath there were forty-five strangers at the eleven o'clock preaching service. By the second Sabbath the congregation had nearly doubled, and on the evening of that day thirteen persons rose in the congregation, asking the prayers of God's people. The following Sabbath there were twenty conversions and accessions, and at this writing the town is in a flame of revival.

God honors those who honor Him. Feeble effort is recompensed by feeble results. Hearty, united, and continued labor He crowns with victory. Convince the world that your profession is a possession as well—a living, impelling heart-power, and you secure attention and consideration for your views.—*Western Christian Advocate*.

THE ISLES REDEEMED.

For about thirty years missionaries of the *London Missionary Society* have labored in the Saoman Islands, a group of the South Sea Islands; and now heathenism has been abolished, and the whole nation profess Christianity.

"The whole Bible has been translated into their language, and a third or more of the population can read. There are about 5,000 members of the church, and 4,000 candidates; more than 200 of the male members are preachers of the gospel, and many have gone as missionaries to distant islands. About \$10,000 are annually contributed for the support of native teachers, and about \$5,000 to the London Missionary Society. A well-regulated, self-sustaining native seminary, with nearly a hundred students, annually sends out about thirty candidates for the ministry. Before the gospel was introduced there was no commerce, but they now have an export trade of from \$200,000 to \$250,000 a year."

A butcher in London, and a Christian only seven years, began telling others what God had done for him, and the result was their salvation. He now has a chapel that holds fifteen hundred, and has six hundred members. He has a large business, but preaches five nights in a week in the streets, in halls, and other places in the city.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The leader truly remarked that we look here to get nearer to Jesus than ever before. Sister L. referred to our responsibility in the matter of the leadings of the Spirit. Do not prevent him from leading you very near to Jesus. He "gave himself that he might redeem us from all iniquity." He will save every precious soul that will let him. We must obey. We must let the Spirit lead us. It is possible to reach a point where we hinder the work of God.

Brother B., Congregational branch, said that he had been much engaged with a passage of

Scripture, "Your heart shall live that seek the Lord." I want my heart to live; to have consciousness of the graces of the Spirit. Anybody will love that seeks God. Let them keep on seeking God. "He that shall come will come and will not tarry." Oh, to have my heart pulsate with the life of Jesus! He led me to it, and induced me to it, but I do seek him every day. I am drawn to spend much time in prayer. Luther said, "To pray well is to study well." Have often got sermons on my knees. I have not wondered at Edward's power of preaching. They were merely read, and yet the people screamed under them, so great was the effect of the truth which he proclaimed. My soul has felt a deep sympathy with others. I have prayed with much feeling for sinners I have never seen. Oh, the pity I have had for those poor souls! I love to sympathize with Jesus in his love for the lost. I am often asked to pray by persons for themselves. As I comply with their request my own soul is filled with joy. I often think of the saying of a dear man of God: "It is a good thing to rejoice in a good work without being the doer of it. It is a mere covetous feeling to want to be the doer of it." And this longing for a notable experience, away with it? The Holy Ghost is given as a means to an end, not just that we may be glad. We seek him that his will may be done in us, by us, through us, and by others. Seek him so, and I stand up here to declare that it is certain that they will have what they seek.

A sister spoke in the early part of the meeting, her remarks were upon the real growth of Christians. A disavowal of the slander that they do not believe in growth of believers, might easily have been gathered from her words. People misapprehend the believers in this grace, supposing that they uphold a cessation of growth when once they have attained it. Far from it. The sister affirmed what candid persons will be compelled to confess, that the entrance upon this experience betokened the removal of hindrances to growth in grace. An unhealthy child ceases to grow, but when the cause of his sickness is removed he will rapidly gain and increase in stature.

Another regarded this experience as a state. It is to love what Christ loves, as the habit of the soul. She could join in words that had been sung:

"Oh! how I love Jesus."

But then came his Word: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." The souls who are in this state of experience, are not able to abide what does not please God. It includes a spirit to labor and to suffer for Jesus sake. It is not only a commencement but continuance in the narrow way. In this narrow way there is room enough for everything that is needed—there is just room enough for Jesus and me, not for anything worldly. Our religion not only makes happy—happiness is not the search of the souls that possess it, but they desire the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, a holy fellowship with him in suffering, and "a being made conformable unto his death." This sister referred to many young converts joining the church, and said she was often compelled to ask in her own mind: "Do they mean it?"

The meeting was deeply interested in what the sister said. There were many who seemed, by their responses, to be desirous of thorough work—that they should not merely be professors of this grace, but be sanctified wholly in body, soul and spirit, and as such, "The Lord's alone."

"I'd rather be the least of those
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne."

Among the last speakers at this interesting meeting was a brother of youthful appearance, once in the army of the Potomac. Having thrown away the Bible which his mother gave him, because it was too heavy, he had known what it was to long for a Bible. After searching, he found just a few leaves on which were some of the parables, and among them that of the prodigal son. He returned to his God. He stated that he believed in a definite experience. God had given him such to declare. He had used tobacco. The grace of God had enabled him to conquer the evil habit. He had been adorned, to some extent, with gold, but he had put that from him, that he might not dress up a poor worm even in appearance of gaudy attire. The Lord greatly blessed him, and enabled him to walk before the saints and with them, in this definite experience of his love.

Many arose seeking this experience. May the Lord lead them into his rest, and fill them with his Spirit, that they may neither desire the world nor themselves, but that Christ may be all in all.

Confidence in Jesus.

From Book in Press entitled "Buds of Promise," by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1. I'll go by faith to Je-sus, To Je-sus, to Je-sus, I'll tell my wants to

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS

Je-sus, My best and dearest friend. On Je-sus, on Je-sus, I cast my ev-'ry

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

care, and at the door of mer-cy, I'll seek His face in pray'r.

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2. I'll give myself to Jesus,
To Jesus, to Jesus,
And bear the cross for Jesus,
Who bore the cross for me.

Chorus.

3. I'll suffer all for Jesus,
For Jesus, for Jesus,
And trust alone in Jesus,
Who bled and died for me.

Chorus.

Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1869.

For the Guide.
PERFECTING HOLINESS.

REV. C. L. JAMES.

I WAS converted in 1860, in England. In 1862 I united with the National Church, by confirmation, and for about five years followed Jesus "afar off." Those years cover the most interesting period of my youth; and, though they had many bright episodes, I must, on the whole, remember them with shame and sorrow, as a season of lamentable spiritual weakness, and of many sad falls.

In 1867, during a revival, I, for the first time in my life, attended a meeting of the Methodist Church, to which I now belong. Soon after, I listened to a sermon on sanctification; of which doctrine I knew nothing previously. I felt at once that it was a glorious idea, but so different from all my former instructions and experience, that it seemed "beyond my comprehension." At this time, being nearly twenty-one years old, I felt called to preach the gospel. But worldly hopes led me into secular enterprises in which I was, happily, disappointed. Then the Lord allowed my vices to get the mastery over me, that I might be forced to seek his face in earnest. Sensuality, in one form or another, had always been my besetment; and chief among my moderate sins, at this time, was the habit of using tobacco. I would affectionately warn every Christian against making light of this loathsome vice. If it be wrong to "behave unseemly," if it be wrong to dull the intellect, if it be wrong to prefer the pleasures of sense to those of religion, then the common use of tobacco, like "moderate drinking," is a

sin—a sin that very nearly slew my soul. When, in February, 1868, God gave me a partial victory over it, I soon became keenly alive to the importance of immediate sanctification. I went forth, preaching the Gospel, and lecturing on temperance, and other moral subjects. But I greatly felt my need of "power from on high;" and I labored under a continual fear of again falling into sin. Such another lapse, I thought, would be too much for infinite mercy to forgive. While in this state of mind, I read Sister Palmer's "Faith and its Effects," and for the first time, got a clear view of holiness—BY THE BLOOD OF CHRIST—through faith—*after* consecration. Night and day I then labored in prayer for weeks. I brought my chief object of desire to the altar, I gave them up, not in name, but in deed, and forever. After long seeking it, I found grace from God to make this act of consecration, while praying one night in the field; and then instantly broke upon me that overwhelming sense of the presence of God and Christ, which is the cause of my inward purity and peace, but which defies analysis or comparison.

I could well wish, if my work on earth were done, to behold nothing but that splendor; and be swallowed up in that abyss of love. The infinite purity, the unutterable love, the ineffable glory of the Creator are so clear to me, that I know not how I could ever have desired anything in heaven or in earth beside. Beholding the glory of the Lord, I feel myself changed into the like image, *from glory to glory*, even as by the Spirit of God. I would most carefully guard

against conveying the idea, that my sense of a present union with God, a union increasing to perfection, is based upon any speculative notion. It is a felt reality, producing the most passionate and insatiable desire. I long to lose my identity in God's.

I loath myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall,
Content if God exalted be,
"And Christ be all in all."

Of course I do not say that my feelings are always up to the same pitch of fervor. But the beatific sense of God's presence never leaves me, and enjoying that, I have necessarily the following precious privileges:—I must perforce love God supremely, I cannot sin against him knowingly, no, nor wish to, nor murmur at his will; I cannot set my affections on things below, while filled with the love and glory of the Infinite; my faith is bold and strong; I cannot look Jesus in the face and doubt his word; rejoicing in the Lord always, I never want a word to say for him. "It is not I that speak, but the Holy Ghost." Death is disarmed of his terrors, why should I fear to go to him whom my soul loveth? I have not a particle of doubt or fear about my adoption. "The Spirit itself beareth witness that I am a child of God." My mind is no longer vexed with ethical subtilities; "I am led of the Spirit of God;" I have no longer any perplexities about the evidences of Christianity or the orthodoxy of my opinions; "I know in whom I have believed;" I know that if I will do his will I shall know of the doctrine, and therefore, I never fear to investigate any theological or metaphysical mystery, trusting in the PRESENT SAVIOUR to lead me. Earthly griefs have lost their sting, but earthly blessings keep their sweetness. Jesus keeps his word; for all I left to follow him he gives me an hundred fold now, and in the world to come, eternal life. I have a great and increasing love for the Bible, for in the light of God how grand is every line!

I feel that I cannot enjoy these blessings for a moment longer than I accept them by faith, which is the gift of God.

But for more than six months I have now enjoyed them, not without a moment's diminution, but with a wonderful *aggregate increase*, an increase *whose rate increases* as God gives grace to find out daily some new cross to bear for him, and yet I feel that all these are but little blessings—mere drops from the well of life. BUT WHEN THAT WHICH IS PERFECT IS COME, THEN THAT WHICH IS IN PART SHALL BE DONE AWAY. Even now however my will is so completely lost in that of God, that I do actually enjoy the blessing of the pure in heart. God the infinite and absolute perfection, is to me no object of curiosity or speculation, but of present and illimitable enjoyment. I feel that a more unclouded view of his perfections would overwhelm my mortal nature and when I turn the eyes of my soul to him I feel compelled to veil them and to fall before his feet. Oh, how my spirit longs for the state wherein I may know as I am known, yet not be "blasted with excess of light!"

WEST LAU CLAIR, Wisconsin.

For the Guide.

MILLENNIAL STREAKS.

REV. G. HUGHES.

There is to be a millennium. The world, after its long, arduous week of toil, will have its Sabbath. So prophecy distinctly teaches. What will be its precise character is not so easily determined. Biblical critics have furnished a variety of answers to the earnest inquiries of Christian minds; but it comes on apace. The roll of centuries is hastening the long expected day. The march of progress in the numerous departments of human activity, is preparing the way of the Lord. Men are unconsciously contributing, by their ingenious contrivances, their researches, and explorations, to the grand consummation, when Messiah shall be King of nations, as He is now King of saints.

While attending "The National Sunday School Convention," recently held in the city of Newark, N. J., I was led to ask, do we not behold in this convocation of Christians, of various denominational affinities, the streaks of the millennial

morn? The denominational lines are evidently becoming fainter. The Gospel annunciation: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism," is beginning to receive millennial interpretation. The latter day glory, it would seem, is close at hand. Myriad hearts are pulsating with high anticipations—myriad eyes are intently looking to the heavens in expectation of speedy and glorious revelations. "Satan shall fall as lightning from heaven;" sin's strong-holds shall totter to their overthrow; the shrines of the "gods many and lords many" shall speedily be shattered; the saints shall shout aloud for joy; the kingdoms of this world shall become the "kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." At the National Convention referred to, I was led, one morning, amid the prevalence of marvelous heavenly influence, to ask a brother minister, "*Is the millennium begun?*"

The signs of the times are significant. The world is heaving to her profoundest centre; the nations are convulsed; all the realms of human enterprise are astir; the church is rousing herself for action. This is the hope of the times; we discover, in all the length and breadth of Zion, *a feeling after God*—a reaching down to the deep foundations—a longing for spiritual life and power. The language of many is, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." True, there is a great many professors, who have no such breathings. They are stricken with worldly-mindedness; they are buried amid wordly plans, and speculations. There is not the rustle of a leaf in the soul-forest. On the lintels of their doors, we read the inscription: "*They mind earthly things.*" Sad is their condition; would God they might be stirred to a contemplation of the darkness of their situation. It is to be feared too many of them will sleep the sleep of death. But there is a living seed, a holy priesthood, a peculiar people; they are disposed to be separate from the world, to have their life hid with Christ in God. A brother minister was recently asked, "Why do you attend that *Holiness* meeting? Why do you go among those who say, '*I am holier than thou?*'" "Ah!" said

he, "I want to be like Christ, I want to get near to Him, and I find it helps me to have the conversation and prayers of the wholly consecrated." This is expressive of the feelings of multitudes. They crave living ministrations in the pulpit. They are searching the lively oracles. They are waiting on God in the closet; Their vehement souls cry out oppress, impatient to be freed. They pant for liberty; they cry unto the Angel of the Covenant:

"Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know."

These are surely the streaks of the millennial morn, the first beauteous rosy light, which betokens the coming forth of the Sun of righteousness out of His chamber, to give peace, to fructify the earth—to make the desert sing for joy—and the wilderness blossom as the rose. We hail with gladness the cessation of theological controversy, and denominational strife, and the dark reign of bigotry. The Redeemer's prayer will be fulfilled, that they all may be one, as thou, Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. Thus a long agitated world will rest. The nations will be at peace. Zion will appear in glory; Messiah the Prince, will sway his sceptre, and claim his legitimate dominion. All who would hasten this day of triumph, will bid God speed to the work of holiness, and especially be themselves wholly the Lord's.

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A ROMANIST.

M. M. G.

I have been a loving reader of the "Guide" for the past year, I have taken great comfort, and received much good, by reading the testimonies of God's dear children, of their love for the Saviour, and his power to redeem from all sin. I have thought, too, if I could contribute a mite to the feast how glad I should be. I am but a babe in Christ, but Jesus takes the lambs, and weak ones in His arms you know, and carries them in His bosom over the rough places.

I feel that I am growing stronger each day, and that I owe much to the "Guide." Some question if it be proper to put into the hands of young converts such "strong meat." I feel, for one, that it is just *the* book, next to the Bible. Give it to them, help them to see their way opened to labor. They will not be so apt to sit down happy, thinking the work is done; it will open their eyes to see that it is but just begun, that they have been pardoned from past sins, and must now look to God to save them from sin in the future. It will press them for consecration, labor, and usefulness in future life, while their hearts are warm with gratitude to the Saviour, for sins RECENTLY forgiven; they will the easier consecrate ALL their powers to His service.

One year ago, last November, I came to this place a stranger, seeking work; God sent me here. I did not know a person in the place beside my sister; I was a strong Roman Catholic at the time, and would not step inside a Protestant Church. Soon after I came here, the Protestant churches of the place united their meetings for a week; I went in with others to see what they were doing, I had never heard of such a thing before. I went every evening of the week; I *thought it would do me no harm*. After they were separated, again I went occasionally to the M. E. Church. I liked their preaching, unless they touched on Popery, which they did occasionally. I was vexed, but interested in spite of myself; I soon began to get into trouble *at home* for attending Methodist meetings. The more opposition I had, the more determined I was, I felt that this was a free country, and one had a right to go to any church if they pleased; and when they abused me, I stayed away from them entirely. Meanwhile I kept going to Methodist meetings.

In March my mind underwent a great change. I had gradually been yielding, unawares, for some time; I could not stay away from the meetings. I went one evening as usual, and surely, I *never* shall forget that night, in time or eter-

nity. The full atonement made *once* for all, was faithfully presented to the thirsty multitude. God's Spirit so accompanied the word to my heart, that all I thought, my firm foundation was swept away with a stroke. Oh, the agony of mind for succeeding days. *I felt as if suspended over ruin by a thread*, how I wept and prayed that God in mercy would save me. Christ was shown me as the *only* way of salvation; I turned my aching heart and streaming eyes towards this friend of sinners, and glory to God, I was saved; yes, Jesus took me in His arms and bade me rejoice. I *knew* I had found the right way. His Spirit witnessed with mine, that I was a child of God. I united with the class in April. How I thank God for that. The church has been a mother to me. I love the church of my choice, the Church of God.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend.

In June we went to a camp meeting. Some weeks previous, my mind had become awakened to the subject of Holiness, by reading Boardman's "Higher Life." O, how my heart hungered and thirsted for righteousness. I was afraid to mention it before others, for fear they would say I had not been long enough in the way. I went to the camp-meeting, earnestly praying and seeking the blessing. I expressed my desire at the first opportunity, and then the fight began in earnest. Satan marshaled his hosts and darkness prevailed for four days. But I kept praying and struggling for light. I felt that all was given up, but one thing, and that I held on to. It seemed as though I should die before I would give up. I wanted a bright evidence, but was so afraid I should shout. O, I could not bear that, no, never.

I wept and struggled, until I could hold out no longer; at last I sank down subdued, and from the depths of my heart I said, "O Lord, anything for Christ sake. Make a fool of me, anything, only give me the blessing." And with the next breath I shouted Glory. Wave after wave swept over me, until I was lost to all around me for hours. God had

indeed blessed me beyond all I could ask or think.

I was so happy, for weeks I knew not how to keep still. But Satan told me I must not shout in the church, at any rate. It was bad enough in the grove, but it would be ridiculous in the house of God. Unwisely I listened to him, and shut the blessing out of my own soul. I did not speak to any one about it, for fear they would advise me to do what I knew to be my duty. I went along thus some weeks, miserable and unhappy. O I felt condemned; I tried to get back, but in the act of consecration the blessing would always come in the same way. In September we went to another camp-meeting. I tried again with others to give up all. The same cross was presented. God helped me to lift it again. The weight seemed nearly gone this time. I was enabled to bear the cross some time after returning home, but I laid it down again. Dear reader, you will say, what, after all God's loving kindness to you? Yes! after all he has done for me. God have mercy on me. I don't know how I dared to do it. I was blessed so abundantly in the public assembly, under a soul-stirring sermon; it seemed as if the windows of Heaven were opened into my soul. But Satan was ready. O don't, says he, it will do at camp-meeting, or prayer meeting; but for shame here. *The blessing was gone* the moment I hesitated. O, wretchedness, agony, and almost despair, seized upon me. I was afraid that God would leave me forever. I deserved nothing else; but God is so good, He loves us so much, His Son died to save us, and He *will* save us, if we will let Him in His own way. God has never left me; glory to His name. I never felt my own unworthiness more than to-day. It is a cross for me to write all these crooked ways, but I feel that it will be for my good and God's glory. It shows God's forbearance and long suffering. God is waiting still to be gracious. *ALL* my hope is in His mercy; yes, thank God, there is hope for *me* still.

Eleven weeks ago to-day I was taken ill, and here I am to-day writing this

on my sick bed. God only knows what I have suffered in those weeks. God has never left me, but has been in the sick room to counsel, comfort, and bless me. I have enjoyed much of Christ's presence in my heart. I have endeavored again and again to consecrate all to God, yet I feel a lack, a want of more than I have. I think some times that I do not get *directly under* the stream, or I should be filled. This is the earnest desire of my heart. I have no confidence in myself; I have made such wretched work. Satan tells me some times that the blessing is not for such as me. I don't believe him; He is the Father of lies. I had the blessing once, yes, twice, but have let it slip. When I think for a moment of stopping without it, I can hardly breath. God help me. If I perish it will be at the foot of the cross. The prayer of my heart is every moment going up to God to be *wholly sanctified*.

Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

I feel that this heavy affliction is a blessing in disguise. If it be my Father's will that I pass through *the fire* to be purified, so be it. Let the length of time be in God's own hands. His will be done. My heart He cleansed from all sin, and I fitted to glorify God here and enjoy him hereafter. I do not feel that I am going to die now, but that I am being prepared for work here. I don't feel as though my work on earth was done, for I have done nothing yet.

But it may be nearly done, and I about to enter an untried eternity. God's will be done. I hope the dear readers of the "Guide," as they read this, will breathe an earnest prayer to God that the Baptism of the Holy Ghost may rest on unworthy me; that I may be cleansed from *all* unrighteousness, and be fully prepared for a triumphant death, or a useful life, as God wills. When we all meet beyond the river, what a meeting it will be. I feel anxious at times to be there, but I will willingly wait God's time. God bless the "Guide;" may it go as on wings of love from pole to pole, and

many souls be gathered into the fold of Christ through its influence.

DELEVAN, 1867.

For the Guide.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

HARRY N. LANE.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xx. 5.

No night shall be in Heav'n; no gathering gloom,
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come,
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs,
That breath their fragrance through celestial bow'rs.

No night shall be in Heav'n—no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's pow'r,
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
To veil the glorious sunlight of the soul.

No night shall be in Heav'n. Forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep,
Their fountains dried—their tears all wiped away,
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.

No night shall be in Heav'n; no sorrows reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain,
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there,
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

No night shall be in Heav'n, but endless noon,
No fast declining sun, nor waning moon,
But there, the Lamb shall yield eternal light,
Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

No night shall be in Heav'n, no darken'd room,
No bed of death, or silence of the tomb;
But breezes ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

No night shall be in Heav'n! But night is here,
The night of sorrow, death, and often fear,
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

No night shall be in Heav'n! Oh, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
That faith would make these mournful phantoms flee,
And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.

JONE'S MILLS, PENN., 1869.

For the Guide.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN TEMPTATION AND SIN.

MARY D. JAMES.

When an evil thought is presented to the mind, if that thought is entertained—or cherished, it becomes sin—but if immediately resisted and repelled by looking to Jesus and receiving His aid to overcome the temptation, there can be no sin. Thus Mr. Wesley makes the distinction: "You cannot prevent the birds from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from making nests in your hair." You cannot prevent Satan

from injecting temptations into your mind, but you can through grace refrain from entertaining the temptation, by instantly asking help from above, and thus repelling the tempter.

When but a babe in the experience of the higher Christian life, not having perfectly learned the devices of Satan, and the art of constant "looking unto Jesus," there is sometimes a cherishing or yielding to temptation, and always a consequent departure from Christ to some extent. Hence the necessity for discipline and farther trial of our faith, that we may become established, "rooted and grounded in love, that we may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the length and breadth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge that we may be filled with all the fullness of God."

"Now the God of all grace, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, establish, strengthen, settle you."

Having attained this state, the exercise of faith becomes easy, just as natural as it is to breathe, and looking unto Jesus becomes a habit of the soul. Then when Satan comes and throws his lighted match he finds nothing in that purified heart to catch the fire and make a blaze, and therefore the match is quickly extinguished, and does no harm.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

A Christian lady full of faith and the Holy Ghost was called upon to lead in prayer at a meeting. Her words seemed inspired, the power of the Highest came down with overwhelming influence, souls were blest, and it was a season of great refreshing from the presence of the Lord. As she closed her prayer, the thought came, What a wonderful prayer! What a remarkable influence attended it! and then a temptation to feel exalted. Instantly, by the light of the Spirit with which she was filled, she discerned the origin of the thought, saw the old serpent near, and with deepest humiliation and tears, besought the Lord to deliver her. She felt such utter abhorrence of the thought of exalting self that she wanted to get out of sight and never be noticed or thought of again—felt more

contemptible than the meanest worm, and exclaimed,

"I nothing have, I nothing am,
My glory is the bleeding Lamb."

From that time she seemed to be taken into a closer relationship to Jesus—her self-renunciation and reliance on Christ seemed more complete than ever before, and her path was as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

But this state had not been gained all at once, such elevation is not to be reached at a single bound.

The furnace fires are to be passed through ere we ascend this mount of transfiguration. That heart had been subjected to a severe ordeal, ere she was thus made "meet for the Master's use."

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

Such a beautiful example of this advanced state of grace I met with some time ago, one who bears the image of the heavenly as few bear it in this world.

I said to her, what a blessed privilege it is to be so useful as you are! You have done so much good, you have been so great a blessing to me and to many others! I thank the Lord that I ever met you.

The lady addressed was sewing on a vest. She handed it to me saying, "I want you to look at those button holes." I did so and she said, "What do you think of them?" I believe they are most beautifully worked; I never saw a more perfect specimen of such work. Then she presented the needle with which the work was done, and said, "this is the needle that made those button holes. Do you think any praise is due to the needle? I am not more than this needle. I used it to do that work. God has condescended to use me to do His work; if it has been well done, to Him alone is the glory due, and He shall have it all. God forbid that I should take aught that belongs to Him."

That heart too had been subjected to the furnace fires, and afterwards pounded on the anvil, then came the chiseling and scraping and polishing processes until she had been made one of the finest jewels

and thus was shewing forth the praise of the Master.

Had she not learned by the light of the furnace fires the great lesson that He would teach all His children—that they are nothing—have nothing—can do nothing—of themselves, and had not all the dross of base nature been consumed from that heart in which the image of Jesus is so clearly reflected, the commendation of her friend would have elated her, and vanity might have come in, and backsliding succeeded.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION.

A lady of rare gifts and much piety was called upon to lead a meeting. She felt the weight of the cross and implored help from above. That help was given. She prayed with great power, and then spoke at some length; all hearts seemed melted under the hallowed unction that attended her words, tears flowed from all eyes, she saw the influence upon her auditors, and at the close of the meeting they gathered around her expressing their gratitude for the benefit they had received. Immediately "Satan presented himself also" and suggested it was truly wonderful the power I had, Oh, I'm so glad it was me! The thought was for a short time entertained. Self-complacency took possession of her mind, and she found herself really dwelling upon the thought of the great things she had done. Of course darkness ensued and for a time she scarcely knew where she stood, but the blessed Holy Spirit still hovering round her heart—for she was dear to the Saviour—shed light upon her and she discovered that she had been "robbing God" of the glory due to Him. He had said, "my glory will I not give unto another." Alarmed and overwhelmed with penitential grief she hastened to prostrate herself at the foot of the cross, asking forgiveness and a fresh application of the all-cleansing blood. It was granted, and now in the deepest self-abasement she lay prostrate before the Lord, feeling that she was but a worm, having no right, no wisdom, nothing, and in Christ alone was her sufficiency.

Then she came forth "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might,"

trusting in Him alone, and "clothed with humility," because much more useful than ever before, having learned that lesson, I am nothing, Christ is all.

Had she not humbled herself before the Lord and renounced the glory she had appropriated to herself, we can at once see that the result would have been a total backsliding from God.

The difference between the cases above quoted and the latter case clearly shows that temptation may be felt without sin, not being yielded to, or even entertained for a moment, while if indulged even for a short time, guilt is incurred, God is dishonored, the Spirit grieved, and darkness and gloom cover the mind.

For the Guide.

THE PURE IN HEART SEE GOD.

REV. J. SCARETT.

Grace in the soul gives eye sight to the blind,
Its light reveals itself to opened eyes;
Things carnal occupy the carnal mind,
Virtue, beholds itself, and loves its ties,
To source Divine—The saved and truly wise,
Discern themselves in wisdom's pleasant ways:
The soul above itself can never rise—
It must be born again—as Jesus says—
Or see not here the Light—the Kingdom of His grace.

The Light, revealing God in Jesus' face,
The sinful eye sees not, for unbelief,
Leads hearts to hate "the living God" of grace;
Then, what can give the blinded eye relief,
And free the soul from darkness and of grief?
"Eye-salve," in Christ the Gospel Word contains.
Of all the good, anointed eyes, are chief,
To stamp the value on immortal gains,
And lead, by light Divine, where Jesus ever reigns.

Loved Truth Divine is seen by hearts sincere,
And "eyes of understanding" see the choice,
In Jesus, wisely made—for God is near—
So near, the soul can hear the Spirit's voice,
And in His Light, and Love, and Strength, rejoice.
Transparency of heart, through Jesus' blood,
Removes sin's blindness, and its "vail" destroys;
The purified, in love, shall see their God,
Along the way that leads to His own bright abode.

For the Guide.

THE PROMISED SEAL.

MRS. T. J. OWENS.

From a child I felt, at times, that I was a lost sinner, unless saved through repentance and faith in Jesus. Yet not till twenty-two years of age did I make a firm resolve to seek the Lord. But I

shall ever bless the day that my Saviour said to me, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven." But must regret that I did not at that time lay hold by faith of the promise, that Jesus has power on earth to save from present sin as well as from future punishment. Yet such was not the case, though my heart many times cried out, and is this all.

I often feared that I might fall a prey to the enemy of my soul; and many times felt the strivings of the Spirit, a desire to be what the Lord required of me, and continually fell back on my weakness. But in great mercy the Lord strove with me till by grace I made the consecration of my will, time, talent, family, all, all, for time and eternity into the hand of God, just to be anything, do anything, or suffer anything in the strength of Israel's God; and just that moment Jesus sealed it by the promise of the Father to my poor soul. I saw, to my astonishment, I had only given Him His own; and yet if I had a thousand worlds, Lord, they, too, should all be Thine.

Previous to this time any public duty was a dread; private prayer I had enjoyed, but as I now see pride interposed between me and my Saviour, and when He said go work, pride said not me, some one else that can speak better. But, blessed be God, we are not to serve Him in our own strength, nor yet in our weakness, but in the strength of that Arm that moves the world.

If we abide in Jesus as the branch abides in the vine, we shall have strength, and its easy abiding, after we are all the Lord's, soul and body. I have learned that some who have not passed the gate of consecration (that takes off the love of the vanities of the world and the pride of life) don't understand how it is, and they talk about fanatics and self-righteousness; but there are three that bear witness on earth, the Word, the Spirit, and the Blood, and if my experience agrees with these, I have an assurance that no evil power can move. Blessed be His name, we know in Whom we have believed, and we know when He shall appear we shall be

like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

My heart's desire and prayer is, that all who have named the Name of Jesus would depart from all iniquity, and find by blessed experience how Jesus can cleanse from all unrighteousness. For seven years I endured the trials and privations incumbent upon an itinerant's wife, unreconciled to my position, consequently had very faint faith to claim the promise of present grace as future reward for those who suffer for their Master here. But now my soul rejoices for the privilege to do and suffer for Him who first loved me. Oh, the matchless power and goodness of God.

For the Guide.

A PASTOR'S WORK.

REV. S. B. TORREY.

To be like Jesus; then to lead others into the same precious life.

How can we be like Him?

I. Look right up to Jesus, and, with faith, say, "Come, come, and fill my soul with Thyself, my heart with Thy life. Cleanse my heart, O Divine Redeemer; baptize me with the Holy Ghost, now, and make me like unto Thyself."

II. How can I lead others to Him?

1. Love them for His sake; preach to them tenderly, with tears; earnestly, with power of the Spirit; entreat, warn, pray much. Remember, they must be saved or lost.

2. Be holy, that is, practically pure, good in holiness, live in a revival spirit. There is power in purity.

For the Guide.

CAN APOSTATES BE RESTORED ?

REV. R. GILBERT.

That Christians may fully apostatize after justification, and even after the attainment of a state of complete sanctification, is quite generally admitted. This possibility is perfectly compatible with a state of probation, or trial, to which we are subjected. The idea of probation, the freedom of the will, the difficulty of reversing the current of bad habits contracted previous to justification—the ob-

vious laws of the human intellect plainly imply this possibility, as well as the direct teaching of the Bible. But the practical question is, is there recovery from apostacy? The negative of this is understood to be taught in the following:

"For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened: and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have fallen away, to renew them again to repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." Heb. vi., 4, 6. "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins." Heb. x., 26.

Looking at the passages in the light afforded by the "analogy of faith"—the general sense of the Bible—considering the condition of the people addressed under these passages to assert that moral recovery is impossible to the apostate on any other scheme than the atonement. The persons here addressed by Paul were Jews, a majority of whom rejected Christ as an impostor. Whenever a Jewish convert abandoned Christianity, he naturally embraced the old belief, Christ an impostor. Hence Paul describes these apostates as "treading under foot the Son of God, and counting the blood of the Covenant with which they were sanctified an unholy thing." They also "crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." This shows the nature of their apostacy. When a converted Jew apostatized, he crucified Christ—he joined his countrymen in assenting to the crucifixion of Christ as an impostor; blasphemed the idea of sanctification by the blood of Christ. For such apostates "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins;" that is, there is no *other available sacrifice*. As though Paul had said, "If you *continue* in the abandonment of Christ, counting His blood an "unholy thing," assent to His crucifixion as an impostor, your moral recovery is impossible, because you are rejecting the only available sacrifice, and trusting in the

ceremonial sacrifices to "take away sins." The impossibility, then, of recovery is based upon the insufficiency of any other scheme than the Christian.

It may be asked may not apostates become so abandoned, so hardened in sin, as to make recovery impossible, even on the Christian scheme. We are fully warned that the sin against the Holy Spirit is beyond the pale of mercy, and some are given up to believe a lie that they may be damned. Whether apostates or not, if men continue for many years to resist the Spirit and confirm the habits of unbelief, and if the Spirit is gradually withdrawing, it does seem that, as a natural consequence, a time must come, even previous to death, when salvation is impossible. While God invites the back-slider to "*return*," his condition is full of danger. But few comparatively "*return*." Generally, as Peter describes, "the latter end is worse than the beginning."

The danger of apostacy is in ceasing to watch and pray, and occasional omission of duty. Let him that thinketh (is confident) he standeth take heed lest he fall." The reader will see that for the words "*If they fall away*," I have written "*and have fallen away*." Even Calvinistic critics admit that "*if*" is not in the original. It is thought our translators followed the Latin of Beza.

DOWD'S STATION, Iowa.

For the Guide.

OUR NEW NAME.

S. H. COOPER.

"Thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name."

What is the name by which thou art now called? Thine own; our own individuality; that by which God Himself distinguishes each person. Is thy name the old one, or is it thy new name? The bride is called by the name of her companion, yet loses none of her individuality, but yields to the controlling power of his influence and love, taking his name to show that her interests are one with his. So the Christian, called from sin to the love and fellowship of the Saviour, surrenders his own wish and

will to God, becomes one with Christ, and is called by his name—our new name—for He says to those whose sins have been forgiven, "I will write upon thee My Name," "Thou art Mine," "I have called thee by thy name," "Which name no man knoweth, saving him that receiveth it."

As our interests become one with Christ we wish to know His will, that we may do it, and testify, by our actions, our willingness to serve Him, and by this showing to the world our union with Him, for we remember He said, "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."

These are the words of living truth, for we should receive the written Word of God as we would His spoken Word, if we could hear it as it fell from His own lips, for He declares, "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." And is it true, there is less of life to us in the *written* Word than there was to those, to whom it was spoken? I think the words of Jesus lose none of their power to us because necessarily written. As Christians all bear His Name, it is very necessary that we conduct ourselves worthy of Him whose name we bear, that we do not disgrace Him, or fail to recommend our Friend to those unacquainted with Him.

We hear Him say, in language so plain, that we cannot mistake, "Be ye holy," for "without holiness no man can see the Lord." This is the object of His death, that His people "be holy and unblamable and unreprouvable in His sight, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that they should be holy and without blemish." And lest any, seeing the great requirement, should give up in despair of its attainment, He encourages them by saying, "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it." And while He commands to be holy, and gives us so much encouragement and such precious promises, it is not left optional with us whether we will obey or not. If we do not obey we must bear the consequences ourselves; and if we do obey we shall reap the reward—an abundant reward, even eternal life.

It is often said, "We cannot be holy on earth; if we should be made so, we should die immediately." But the command to be holy has been given, and its possession is made the condition of eternal happiness, and who shall dare, feeling the importance of their eternal destiny resting upon them, to say that God requires more of man than He can do? "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." But if their assertions were true, they would be fitted for the society of the pure in heaven.

It is not enough that we call ourselves by the name of the Lord, but if He calls us His we may, rather must, go and do His bidding; do anything He may direct; do it anywhere; do it cheerfully; do it promptly, too, and not take our own time to do the Lord's work. Even now some heart may be conscious, yet unwilling to acknowledge it even to itself, that by their refusing or delaying to act as the Lord led them, some soul, perhaps many, may already be lost.

"When thou vowest a vow unto the Lord, *defer not to pay it.*" Remembering Him who says, "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

SOUND LOGIC.

EDITORIAL.

The following specimen of sound, yet startling logic, is from a semi-centennial sermon preached before the New York East Conference of the M. E. Church in Brooklyn, May, 1868, by Rev. Seymour Landon, and published by request of said Conference:

"I have been troubled and perplexed much of my life with reasoning like this: Is it the duty and privilege of all to be wholly sanctified?"

Answer, "Yes! so says our Creed."

Question, "Does it not then follow, that if we are not wholly sanctified, we are living in the neglect of duty and abuse of privilege?"

Answer, "Yes."

"And we, intelligent and well-inform-

ed Methodists, do it willfully and knowingly?"

"Yes."

"Can any one, who knowingly and wilfully neglects known duty and abuses a known privilege, be in a justified state?"

"I cannot see that he can."

I proposed these questions once to Bishop Waugh (before he was Bishop), the answers were as above. I have proposed them to many other orthodox ministers.

The correctness of the theological premises no well-informed Methodist can deny, and thousands, who, in the statement of their Christian experience would wish to be regarded as in a state of justification; will, by the preceeding logical conclusions, find themselves in a state of *condemnation*.

Dear reader, in the light of the above, *where* do you now stand? You know that it is your duty to be holy now. Can you retain a justified state unless you now obey the command, "Be ye holy?"

SHALL SEE GOD.

WHEN—WHERE—WHY—AND HOW.

MARTHA JANE BRIGGS.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

When do the pure in heart see God?

When the first rays of the morning are shining,
When the last shades of the eve are declining,
When the fair sun in its glory is beaming,
And the bright stars with their beauty are gleaming,
The pure in heart see God.

Where do the pure in heart see God?

Up, where the dark clouds are meeting so nearly,
Down, where the brooklets are rippling so queerly,
Out, where all nature's harmonious completely,
In, where the birdlings are nestling so sweetly,
The pure in heart see God.

Why do the pure in heart see God?

Because to His mercy they ever are clinging,
Because in their bosoms such deep love is springing,
Because He reveals Himself frequently to them,
And works by His Spirit both in them and through them,
The pure in heart see God.

How do the pure in heart see God?

By trusting in him every moment and hour,
By yielding at once to be led by His Power,
By hating the things which he has in derision,
And believing that nothing's without His permission,
The pure in heart see God.

FAIR HAVEN, Rutland Co., Vt.

For the Guide.

For the Guide.

FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS.

REV. J. T. JAMES.

As one of the effects of reading this book and accepting its plain and simple faith in God, I refer, for the encouragement of faith and to the praise of the "Faithful and True," to an incident of my experience, soon after taking God's word to mean what it says.

I learned of the sickness of a young man in the western portion of the city of Alexandria, and upon visiting, I found him sinking rapidly with consumption. He did not seem to be particularly thoughtful upon religion, although it was evident, that was the only subject he could profitably attend to now. Before mentioning it to him, I found him not averse to it however. His had been a moral life, but while a friend of the Church, never a member of it. He had been confined to his room for some time, in which to meditate upon the vanity of a life out of Christ. He did not seem to be afraid of death, but admitted he had been a sinner, and that all sin was justly punishable with death. I thus saw his mind was open to religion. I looked upon his emaciated frame and thought of his soul. I looked up to Jesus and thought of his suffering for that soul. I remembered how, but a few doors away, another poor sufferer had learned upon a death-bed the way to heaven, and had just gone home. I lifted up my heart and asked God for this soul too as a *death-bed trophy for Jesus*. I prayed and departed, promising to call in the morning. I felt as I wended my way to my room, "What thou doest, do quickly,"

Early the next morning I took my Bible and turned to Mark xi., 24, (see its simple exposition, *Faith and its Effects*, page 283) and compare it with 1 John, iv, 24, 25. Feeling my faith taking hold of the word, I quietly knelt, and asked God for the conversion of that soul, that he might be converted that morning, and between the hours of 8 and 10, as that was the only time during the day that I could appropriate to him. I believe my petition heard, and granted,

upon no better authority than God's word. I arose from my knees and commenced praising God for the salvation of a soul, just as much as if I had *seen* the work already done. Satan immediately assailed me with charges of presumption and fanaticism, but I held on to the promises. He continued his attacks upon my faith, but found it "like the tower of David."

I reached the sick room at 9 o'clock, having been delayed. Satan seemed to redouble in energy and perseverance as I neared the house; and when I entered the room and saw the invalid seemingly more indifferent upon the subject of religion than the day before, he taunted me with folly and madness. I commenced immediately to arouse the sick man to a sense of the importance of time. I told him I came there that morning to see him converted, and had brought my God with me to do the work—that he was then in the room. My confidence seemed to inspire him. I impressed upon him that his work was not to change his heart and bring feeling, but *to believe God's word*. I then asked him if he did not believe God *able* to save him. Yes, *Willing?* Yes, *Ready?* Yes, *Waiting?* Yes, *Anxious?* Yes. You hate your sins? Yes, with all my heart. Your prayer is "God be merciful to me a sinner," not because you are going to die, but because of the hatefulness of sin? Yes. Then with a solemn look and measured tone, and looking him in the face, I said—"God says, Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee;" but he quickly replied, "I don't feel it." No, said I, because you don't believe it, you doubt God's word. Satan then made a terrible assault, but "I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills from whence come my help." I said to the sick man, suppose your little girl were to ask you for something which you were *able* and *willing* and *ready* and *waiting* and *anxious* to give her; she holds out her little hands to her papa, and he holds out his gift to her, but she declines taking it, though continuing to ask for it. What would you think of her? Now my brother you are doing just that way with

God. You hold out your hands for mercy. Jesus says, through his word, Here, take forgiveness my son, and go in peace; but you refuse to receive it. "Oh, said he, *I do believe*," and immediately I saw the change. He commenced praising God, and turning to me said, "*My heart feels so light, it never felt so before.*" Satan left the field amid the rejoicing of angels as they filled the room. A few weeks after, this happy soul went shouting home, saved just in time.

"In God will I praise his word."

For the Guide.

SABBATH TRAVEL.

Q. Q.

"May I, throughout this day of Thine,
Be in Thy Spirit, Lord—
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at Thy Word."

It is, indeed, desirable to be in the Spirit the one day in seven—if not in the Spirit that day the week will be comparative loss to us—and we should cultivate everything which helps us by previous arrangement to have one holy day.

There is, perhaps, no subject which causes more pain in the Christian heart than the manner in which the Sabbath is desecrated by the street-cars and ferry-boats in our large cities and vicinities. And that which gives poignancy to this unhappy feeling is, that the Christian Church is very guilty in this matter.

Various are the reasons given by ministers and people for so doing, but none sufficient to justify before God in the trespass upon His command. Some live at a distance from the church of their choice, "oh, no!" they cannot attend another within walking distance.

It used to be the custom for good people to decide their habitation by its nearness to the place of worship—and some do so still. Then the law of God was of such importance that nicety, style, and convenience, if necessary, could be sacrificed to it. The convenience of this Sabbath travel is what is very taking both with ministers and people—they leave their homes in the morning, or at noon, and return to them at night—very convenient indeed.

But do these people consider how broad a license they have given to every one they have met in every ferry-boat and car, beside all their families and friends over whom they have any influence? Have you never heard this practice vindicated on the ground that such and such a reverend gentleman does it continually?

And another good woman and good man go and come at their pleasure on the Sabbath. We cannot see any difference in this act between the pleasure-seeker in the world and the pleasure-seeker in the Church. It is not of necessity or mercy the man travels to preach on the Sabbath, or the people to hear, for all these privileges are now within walking distance if we manage our affairs rightly, that is, in our cities and towns, &c.

We say law is *positive* when speaking of human law. And is *divine law* a fickle, changeable thing, that can be changed and frittered away to suit human caprice? We fear that many in this transgression hinder their prayers for their households and families, and mar and spoil the work of grace in their own souls.

We cannot trifle with God's law, and at the same time reap the fruit of the joyful obedience of those who carefully abstain from all appearance of evil. And it is an *entire impossibility* to check or restrain the wide-spread Sabbath travel if the Church continues as she has done for some years, in practice and teaching the breach of the Fourth Commandment.

There is no doubt but the slackness of the Church in this respect is one of God's great "because" in the hindrance of her greater usefulness and power. We have often blushed when it has been repeated of some of whom all men hoped better things, that they were seen in the car and boat on the Sabbath morning or evening. And how could they be in the Spirit, while, of their own choice, they were one, or two, whole hours in the company of all manner of Sabbath breakers.

God has in His wisdom and love be-

stowed upon men the power of steam, so that we can in the six lawful days of work and travel use all possible despatch and haste; then can we grudge *an entire day* for holy quiet and worship?

There is always a connexion between obedience and blessing, and if the Church aims at blessing the world, she must lay before it that which is safe in example and precept. God has laid this commandment in all manner of settings in His holy Word, to hedge about our path, and save us from disobedience; wherever it was possible, He has wedged in something about the Sabbath; and for very plain reasons, if it is well kept, all the others will be better kept and regarded. He has only laid down four respecting our duty to Him, while we have the other six in relation to ourselves.

We cannot save our country from the European Sabbath if the Church is not *firm* and *fixed* against the transgression; for it is useless to expostulate with companies who promote travel, or with the mass of the people who claim this sort of indulgence, if the religious part of the community think it needful for them.

We are very far from doing to others as we would they should do unto us, in keeping such a multitude of men at work on God's holy day, *for our convenience—our pleasure*, beside the poor beasts of burden, who are deprived of their rightful rest on God's day.

THE EARLY FRIENDS.

EDITORIAL.

It may not have been written of either George Fox, or William Penn, or any other early Friends as of the Wesley's, that God thrust them out to raise a holy people. But though not written in so many words this seems to have been their mission.

A Friend, who is a lover of holiness of the great salvation, and whose life is a practical demonstration of the power of experimental holiness, has written a pamphlet of sixteen pages, which, we wish, might be in the hands of all evangelical Christians, and more specially in

the possession of every member of the Society of Friends. It is entitled, **THE EARLY FRIENDS, THEIR MESSAGE AND THEIR SECRET OF POWER.**

The pamphlet has been written solely for the purpose of doing good, and bears the imprint of Smith, English & Co., 23 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following is an extract:

"They asked me," says George Fox, in giving an account of his examination before some magistrates in Derby, "whether I was sanctified?" I answered, 'Yes; for I was in the paradise of God.' Then they asked if I had no sin? I answered, 'Christ, my Saviour, had taken away my sin, and in Him is no sin.' They asked me, 'How we knew that Christ did abide in us?' I said, 'By His Spirit, which He hath given us.' Then they temptingly asked, 'If any of us were Christ?' I answered, 'Nay, we were nothing; Christ was all.'

"Isaac Pennington says, 'And this we do steadily believe, that the Lord God is able perfectly to redeem from sin in this life, that He can cast out the strong man, cleanse the house, and make it fit for Himself to dwell in, that He can finish transgression and sin in the heart, and bring in everlasting righteousness, that He can tread down Satan under the feet of His saints, and make them more than conquerors over him.'

And this we are not ashamed to profess, that we are pressing after, and some have already attained very far—even to be made perfect as pertaining to the conscience, being so engrafted into Christ, the power of God, so planted into the likeness of his death and resurrection, so encompassed with the walls and bulwarks of salvation, as that they feel no condemnation for sin, but a continual justification of the life, being taught, led, and enabled to walk, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.'

For the Guide.

TRUST IN JESUS.

M. A. HAWKINS.

"Mamma," said our little three year old Flora, as she came one evening with her earnest brown eyes looking into

mine, "Mamma," said she, "is there a big bear out there, will bite me?"

The neighbor girls had told her this; and I could see she more than half believed it to be a fact.

It is natural and easy to believe. If we glance at the human mind through the cycles of the past, and on down to our own day, we can but see that our Creator has ever implanted in the mind of man the principle of trust. Watch patient Noah building his ark a hundred and twenty years before the flood came, simply trusting God's word. And faithful Abraham went out, not knowing whether he went, but he went at God's command, taking him as his guide. Why do not *we* trust in Jesus more. It is not difficult to believe when the evidence is clear; no truth can be made plainer than a free and full salvation for all who will accept of it.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," said our Saviour; rest from anxious earthly thoughts, rest from the gnawing of pain, *rest from the sting of death.*

For more than eight years I have been trying to trust the Blessed Saviour with my whole heart, and to-day it seems more cheering than ever to be permitted to cast my burden on the Lord, feeling that he will ever sustain me if I cling to him with a living faith. It is for us to keep his commandments, to trust his never failing love; then true as his word we feel the joy unspeakable, peace not as the world giveth, the promised rest in Jesus.

Faith is that precious alchemy of the soul which transmutes grief into joy. How well do I remember when the burden of guilt rested on my young heart, how soon my grief was turned to joy, when with a child-like faith I trusted the blessed Saviour. When the soul feels its need of Christianity, what a privilege to be permitted to cling to the cross while the life growing current flows over the sin-stained soul and cleanses away all its guilt. Truly, "if earthly parents know how to give good gifts unto their children, how much more will our

heavenly Father give the holy Spirit to them that ask him."

What an example for us to follow is the celebrated Muler who says, "My faith in God has been increasing little by little for the last thirty years, the growth of which I am most sensible."

Who that reads God's word with an attentive heart can help having increasing faith in his precious promises and holy commandments, as I read I find in almost every chapter a lesson of faith. Says the Apostle, "for by faith ye stand."

Holy Father help me ever to trust and not be afraid!

One sweet word of holy meaning,
Cometh to me o'er and o'er,
And the echo of its music,
Lingers ever, evermore.
Trust, no other word we utter,
Can so sweet and precious be,
Filling all life's jarring discords,
With its heavenly harmony.

COOPERSTOWN, P. A.

For the Guide.

FAITH.

R. GREENLEY.

There is a great deal said by professors of religion, both in their prayers and conversation, in regard to the doctrine of faith, and for my part I am glad to hear it—when it is in accordance with reason and scripture. When it does not smack of Antinomianism on the one hand, or of Campbellism on the other; when it is not made to crowd good works out of religious practice, or philosophized and cooled down so as to mean nothing more than a bare assent to the truths of revelation.

The faith that saves leads its possessor to every good word and work. It purifies the heart, and it purifies the life. It gives credence to all the truths of God—and fiducially relies on the broad basis of the atonement of Jesus; the rock which is laid in Zion for a foundation. It is not a cold assent of the head, but a warm and burning trust of the heart. Hear what the Apostle Paul saith, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness."—Rom. x. 10. We frequently hear it said, "Where there is no faith in Christ, there can be no salvation; now, it is not just so. This is not exactly

true." A man may perish from unbelief or disbelief, though another may be saved who lacks faith, for a destitution of faith does not imply unbelief. Unbelief is a positive—want of faith is only a negative. I grant, however, that all who have come to years of accountability, and whose ears have been saluted with the blessed tidings of "the gospel of the grace of God," are saved by faith in Christ, if saved they be, or perish through unbelief if perish they do. See Mark xvi. 16.

But the case is otherwise in respect to children and heathen. Those who die in infancy are saved through "the free gift which came upon all men unto justification of life," aside from any knowledge of, or faith in, the great Redeemer of mankind. And those heathen who serve God according to the light they have, are accepted of Him, and after this life are admitted into the happy abode of the blessed through the alone merits of Christ, without so much as ever having heard of his glorious mission into our world, our sin-polluted world, to seek and to save that which was lost. That the heathen do not believe in the Christ of God is not so much their sin, as their misfortune, for how could they believe in Him of whom they had not heard. Those of the heathen who are lost, are not lost for not believing in Christ, but for not serving God according to the light of nature. To the most pious of them God may vouchsafe such visitations of His Spirit as may, in some rare instances, almost amount to revelation.

It was so in the case of a poor heathen woman belonging to one of the tribes of the aborigines of this continent. A poor female of the Indian race who was very much afraid of thunder and lightning, used frequently on the occasion of thunder storms, to stand in the door of her humble habitation, her wigwam, and look at the electric fire as it played its various gambols in the sky, and wish she had some one to speak in her behalf to the Great Spirit—the author of the flaming element. During a certain thunder gust as she was surveying the vivid lightnings flash and the descending torrents, and

wishing as she usually did on such occasions, that she had some one to speak in her behalf to the Great Author of all things; instantly she felt a sweet and happy impression on her mind, that she had such an individual—one who interested himself in her behalf. Immediately all her fears were dissipated, and a calm and holy peace filled her breast. She was never after this afraid of thunder and lightning.

The sun rose and set, the moon waxed and waned, and the seasons rolled their annual rounds, until time had measured out fifteen long revolving years, and this poor Indian woman still felt the same sweet, holy peace of mind. One day a white stranger made his appearance among her people—he was a Christian missionary, come to teach them the way to everlasting life. He commenced by telling them of God's great love to a fallen world. How Jesus came from heaven to earth to seek and save sinners. How he suffered, bled, died, rose again and ascended up on high, where he ever lives to make intercession for us. While the missionary, "He that negotiates between God and man, as God's ambassador," was making known to those poor heathen, the wondrous plan of salvation, and especially while he was speaking of the intercession of Christ in behalf of guilty man, this poor female was filled with wonder and amazement, and in the joy of a full heart she cried out, "that's him, that's him; I have known him these fifteen years."

Thus we see that a poor heathen may enjoy the salvation of God, through Jesus Christ, without ever having heard His precious name pronounced. But this should be no reason why we should not send them the gospel. Admitting that it is possible for a heathen to be saved who serves God according to the light of nature, how much better would it be for them to have the light of the gospel too. Suppose a man could find his way from Dubuque to St. Louis by moonlight, how much more comfortable and safe would he feel with the light of the great eye of day.

COTTAGE HILL, IOWA.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

THE FREEDMEN'S TEACHER.

A few years since, Otis Brett consecrated himself to Jesus, entirely. From that hour he endeavored conscientiously to do all his duty. After receiving the baptism of the Spirit he advocated the great doctrine of holiness to the end of his days.

He was a dear lover of the "Guide to Holiness," and aimed to extend its influence wherever he was. The writings of Mrs. Palmer, also, were precious to him, and he constantly recommended them to Christians, feeling sure they could not be read without great spiritual profit.

He attended the National Camp-Meeting at Manheim, and received there fresh blessings. It was to him the Pisgah's height. Just before was the heavenly Canaan. Soon after his return he went to Jacksonville, Florida, to teach the Freedmen of Jesus, and instruct them in the ways of usefulness. He met with great favor among these people, and did good service for Christ. Suddenly his work ceased. So rapid was the disease that no dying word or message was uttered. None was needed. He loved God with a perfect heart, and God took him. He died Monday, April 26, 1869. The multitude at his burial testified to the influence he had exerted among them.

Hudson, Mass., May 1869.

For the Guide.

MISS MARIA L. JACOBS.

Miss Maria L. Jacobs departed this life April 26th, 1869, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Six years since she was converted to God, and from that time maintained a consistent Christian life.

Timid and retiring in her nature, unassuming in character, a casual observer might infer, that to *her* the duties of service to the Master, calling her to action and effort before the world, would be esteemed burdensome, oppressive! But not so! decision and firmness were elements of her being, and when once convinced in reference to *duty* with unhesitating, undeviating step she walked in its pathway.

She was a student of the blessed Bible,

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loving its precious truths more than all earthly treasures, and sacredly devoting a portion of each day to their perusal.

Early in her Christian experience she became deeply interested in the doctrine of Christian purity, but not until three years since did she, by faith, enter into its enjoyment. *Then* more emphatically than ever before did her *heart* sing,

"The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear;
All hail reproach or sorrow,
If Jesus lead me there."

Sacrifice for Christ as well as *toil*, now became a delight, and from henceforth her life was in a broader, fuller sense; a "life of faith in the Son of God." Whenever, *wherever* opportunity presented, she never hesitated to declare what great things had been wrought in her—sweetly testifying, "*Jesus, saves me now*;" and her life so delightfully harmonized with this profession, that no one doubted the genuineness of the work. Her example and influence, everywhere, corroborated this testimony.

She was a faithful attendant on all the means of grace; *her* seat in the sanctuary was never vacant, unless circumstances beyond *her* control positively forbid her being there.

She was a model Sabbath School teacher; not alone in the class during the session of the school did she evince an interest for her scholars, by careful, prayerful instruction, but during the week she visited them at their homes, and by love and kindness sought to win them to Christ.

Her last illness was brief; when told by her physician the *nature* of her disease, said she, "I shall die—but I am ready." Thus closed the life of this much esteemed disciple of Christ. As we look after her we are led to exclaim—

"O may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past;
And dying find my other foe
Under my feet at last."

NORWICH, Conn., 1869.

For the Guide.

FREEMAN BURNIE HAMLIN.

MRS. J. HARRIS.

DIED—Freeman Burnie Hamlin, May 8th, 1869, in his twenty-eighth year.

It is said death loves a shining mark. The subject of this notice was marked for

goodness and sobriety while a mere boy. He was converted at Cazenovia, where he was a student for four years, and graduated with high honors. He then went to Middletown four years; from there, last September, to Boston, to study Theology. His vacations he spent mostly at his home, in Cayuga, where we were permitted to form his acquaintance. After entering upon the study of theology, he had an appointment which he served every Sabbath with great acceptability, but soon felt that to prepare himself for this high and holy calling, he must have heart purity, and the Baptism of Power.

While seeking earnestly, the Holy Spirit seemed to say, "Are you willing to go where all your years of toil for knowledge will be unappreciated? will you go to India? His answer was, *yes, Lord*. At that moment power and glory came, oh how sweetly, and said he, *I shall never take myself from the Altar*.

On his last visit home, last Christmas, it was evident to all what great things the Lord was doing for him, but none supposed that he was being fitted for an immediate exchange of worlds. We supposed that he, with his combined qualities for good, must have a great work to do. But he is not, for God took him. He was taken with typhoid fever, and seemed to be doing well; wrote to his mother, he thought he should soon be around again, but suddenly he was taken with relapse, and then a telegram for a brother to come to him speedily. The next day another dispatch for another friend, if she would see him alive. The next day found her and her father and his mother on their way to his bedside; but he could not wait, the winged messengers came and bore him away. His remains were brought home for interment. The whole community are mourners; but a widowed mother and a friend, with many brothers and sisters, mourn, but not without hope.

The young, the loved, the beautiful,
Why must they pass away?
Why must the flowers we love so well
The earliest decay?
Oh gentle Father, Master good,
Help us to love and lose;
To trust Thee, when not understood,
To acquiesce, not choose.

CAYUGA, N. Y.

For the Guide.

REV. JOHN THATCHER.

M. E. LACEY.

Rev. John Thatcher left this sorrowing world March 17th, 1869, aged 63 years. He peacefully died at his post at Mt. Erie, Wayne Co., Illinois, after a very brief illness. He was born in Connecticut, A. D., 1806. At the age of 28 emigrated to the distant west, as a herald of the cross of Christ; the greater portion of his ministerial life he has been a member of the M. E. Church of the Southern Illinois Conference. The Church has lost one of its most noble, devoted and faithful workers, always employed in his Master's vineyard; his zeal for souls seemed almost unbounded, and he doubtless has been the means of turning many to righteousness.

He was in word and deed one of God's peculiar people, exceedingly plain and unassuming in his personal appearance, and a very consistent and exemplary Christian; his mind was wholly absorbed in his work, preaching the plain uncompromising truth, as it is in Jesus. He was versed in the deep things of God. He was very definite and pointed in preaching the higher standard of the *perfection of Saints*. "Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." He urged with great power and earnestness such only as the Holy Spirit could give. All the drift of his sermons was centered on "Holiness to the Lord." Greater and stronger appeal to the church to put on the whole armor of God, and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty and be wholly sanctified, I never heard from mortal lips. (It was under his instrumentality, several years ago, that the writer of this article obtained that great blessing.) But praise God, he is now enjoying the company of sanctified spirits in Heaven! In the language of his companion, she writes: Such a heavenly loveliness gathered over his countenance after death as she had never beheld before. He performed all his work up to his dying hour; surely he felt—

"That, the chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged above the common walks of life—
Just on the verge of Heaven."

He preached full and free salvation from all sin in this life for about twenty-one years of

his itinerancy. He leaves a companion, two daughters, and two sons, to mourn his absence in the flesh, but their loss is his infinite and eternal gain. May the God of all grace bless and comfort them in their great and sore bereavement, and God grant their father's mantle may fall as a divine blessing upon his remaining sons. May they be able to say with one of old, "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

ASHLEY, Ill.

For the Guide.

MRS. M. E. PIERCE.

MRS. Y. P. HILL.

Mrs. Mary E. Pierce departed this life in blissful hope of a glorious immortality in the thirty-second year of her age. In her fifteenth year she became the subject of converting grace, and anited with the M. E. Church, and ever by her consistant life remained an ornament to the cause she had espoused.

It might be truly said of her as Paul said of Timothy, from a child she knew the Scriptures, which made her wise unto salvation. We hear mortals say, as we lay the loved of earth in the tomb, "They are dead," but with God's broad seal on their brow "they are mine;" we hear the angel voices asking, who are those arrayed in "white robes," and whence came they? The answer comes echoing back, "these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." We love to remember her enduring in hours of darkness, "as seeing him who is invisible;" her constant trust in God, when storms of darkness swept over her soul.

But there is a scene never to be forgotten, when she crossed over the river and caught the echoes of the music on the other side, as the white-robed company welcomed her home. Three little ones like "shorn lambs" feel the loss of a tender loving mother's care. For some fourteen months she wasted slowly but surely away, with that fell destroyer of the human race, consumption. She felt impressed from the first of her sickness that she should never recover, but expressed the wish that if it was the Lord's will she would

like to live for her children. Constitutionally she was of a modest, retiring disposition, gentle, but firm and decided. If she became convinced she was right no trivial occurrence could move her.

The last year of her life she became deeply interested in the subject of personal holiness; she felt the usefulness of the "Guide," in directing her in the ways. She had many severe conflicts with the enemy, and often related to the writer what trials she was passing through while seeking to be wholly the Lord's. But for months before her departure she found resting, abiding peace; she found grace to look calmly, peacefully upon the prospect before her of soon leaving all she held dear on the earth. Some three weeks previous to her departure, the angel of death seemed hovering over her, the family gathered around her bed, expecting that soon her pure spirit would take its flight. Said the writer to her, "Mary, do you know we think you are almost gone?" Turning her face to me, with a sweet, pleasant look, she said, do you think so, sister dear; and then turning to her parents, she spoke of their kindness, and of the Christian training she had received, and how soon they should be a family gathered over the river. She lingered a few weeks, apparently just waiting for the Chariot of Israel to bear her to her mansion above, but in such an hour as she thought not of, the white-robed messenger came. While conversing with her husband, and saying, "in a moment, in a moment," as suddenly she had gone. A stricken family remain, but their loss is her gain, for she being dead yet speaketh. Farewell, pure spirit, till the trumpet sounds; till the grave gives up her dead. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.

MARCELLON, Wis., 1869.

Editorial.

TEST QUESTIONS.

In all ages of the world there have been TEST questions. Some great vital truth, the confession of which has been unpopular, and often at the hazard of life. God's ancient people, the Jews, were raised up to testify

amid surrounding idolators, of the one only true God. So long as they were faithful to their trust, it went well with them, and they were "unto God a peculiar people, above all people of the earth." God is true to us while we are true to Him. To the froward He will show Himself froward. In bringing them out of Egypt, He proved Himself the one Mighty God, doing wonders. All through their journeying in the wilderness, that test question came up. On one occasion, when he who was appointed by God as their leader was away in the holy mount, the testimony was about to be repudiated wholly. They made a golden calf, and worshipped it, and sacrificed to it, and said among themselves, "These be thy Gods, O Israel, which have brought thee out of Egypt." And as they had now concluded not to be answerable to the purpose for which God had raised them up, God was about to destroy them, and would have blotted their names utterly out from His book. But there was an intercessor. Moses pleaded for them, and they were allowed a longer space for the maintenance of their testimony. Not long after came another open test question. God had brought the people to the borders of the land which he had promised to give them. "But they believed not God, neither trusted in His salvation." The testifiers had, by this time, become so fearful and few, that Caleb and Joshua alone stood up to maintain the testimony, that Jehovah was the true God, and would do as He had promised. But how unpopular was the testimony of these two men. Truth had well nigh fallen in the streets. What were these two compared with the ten spies that had been up into the land with them, and an army of 600,000 against them. So disreputable was their testimony that the people talked of stoning them, and doubtless, any one that seemed to take sides with them, shared in the general disrepute. But time passed on and on. In the midst of malice and rage, the two unpopular witnesses maintained their ground. But the time came when Caleb and Joshua gradually rose in favor, and when these two witnesses triumphantly entered the land of Canaan, then truth triumphed.

So long as they as a nation were true to the specialty of their calling, the Lord

owned them, but when they withheld the testimony of their lives and lips on this subject, and began to set up graven images as the surrounding nations, the Lord punished them, and permitted them to be taken into captivity, by those very nations whose follies they had imitated.

But God, who is rich in mercy, has always had, and always will have, a seed to serve him. Daniel and the three Hebrew children, though in the midst of idolators, still maintained a good confession. Neither the den of lions, or fiery furnace could intimidate.

Time passed on, and the long promised Messiah came. The Son of God appeared in the flesh. But "He came in the form of a servant." "He made himself of no reputation." Here was another test question, which in process of time became so unpopular, that those who confessed their views of truth on this great question, were cast out of the Synagogue. And at last truth stood condemned at Pilate's bar, and the multitude, instigated by the wicked Priests, Scribes, and Pharisees, cried out, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" They nailed Him to the cross. There in agonies untold He languished, three whole hours, exposed to the gaze of angels, men and fiends, when He uttered the fearful cry, "It is finished!"

But no sooner was He laid in Joseph's tomb, when another question of magnitude was ready to burst forth upon the world. Though the great stone, and the seal of Pilate, and the watch were set, yet Truth rose triumphant. And now the question was, "Is He risen from the dead?" Truth stole a rapid march. Thousands were soon raised up to testify to the fact; and as time wore away, sealed with the truth of their blood. They were chased into dens and caves of the earth, they were sawn asunder, they wandered in deserts, they were thrown to wild beasts, and of whom, it is said, the world was not worthy.

But in process of time, truth prevailed on this subject, and the resurrection of our Lord was no longer a test question. Then came another test. It was the doctrine of *justification* by faith. Luther came near sealing his testimony to this truth with his blood. Many who adhered to this truth, through the instrumentality of his teachings, did suf-

fer martyrdom, But it has now been many long years since the doctrine of justification by faith, has ceased to be a test question.

But as years rolled on, light on this subject increased, and the experimentally pious of all evangelical denominations, began to accept and proclaim the blessed truth, that by the works of the law no flesh could be justified, but by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, all the truly penitent might know Christ in the forgiveness of sins.

Scarcely had the doctrine of justification by faith ceased to be a test question, before another question of still greater magnitude was brought out. Is God able to perform the mercy promised to our fathers? Does He "remember His holy covenant, the oath which He sware to our father Abraham, that He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life?"

Zacharias, when filled with the Holy Ghost, had declared this, as the express object for which the Son of God was now about to make His advent to this world. And now that the Son of God had been manifested, was He indeed able to accomplish what He came to do? that is, to destroy the works of the devil in the hearts of believers—to dethrone Satan wholly, and set up His kingdom of Righteousness and Peace in the inner sanctuary of the soul of man, whom he had redeemed unto himself, that each might be unto Him a temple most holy. It was of this the prophets, looking down through the long vista of time, spake: "They shall call them the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord." "Ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord. Men shall call you the Ministers of our God." "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal Priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people." "What know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost." "Ye are the temple of the living God, as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them." "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth, who also WILL DO IT."

That God would justify those who believe in Jesus, and seal the witness on their heart,

was now an acknowledged truth, but where were the witnesses to attest to the *faithfulness* of God, of the still further grace, that is, that He would SANCTIFY WHOLLY? If the grand ultimatum of the Gospel scheme is, "that we, being *delivered* out of the hands of our enemies, might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness *all* the days of our life," where were the witnesses of holiness, as a blessing to be obtained, lived, and professed?

Witnesses there were *then* as *now*, that holiness could not be obtained until the hour of death. Yes! to this dogma, doubtless, witnesses then abounded, as at the present time, but who was there to stand up fearlessly before the people, and declare the crowning doctrine of the crowning dispensation. "HOLINESS, without which no man shall see the Lord?" Who was there to stand boldly forth in vindication of God's truth and proclaim *Christ*, not *Death*, the conqueror of sin. O yes, Christ is able, not only able to save at the hour of death, but by virtue of a momentary trust in Him to save to the uttermost, all along through life, under every diversity of circumstance, Yes, and "ALL THE DAYS OF OUR LIFE."

And now the appointed time had come when God demanded the acknowledgment of this great, all-crowning truth. There is a book of doctrine and discipline of a certain people, on the opening page of which may be found the following words: "In 1729, two young men in England, reading the Bible, saw they could not be saved without holiness, followed after it, and incited others to do so. In 1737, they saw likewise, that men are first justified before they are sanctified; but still holiness was their object. God then thrust them out to raise a holy people." A foot note says: "These are the words of the Messrs. Wesley themselves."

When the wonderful truth began to be proclaimed, it was assailed with great opposition and persecution, similar to that with which the great vital truths, which had preceded it, had been met. Though John Wesley was a reformer in other respects, yet this was the one great topic on which other reformatory matters hinged. The stringency of the doctrine brought upon him great approbrium. Through the instigation of the clergy of his

times, he was repeatedly mobbed, pelted with stones, dragged through rivers, and often was life and limb in jeopardy. But like his Divine Master, "his time was not yet come." Through him God would have raised up a witnessing people, on this, the great crowning doctrine of this the crowning dispensation.

If true to their trust He may do it yet. Otherwise He can raise up another people to do their work. If Methodism is a specialty, it is in the highest sense a specialty in connection with this subject. That Mr. Wesley so regarded it, is plainly stated in various parts of his writings. Referring to a region of country where Methodism had not prospered, he says, on inquiring into the cause, "I found the preachers had neglected the doctrine of Christian Perfection, and where this is not done, be the preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase, either in the number or grace of the hearers." On another occasion he speaks of the solemn responsibilities of the people, whom God had raised up through his instrumentality, in regard to the subject of Christian holiness, thus: "*This is the Methodist testimony, the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust.* Where this is enforced, as a blessing to be received *now*, and to be received by faith, there Methodism prospers, and where it is not thus enforced, it does not prosper."

This we believe is the last great test question. During the past and present century, Truth on this subject has been rapidly gaining ground in all parts of the Christian world, and among all evangelical sects. Where is there a Christian denomination, whose archives do not bear record of witnesses raised up to testify of their experimental realizations of the great salvation. Though in comparison to the multitude, these witnesses may have seemed but as a lone spar row upon the mountain top, or but as Caleb and Joshua amid the unbelieving host of Israel, yet their testimony still lingers in improving tones, as with the unbelieving multitude, whose carcasses fell in the wilderness. God has not—will not leave Himself without a witness.

In *time* we transact business for eternity; whatever, therefore, we do now should be well done.

Rebibal Miscellany.

For the Guide.

ROUND LAKE CAMP MEETING;

OR,

THE PENTECOST OF 1869!*

G. HUGHES.

Round Lake has had its Pentecost—a Pentecost in the true Apostolical succession. The thousands of prayers sent up from devout hearts all over the land have been answered. The marshalled hosts, gathered under the banner of Emanuel, have met the enemy and conquered. The third in the series of Pentecostal manifestations has been realized—the last grander than its predecessors. "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake!"

For the benefit of very many of the readers of the "Guide," who have not been permitted to enjoy this great "Christian festival," I claim a little space for the recital of some of the wonderful dealings of God with us.

THE FOREST TEMPLE.

The place of convocation was one of nature's choice locations. A magnificent forest, unfailing springs of pure water, and a picturesque landscape, of which the pretty little lake in the distance formed a prominent attraction, combined to render this a most charming retreat from the world's tumultuous scenes. We found also a display of human ingenuity and enterprise, which contributed largely to the convenience of those assembled. Great credit is due to the Round Lake Camp-meeting Association for the excellent arrangements, and to Joseph Hillman, Esq., especially, President of the Association. The tents were of the best quality, and the boarding accommodations as good as we ever saw. True, the cost of some of these accommodations taxes the means of those in

* "PENUEL; OR, FACE TO FACE WITH GOD," is the title of a work now being published by W. C. Palmer, Jr., 14 Bible House, N. Y., which will contain a full account of all the best sermons, experiences, &c., of the three great National Camp-meetings.

moderate circumstances rather heavily; but, doubtless, the rich spiritual remunerations will obliterate the memory of pecuniary sacrifices. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing the hope that the wisdom of following years will devise ways by which the *common people* may be more largely represented. It is written, "*The common people heard Him gladly.*" Especially is it desirable that great numbers of our ministers who wish to attend these meetings should have that privilege. The example of a Presiding Elder, in this connection, is worthy of imitation. At the opening of the year, in attending his Quarterly Meetings, he said to the Officiary, that he desired that their pastor should attend "The National Camp Meeting," and asked for the appointment of a committee to collect money to meet the expenses. In this way he secured the attendance of nineteen ministers on his district.

THE ADVANCE GUARD.

God was pleased in His gracious Providence to send to the ground an *Advance Guard*, several days before the opening of the battle. These, already full of faith and the Holy Ghost, uniting their prayers, and inspiring testimony concerning their faith in the result of the meeting, constituted a happy prelude to the subsequent realizations. Sabbath, July 4th, memorable day in our country's history, was rendered doubly illustrious in the experience of those at Round Lake. The sun shone clearly, the atmosphere was balmy, and all nature declared the grandeur of its great Original. The day, a high remembrancer of civil liberty, of national glory, was fuller of bright memories respecting spiritual freedom, for "Whom the Son makes free, is free indeed." There was no preaching. The day was given to Christian testimony and prayer. Father Coleman and Brothers Adams and Boole severally led the meetings, and all the brothers and sisters present felt that

"Glory crowned the mercy-seat."

A bright seal was placed upon the day's exercises, in the drawing of precious souls to the altar of consecration. A gentleman of

intelligence, who said he had been a member of the Church thirty years, and had never had his mind opened to this subject before, was among the seekers.

THE OPENING SERVICES.

Monday and part of Tuesday having been given to preparation, the spirit of prayer all the while pervading the ground, at two o'clock the people were summoned to the stand for the opening services. Brother Adams led us directly to the Throne in the opening prayer. The sermon was by Rev. J. S. Inskip, President of the Committee. He flung the banner squarely to the breeze, selecting as his theme, "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly." He was divinely helped, and thrilled us with the narrative of his personal entrance into the inner kingdom. The sermon was followed by a prayer-meeting, the altar was uncovered, and living sacrifices were laid upon it.

THE PREACHING.

The stand was never more divinely honored than at Round Lake. The unction from the Holy One was graciously given to those who were called to fill this responsible position. Every brother appointed to preach, evidently felt that he was ministering on no ordinary occasion. Rev. W. B. Osborn, of N. J.; W. L. Gray, of Philadelphia; W. McDonald, of Boston; Dr. Peck, of Albany; A. Cookman, of Wilmington; C. Munger, of Maine; J. W. Horne, of N. Y.; Dr. Butler, late of India; Bishop Simpson; B. M. Adams, of Williamsburg; Bristow, of Kentucky; A. Longacre, of N. Y.; Dr. Chaplain, of Phila.; Wells, of Albany; Coleman, of Pa.; L. R. Dunn, of N. J.; W. H. Boole, of N. Y.; J. E. Cookman, of N. Y.; R. V. Lawrence, of N. J.; G. L. Taylor, of Brooklyn; and G. Hughes, of N. J., preached. Sometimes, in the evening, it was deemed advisable to have exhortations instead of preaching, followed by prayer-meetings.

THE SABBATH.

This was, indeed, a high day. The prayer-meeting at five o'clock was a feast. The love-feast at eight was wonderful. It is probable 500 persons rose to their feet to

testify for Christ. Various attempts were made to count, but only with partial results. The scene was grand beyond description. Thousands of Christian countenances radiant with light divine. And when those voices were joined in holy song, it was like the sound of many waters. The struggle to get in a testimony for Jesus was unparalleled. The baptisms of fire were numerous. The children of Zion were joyful in their King. And when the States of the Union were called, and representatives sprang to their feet, and then for Canada, and then for the mother-country, *Great Britain*, (for she had a flaming representative), a climax was reached, and the swelling hearts of the great multitude were full of rapture. No artist's pencil could portray, no human language is adequate to describe the sublimity of the scene!

When the Bishop came to the stand, at ten o'clock, it was amid such ocean-surgings as he had never felt before. No turbulent, wild manifestations, but the deep, earth-rocking swell of a mighty ocean. He felt it. Every lineament of his face, his eyes suffused with tears, his bosom heaving with emotions too big for utterance, proclaimed that he was "strangely warmed." And when he rolled forth upon the ear of listening thousands that grand Apostolic utterance, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, &c.," he struck a chord that sent its powerful vibrations all over the hallowed ground. Never did Bishop Simpson preach such a sermon—it was indited by the Holy Ghost, and riveted upon uncounted hearts by the Omnific Hand. When he came to the closing appeal, insisting upon *entire* consecration to Christ, *now* and *forever*—the effect was overpowering. If ever an assembled multitude bowed to the truth, that *complete holiness is the believer's immediate privilege*, it was in that hour. Glory to the Triune God! Dr. Peck followed in an exhortation, which seemed to deepen the waters—they were deep enough to swim in. Who that was there will ever in time or eternity lose the memory of that service.

The services of the afternoon, conducted by Brother Adams at the stand and Brother Bristow, of Kentucky, in the mammoth tent, were full of holy pungency—and in the evening the battle had swelled into vast proportions—the clash of arms was mighty—the slain of the Lord were many—the Sabbath was glory-crowned!

THE ALTAR-WORK.

Again and again during the progress of the meeting was it demonstrated that the old-fashioned square altar-work was the effective weapon for dealing death-blows at the very heart of the enemy. At Round Lake, as at Manheim and Vineland, it was shown that a solemn, earnest, positive committal of souls before the congregation, was a decisive action. Several times, especially amid the stillness of the night, the altar containing hundreds was filled with seekers, and then the ministers were driven from their beautiful stand, and that was made an altar. Oh! my soul, thou wilt never forget the solemn tramping of immortal ones up those steps to the consecrated stand, as if climbing up the ladder Jacob saw—climbing up to glory, immortality and eternal life. And then when this body of earnest seekers was thus gathered, to one spot, for mighty knee-work, how the power came! Grey-headed ministers, young ministers, with the brightness of promise upon their brow—veteran members, and young soldiers of the cross—all in solemn, living consecration. And how, by scores, they rose to testify of the cleansing blood, or the conscious witness of justification. Those were "*night-scenes*," sublime—indescribable. Angelic hosts hovering over the scene, were entranced by the wonders of redeeming love. For ever let it be remembered that *the square altar-work* is the effectual door by which souls are brought into the Kingdom—being of one accord, *in one place*, is the fitting attitude of the baptism.

THE TENT SERVICES.

The Round Lake Association, wisely calculating for the occasion, had provided a mammoth tent, to hold 3000 persons. It was given to noble work. The prayer-meetings

held there at five o'clock in the morning were glorious seasons. It was not unusual to see five hundred present at that early hour, all having one spirit, eager to pray or speak for Jesus. Half a dozen brief, pointed prayers, would sometimes be offered in quick succession. The morning baptisms nerved the warriors for the day's contest.

THE PREACHER'S MEETINGS, held each evening at six o'clock, were seasons of wonderful interest. Doctors of Divinity, Professors, Logicians, Orators—all came down into the straw together, and became like little children. It was wonderful. Again and again the mighty baptism descended, and the witnesses of perfect love, among the ministers, steadily increased. Brother Harlow, P. E., in the Providence Conference, who brought nineteen of his fellow-laborers with him, has had a rich reward. Six were sanctified when they came, and the thirteen others received the blessing on the ground. He returns to his district with incalculable reinforcement. May God increase the number of such Presiding Elders!

NEW FEATURES.

Each National Camp Meeting has been thrust out into new and blessed fields of usefulness. At this, meetings were held specially for *Pastor's wives*. The church of the present time needs, and demands, *holy minister's wives*, as well as holy ministers. The meetings in this connection were made a great blessing.

THE CLASS LEADERS had a meeting. This was a new feature, and greatly contributed to the good cause.

THE CHILDREN'S MEETINGS were continued with great interest. They were chiefly under the care of Sisters Wittenmyer and James. Very many clear conversions occurred.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS were also profitable. Thus God is using this mighty agency to permeate all classes of the church with living influences.

THE COMMUNION SEASON.

Thursday morning was devoted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Bishop Simpson presided. It was an interesting sight to see such men as Father Reynolds,

DeVenne, Wright of Ohio, Coleman, and other veterans of the cross, surrounding the Bishop on this solemn occasion. The opening exercises were conducted by Dr. Lore, Editor of Northern Advocate, and Rev. J. S. Wright, of Ohio. Then about one hundred and fifty ministers and fifteen hundred members partook of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our adorable Lord. It was an hour of thrilling interest. Every heart was melted. As the one hundred and fifty ministers bowed at the table, the Bishop was moved to exhortation. His spirit was stirred within him. His voice was tremulous with emotion—he was under the weight of divine influence. He pressed every brother to "*immediate consecration of all to Christ*—and immediate appropriation of the virtue of the cleansing blood." The whole tent flamed with the glory of God—tears—songs—shouts—were sublimely commingled.

THE CLOSING SERVICE.

The Encampment closed on Friday morning, 16th inst. Brother Inskip, Bishop Simpson, and Brother Watson, P. E. of the Troy Conference, made appropriate remarks. The Bishop declared he had never attended a meeting where so much *intelligent, earnest* piety was witnessed, with so little that was extravagant, or objectionable. The ministers and people marched around the ground, took the parting hand, returned to their homes, full of the spirit, and hoping for a glorious re-union before the throne of love.

The results of the meeting at Round Lake cannot now be estimated. It is safe to say, I think, that hundreds were converted and sanctified on the ground. But this is only the first fruits, what will the harvest be?

There are some practical reflections upon this great meeting which I cannot indulge now, but will claim the privilege of doing so in the next number of the "Guide."

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J., July 19th, 1869.

THE RICHMOND REVIVAL.

THE work of revival in the Churches of Richmond, Indiana, though Summer is fully

come, maintains a hold upon the people that is marvelous. Almost every night, for weeks, the meetings have been thronged. In Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, and in the orthodox Friends' meeting-house, on Fifth street, particularly, the interest has been profound. At the close of the Wednesday evening session of the State Sunday School Convention, in Phillips Hall, we went with a few friends to the latter. The house will seat six or eight hundred persons. On our entrance every pew was filled. The men and women sit promiscuously. Mr. C. D. Coffin was conductor of the exercises. The first sound that greeted our ears was the singing of the hymn,

"O, for a closer walk with God."

The tune was Mear, and it struck us vividly and strangely—singing by the Quakers, a people who have hitherto utterly repudiated both hymns and music, and singing with such heart and power! Several female voices rose high above the strongest male tenors. Two verses finished, an exhortation was made by a visiting minister; then followed

"A charge to keep I have,"

started by a lady in a remote part of the "church," the whole audience uniting with her. Mr. Reynolds of Peoria, Ill., being present in the audience, arose, and in a few brief sentences, stated the reasonableness of serving God, and urged all in the house who had not come to a decision, at once to declare on the side of the Lord. The landlord of the Huntington House, who only a week since yielded himself to Christ, narrated his experience in a few brief sentences, that went to every heart. Then came the song,

"O, how I love Jesus,"

after which Mr. Coffin remarked that an opportunity would be offered for any that felt themselves sinners, and in need of Christ as a Saviour, to indicate the same by rising to their feet. A gentleman and lady to our left, a lady in the slip in front of us, and seven other adults in various parts of the house stood up, after which a prayer was offered, and a hymn sung.

"Now," remarked Mr. Coffin, "we propose spending an hour in prayer"—it was ten o'clock—"in behalf of any who will come forward, and indicate a desire for us thus to do. The congregation will please

arise." As they arose, the ten persons who had previously manifested their concern, with one or two others, went forward and kneeled at benches in front of the platform. While all twelve were deeply affected, one or two seemed struggling under emotions the most agitating. A lady in particular, burying her face in her handkerchief, begged the Lord in piteous accents to save her soul. She went forward alone. It was an effort that seemed, for the moment, unequal to her physical strength, but she reached the place of prayer, and sunk to the floor, imploring pardon, and the gift of Jesus' love. Many eyes in the audience were full, and every heart was solemn.

"If any wish to retire before our engaging in prayer," said Mr. Coffin, "they will be granted an opportunity now." Not one half dozen left. The prayer-meeting lasted till quarter past eleven, four out of the eleven experiencing the blessing of forgiveness.

Returning home, the exercises at Grace Church were just closing. Here the meetings have been carried on for over fifty consecutive nights. The pastor, Rev. A. S. Kinnan, has been compelled, through the excessive demands on his strength, to ask a little respite. The lay brethren meantime do not allow any suspension of effort. The Pearl Street charge, Rev. J. R. Miller, pastor, and the Central, Rev. C. W. Miller, pastor, have also enjoyed a rich baptism. Among the recent converts in Grace, is a saloon keeper, whose place is now used for noon prayer services. His case is one of remarkable clearness and power.

While there is no restraint in the Quaker meetings, as to responses or shouting, there is a felt freedom in the Methodist churches, which often culminates in the genuine shout. The son of Mrs. C. D. Coffin, of the Fifth Street Quaker Society, experienced saving grace a few days since, and having it in his heart to render God the glory, proceeded with full parental consent to attend the Methodist meetings at Grace Church, where, we are told, he praised God in tones that could be heard a full square.

Altogether, we presume there is no town or city on the continent, or perhaps in the world, that is in so blessed a spiritual condition as Richmond. Business, with nearly

everybody is secondary. God is all and in all. At the Sunday School Convention, Quakers, Hicksite as well as Orthodox Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, joined in singing as though there were no distinctive denominational lines. Even the reporters on the dailies—there were six or eight present on the platform all the while—joined heartily in the singing, doing the base, treble, and tenor, as though they had been trained for the work.

"John," we heard a man on the street say to a friend, "haven't you decided yet?" We at first thought it was about the price of a town lot, but the next sentence enlightened us: "Your soul is of more value than all else, and now is the best time you will ever have." We did not stop to learn the result of the interview, but we presume that ere this "John" and his friend are travelers rejoicing together on the Zionward journey.

The great work commenced among the Methodist Churches last Fall, and has been carried on by individual members giving their time and strength to it. "All at it and always at it," has been the motto. The preacher has not been compelled to do his work alone. The members have joined hands with a sense of personal responsibility, and visitation from house to house, shop to shop, and store to store, has become general. "How easy to preach before such an audience," whispered a clerical friend in our ear, "anybody could do it." "Yes," returned we, "when God works he can succeed with any instrument."

Loath was our heart to leave the hallowed atmosphere. An edge of heaven seemed to have stretched down and bordered the town, making us instinctively soliloquize:

"And if our fellowship below

In Jesus be so sweet,

What height of rapture shall we know

When round his throne we meet!"

Western Christian Advocate.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

SIX O'CLOCK MEETINGS—SUNDAY MORNINGS.

J. G. W. HALL.

During the Spring of 1867 a few students in Oneida Conference Seminary felt the special need of something more spiritual than they then enjoyed. In keeping with these desires

a few of us met in Sister M.'s parlor to talk this matter over.

We were almost afraid to take the word holiness upon our lips, yet we did talk about it, and the result of our conference was the appointing of a Six o'clock Sunday Morning Meeting. Only three of the number ever professed to enjoy perfect love—Sister M. and Brothers W. and H.

Some said the meeting at six would be too early, but others said we should be up early Sunday mornings, working for the Lord, and, besides this, it was necessary for us to prove ourselves self-denying if we would lead holy lives. There was much prejudice against this doctrine, therefore, we sought seclusion. We knew further, that all earnest seekers would gladly come out at that hour, while that class who say, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," Prov. vi., 10, would remain in their quiet retreat till the shining sun reproved them for robbing God of the best hours of His holy day.

The blessed Saviour was watching our every movement, and at the appropriate time opened the windows of heaven, and poured us out such a blessing as there was not room to contain. One believed and was sanctified, that memorable Sunday morning, April 28. It was Brother T., now in college.

Before the bells rung for church, Brother H. came to my room, with a shining countenance, saying, that he had received the blessing. Truly, we all said, this is God's order, and we will cheerfully walk in it.

Quietly we came together those bright Spring mornings, and gathered the manna fresh from heaven as the morning dew. Quietly! yes, for if it had been generally known, that we held a meeting especially for the promotion of holiness, we should have been the subjects of uncharitable remarks.

The closing morning of the Spring term witnessed tearful yet joyful eyes. By the suggestion of Sister M., the seventh day of August was appointed a day of fasting and prayer for the blessing of God to rest down upon those who were to return to school in the fall, and upon the school in general.

As we might have expected, we found our hearts in condition to be blessed the first Sabbath morning of the term. Soon a great burden of soul for a general revival of religion was rolled upon us.

The burden grew so heavy that we thought it necessary to meet every day, a few minutes, just long enough to roil our burden upon the Lord. So, quietly meeting by ourselves, we felt as though our lives were hid with Christ in God.

At the striking of the twelve o'clock bell a few hard-working students could have been seen going into the basement of our church, with our arms full of books, but with faces shining with a blessed assurance. We felt as though the "set time to favor Zion had come."

Near the middle of the term we fasted and prayed, giving ourselves anew to the work, and on the Sabbath-night following, the altar was crowded with more than a score of seekers.

Such a week as followed was never known before in all the history of the Seminary. Every night sinners came forward by fives and tens, till nearly the whole school were weeping at the mercy-seat. Every room was verbal with prayer, and the stoutest sinners were brought to their knees. Glory be to God, we obtained the victory through faith.

Since those precious days our little meetings for holiness have not been hid, yet, with very humble pretensions, have we been holding on by faith, and each term has witnessed the new birth of precious souls. During the winter terms we have met regularly at seven o'clock, and we always get blessed, saying, "Surely, this is God's order." A goodly number have gone back to their homes sanctified. This present spring term, not yet half gone, has witnessed the quickening of three.

A deep, earnest heart work is going on in the school. One sinner is really seeking the salvation of his soul, and we expect to see others seeking while the friends of the "Guide" are perusing these lines.

Pray for us, and to our heavenly Father will we give all the glory forever more.

CAZENOVIA, May, 1869.

P. S.—Three times have we met since the above was written. Pen cannot describe the weight of glory that filled the little upper room where we met. Some three or four have been sanctified, and six or eight are seeking most earnestly. To God belongs all the glory.

June 4th, 1869.

For the Guide.

PRIVATE REFLECTIONS.

REV. E. BALL.

I feel a little sad and lonely to-day—mind somewhat cast down; yet there should be no cause for this. A truly pious heart should have no trouble. Faith in God is to lift us above the world. There is one great truth underlying all others—it is, that God reigns. Yea, He reigns over all—over small as well as great events—over our temporal as well as spiritual interests. Faith in this truth must have a wonderful effect on our whole being, especially when it is coupled with a firm conviction—yea more—an unwavering assurance that all that is taking place will finally be overruled for our good.

I have recently learned to wait God's time; I see I must not hurry him; I have often been too impatient, must have an immediate answer to prayer or give way to doubts. I begin to see that God works systematically, just as much so as the most perfect piece of machinery, where each part has assigned to it its own specific functions; each sustaining a specified relation to all the rest, and thus the whole is made to contribute its portion to the final result. To illustrate another principle in the divine administration, we may use, as an illustration, the human body. In it there is provision made for "wear and tear," and even for "friction and breakage."

So with the grand machinery of God's government. Thousands of things are taking place that never should take place, and that never could were it not for the existence of sin. God's plan is, to run the machinery of his government as to work the final destruction of sin. All the trouble there is in the world, or in any heart, is the result of sin. Holiness will not only drive sin out of the heart but will cure the effects of it, and holiness, in its extended meaning, cannot exist in the soul, independent of a pure, complete, and abiding reconciliation or acquiescence in God's method of dealing with us. Such a thing as a murmur, on account of events that are entirely beyond our control, even though they effect us personally, is incompatible with that degree of Holiness which follow an entire consecration to God. A holy soul must be willing to be

poor; to be afflicted, persecuted, or despised, if need be. Many do not think of these things, and hence their consecration is not fully made. We must be willing to suffer Christ's will without murmuring, or we cannot be holy.
CANTON, Ohio.

For the Guide.

TERMS ACCEPTED.

JOHN W. FORSYTH.

Though I have been a member of Christ's family about four years, and have enjoyed many precious seasons in communion with my Saviour, yet, for some time past, I have been thinking about the new power as expressed by many witnesses.

Day after day I became more convinced that there was a vacuum still in my heart that only the love of God could fill. Believing that I might attain the deficiency here on these low grounds, and remembering that the fountain is deep and inexhaustible, and that Christ had bidden me come, without money or price, and buy, I resolved to go; though my sins be as scarlet, they should be made white as snow.

While engaged in earnest supplications at a throne of grace for the blessing of perfect love and the evidence of my acceptance with Him; and after concluding my prayer, and while yet upon my knees, these thoughts seemed to be presented for my consideration, Am I willing to devote myself wholly and unreservedly to the service of God? Shall my thoughts, words, and actions show forth His glory and speak His praise? Am I willing to spend and be spent in His service, laboring untiringly to secure the salvation of immortal souls? and not heeding or fearing what men may say or do unto me, only that I may glorify God, in my soul and body, which are His, and finish my work with joy?

I could do but the one thing. My duty was laid before me, and also the sacrifice which God required of me, and reckoning that I was not my own, but being bought with the precious blood of Christ, and that it was His will concerning me, even my entire sanctification. I could no longer hesitate to resign all to Him. Looking up, with trembling lips and a believing heart, I could but say, "Lord, I yield all to Thee, and by Thy help I hope to be faithful unto the end of life." May thou who read this do likewise!

WATERFORD, Loudoun Co., Va.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting opened with reading the prayer of Jesus for His disciples. (John xvii.) An unusually solemn, yet glorious significance attending the reading of the WORD. Surely, He whose divine lips in pleadings with the Father, said, "That they all may be one: as thou Father art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me," was powerfully present. He intensified His WORD, and made it spirit and life to the perceptions of His waiting disciples.

The hymn commencing with,

"Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of Thy Church below,
If now Thy Spirit move my breast,
Hear, and fulfill Thine own request,"

was then sung. Prayer, that opens heaven, was offered by Rev. Mr. L.

Dr. P. spoke of labors for Jesus, in which Sister P. and himself had been engaged, in a harvest field, over 1000 miles distant, and from which they had just returned. The Lord had been most graciously present with them in their protracted labors of over one week at four different points, in all of which the Holy Spirit had been poured out upon the people in the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners. Thanked the dear ones in Jesus, who, from week to week, assembled in this place for continued prayers in their behalf. Said, that, though far distant, the prevalence of the mighty prayer was peculiarly felt, so that he had observed that Tuesday was always a marked day, made special by more than an ordinary degree of heavenly influence and power.

A Congregational minister said, "That though he had been detained by illness several weeks from the meeting, he had been blest with the constant presence of Jesus, and the peace that passeth all understanding had been his. He spoke sweetly and powerfully of peace, as the heritage of Christ to all His disciples; inasmuch as our blessed Forerunner was ever saying to all His followers, 'My

peace I give unto you, *My* peace I leave with you. Not my *ecstasies*—not my great *triumphs*, but *My* PEACE.' He believed, with Lady Guion, that when God touched the soul at conversion, and raised it to spiritual life and communion with Himself, that a divine impetus was given, which, to those who would lovingly and obediently follow on, would not only result in the entire sanctification of the soul, but in the reception of torrent after torrent of saving, hallowing grace. Yet all this might not be accompanied with great rhapsodies or wonderful elations, but only sink us deeper and deeper into the unfathomed depths of Christ's peace. He had found great advantage in rising at an early hour, in order to secure an hour or two for reading the Scriptures and in fellowship with the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. He had also found it a most profitable and delightful work for the Master, to present by *name* the many who had from time to time said, 'Pray for me.' This labor for others was always accompanied with blessings on his own soul. He had occasionally attended Methodist Camp-meeting. Had made it a point, while there, to rise about five o'clock, which would leave him from one to two hours apart from the multitude, and alone with God. His practice was to secure *one* place—he liked the idea of having *one* place—far away in the grove, where he might meet God alone. And O, what seasons had he on these occasions enjoyed. His practice was to read a portion of Scripture, then pray, and again read. So wonderfully had the Lord, at times, revealed Himself under these circumstances, that he had returned to the encampment reeling under the pressure of the Divine fullness. He then advised all that were expecting to attend camp-meetings during these summer months not to fail in the duty of getting a season for *private* communion with God in reading His Word and prayer."

Sister A. spoke of the blessedness of living, as it were, out of herself in Christ. Her heart was stirred in view of the worldliness of many who profess to love Jesus. Thought it was only a manifestation of Jesus to the hearts of professors in the unworldliness of His life, and the greatness of His love, that could bring them into sympathy with Him. Much is said in the Scriptures about the *fear* of God. She thought, that if more might be said, in these days, of the *fear of God*, particularly among

young professors, it might deter them from many things in which they indulge so evidently not to the glory of God.

A minister, from the Southern States, who had, for years, been engaged in self-sacrificing toils for our Lord, spoke of his entire trust in Christ, as a Saviour able to save to the uttermost in the midst of peril and many trying circumstances. He seemed to be largely endued with the Spirit of the Master.

"Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated Cross."

He said it was this perfect love that was needed to reconstruct the Southern States more than all the acts of Congress or anything else that could be devised.

Sister P. said, "The words, read at the opening of the meeting, 'I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the *world may know* that Thou hast sent me,' had often been invested with solemn yet glorious significance to her mind, but, perhaps, never so greatly and intensely significant as since she had heard them read this afternoon. What was that Spirit that descended on the disciples on the day of Pentecost, but the Spirit of the ascended Saviour. In His bodily presence Christ has gone to the Father, but now He fulfills His promise, and sheds forth His Spirit abundantly on them *all*, and each waiting male and female disciple, having received the Spirit of their ascended Lord, go forth, and in the power of His Spirit and through His Name multitudes are saved. Said she would love to hear some divinely appointed minister, filled with the Holy Ghost, preach from the text, 'He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go to my Father.' It has been said, that the resurrection of one soul from the death of sin to a life of holiness is a greater miracle than the creation of a world. Can we with the Spirit of Christ dwelling in our hearts do anything toward the conversion of souls? God answers the question, 'Let him know that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.' But let us remember that it is only by virtue of a *present* momentary act of reliance on Christ for it, that we receive this power from on high—'He that *believeth* on me the works that I do, shall he do, &c.' O, that all believers would *experiment* on these wonderful truths,

and endeavor to *know* and *exemplify* before men the full power of saving grace. Then, in accordance with our Saviour's words, would the skeptical world believe that the Father hath sent the Son."

A German brother, in broken English, but with much of the power of the Spirit, told of the manner in which Jesus first revealed Himself as a sin-pardoning Saviour and, then, to the cleansing of his soul from all its impurities. Said, that though he might seem as a foreigner and a stranger, he had been baptized into the same Spirit, and as he had alike with the most present been adopted into the same household, that he felt and knew that they were his brethren and sisters, and all present must *know* it too, for they could not help it. The beautiful simplicity of this child of the kingdom provoked a smile from many, and, sure we are, that not one present, however exalted in worldly position, but would have felt it a privilege to join with this stranger brother in the words,

"We're all united, heart and hand,
Joined in one band completely,
We're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where the waters flow most sweetly."

Brother L. said, "That since the Lord sanctified him wholly a few months ago, many of His people had entered into the rest of faith, and a most gracious revival had succeeded. He was deeply humbled and amazed at the grace of God. In a love-feast, just held, 30 of his flock had testified clearly to the power of Jesus' cleansing blood. While singing, 'Glory to the Lamb,' for I have overcome through the blood of the Lamb, the power of God came down upon the people in an indescribably glorious manner." This dear brother spoke with emotion of the great things God had done for him, and through the gift of power thus received for his people, he seemed unutterably filled with faith, love, and hope.

"O, how I love Jesus, &c.,"
was sung.

A dear Baptist sister observed that, though she had not been accustomed, in former times, to speak of her experience, yet God had so abundantly filled her with His fullness, she now felt constrained to declare it. Her gracious heavenly Father had taken His own way to lead her into this experience of perfect love. He had, by a sudden stroke of His Providence,

dashed away all her earthly possessions,* and she could now *thank* Him for it, knowing that it was intended for the spiritual good of all concerned. Her husband, not being in the enjoyment of religion, could not see it in the same light. She asked for the prayers of the meeting, that her husband might speedily be converted.

* A property, worth \$70,000, consumed by fire.

Book Notices.

ANECDOTES OF THE WESLEYS; Illustrative of their Character and Personal History. By Rev. J. B. WAKELEY. With an Introduction by Rev. Dr. MCCLINTOCK. New York, Carlton & Lanahan.

He who was in Himself an embodiment of wisdom, taught in parables. That is, He made truth tangible to the perceptions of the people by illustrative incidents. Viewed in this light, we think that the author of this book has done excellent service to the religious community, by preparing a volume so eminently illustrative of character of the devoted and gifted Wesleys. The work is highly and most deservedly commended by the religious press of various denominations.

BOOKS RECEIVED—Further notice will hereafter be given of the following works, the crowded state of our pages will at present prevent other than a bare announcement:

From the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., N. Y.
JANE TAYLOR.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD, EXPLAINED. By Rev. FRANCIS BOURDELLIN, M.A., Rector of Woolbeding, Sussex.

LINDENWOOD; OR, BERTHA'S RESOLVE. By Mrs. S. E. DAWES.

THE RESCUED CHILD. By Mrs. J. W. SCHENCK.

HARRY BLAKE'S TROUBLE. By the author of "Ben Holt's Good Name," &c.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS. A Story of the Siege of Malta. By the author of "The Times of Knox and Queen Mary."

JESUS ON THE HOLY MOUNT. By Rev. Dr. SANDERSON.

THE WHITE FOREIGNERS, FROM OVER THE WATER. The Story of the American Mission to the Burmese and the Karens.

FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY. Presented at New York, May 12, 1869.

THE THEORY OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION, AS BELIEVED AND TAUGHT BY THE M. E. CHURCH. Briefly Stated and Defended by the Rev. JOHN PARKER, Rochester, N. Y.

This is an excellent pamphlet of 24 pages, which, we wish, might be extensively read. We bespeak for it what it richly deserves—a large circulation.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT. Subject: Right and Wrong Way of Giving Pleasure. Preached Sunday, June 19, 1868, by HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Consecration.

From Book in Press entitled, "Buds of Promise," by Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp

Written at the National Camp Meeting, Round Lake, July 10th, 1869.

Words by MARY D. JAMES.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus I give to Thee, A



con - se - cra - ted off - 'ring, Thine ev - er more to be....

CHORUS



My all is on the Al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire,

ritard



Waiting, waiting, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

Chorus.

3. O let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

Chorus.

4. I am Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.

Chorus.

Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

For the Guide.
MY EXPERIENCE.
REV. L. S. CRONE.

I WAS converted to God on the 30th of January, 1859, at Boehm's Chapel, Lancaster County, Pa. I soon attached myself to the M. E. Church, and, in a few months afterward, felt a divine call to preach the Gospel. Having known but little about Methodism previous to my conversion, I had much to learn as to doctrines, usages, and discipline. In reading our books of theology I found the doctrine of entire sanctification.

I went into the itinerancy in the Spring of 1860 as a supply on Middletown Circuit in the State of Maryland, then belonging to the East Baltimore Conference. That year I read Wesley's "Plain Account of Christian Perfection," from which I received a clearer understanding of the doctrine than I had previously possessed. I loved the doctrine, and began to seek after this blessing. For nearly five years I sought after it at times. Sometimes I thought I could almost grasp it; then I would become indifferent, and relax my efforts, and, sometimes, I almost became skeptical on the subject. But when I went to the Bible I found it there: and again I would start in pursuit.

Thus I sought without obtaining until March, 1867, when, at our Conference Session in Frederick City, Md., in a meeting for the promotion of holiness, at six o'clock in the morning, I obtained a victory over my corrupt nature and besetting sins, such as I had not enjoyed before. Still I could not say that I had the witness of my sanctification. I had

more constant enjoyment and more liberty and unction in preaching the Gospel, but I could not say that I was wholly sanctified. I was in this state about sixteen months.

In July, 1868, I found my way to the National Camp-meeting at Manheim. For a few days I felt pretty well satisfied, thinking I was sanctified. But Brother Wells, from Albany, preached a sermon one day, by means of which the Lord gave me to see that I had not yet what I ought to have. Another sermon was preached, which deepened the impression. I said, "Lord, if I have it not, I will get it." I sought instruction and encouragement, and made my consecration to God.

On Saturday afternoon, at the hour of secret prayer, I was in the tent on my knees, with the Bible open before me, and my finger resting on the promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do," or a similar passage. I plead that promise, and asked the Lord to give me the evidence that I had a clean heart. I wrestled, perhaps, half-an-hour or an hour, when the power came down upon me, so that I could not keep quiet. I praised God there for a while; then I felt that I must go to the Bedford Street meeting-tent, (where there were services going on), and tell what the Lord had done for me. I hastened to tell the glorious news. And now for several days I lived in the suburbs of heaven. I occasionally exclaimed, "Is this heaven!"

But on Wednesday morning following, the devil made an attack on me. I thought I felt some wrong tempers in

my heart, and I was thrown into such an agony of soul as I never experienced before or since. I agonized, and groaned, and prayed, and I felt as if I were several feet under water, while wave after wave swept over me. I tried to look up through it, but the light was very dim, and I felt that I had only a thin thread by which I was trying to hold on to Christ, and, sometimes, I did not know whether I had hold of that or not, but all the time I was determined to hold on to Christ.

I gained the victory through the blood of the Lamb. I was tried in the furnace, and came out safely. I still have victory. Glory to God. The more I preach it and talk about it, the more I enjoy it. It makes a wonderful improvement in a Christian's experience. May the ark of God move on, and holiness be the motto of the Church.

JAMESTOWN, Pa., 1869.

"WITH YOU ALWAYS."

REV. BISHOP SIMPSON.

"I am with you *always*"—not absent one moment. "Friends may leave or forsake—I never; a mother may forget her child—I never; a friend may be alienated or turned aside—I will never leave you nor forsake you;" with you always by night and by day; always in the pulpit and out of it; always in visiting the sick and in talking to the young; always, in darkness or in light, in safety or in danger, in health or in sickness; always with you when all is prosperous in the family; and when the angel of death comes in and takes your dearest friends away, and makes you feel as though you stood alone, as some tree stricken and riven by the lightning, whose bark was peeled, and whose greenness was all dried up—still, Jesus is with you—with you in the hour of sickness and bereavement; with you in every hour of loneliness and darkness; never leaving you. Oh! what a promise is that! "Lo! I am with you *always*."

Then, as though there might be misgivings (and there certainly would have been, for Jesus was with the disciples

whom he so loved, but we are far away—1800 years away from Jesus, and he is not with us *always*), he adds, "even unto the end of the world." Thank God, the end of the world has not come yet; we are in the bounds of the promise, and here the commission reaches unto us—unto you and me: "Lo! I am with you *always*, even unto the end of the world." Can we ask more than this, in going out on our mission to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ? And now, could we enter into the spirit of this promise, what would be the feelings with which we would approach our great work? Oh! could I realize it as I stand in this pulpit, and you as you sit in those seats, that Jesus is with us! Is he with me in the pulpit? Then may he take my memory and use it; may he fire my imagination and employ it; may he touch my tongue with his own almighty power; may these words be his, the uprising of thoughts be his, the inspiration of the Holy Spirit be his, and the illustrations be his; for he is with me *always*, guiding me with his glory. "Oh!" said the Psalmist, "Thou wilt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory." Here, I think, lies the power of the Gospel in the conviction that all power is given, and in the conviction that Christ himself is present with his minister.

Now, in our going out and attempting to preach, we find many difficulties. There are men who are exceedingly prejudiced, strong-willed, and opinionated, and it is very difficult to reach them; there are others so sunk in ignorance, and so wedded to error, that it seems almost impossible to make an entrance among them; and yet I am sent to preach to them. Let me remember all power is given: Jesus can change the heart of that people; he can let great thoughts fall from heaven; the power of motives can be felt, impulses can be communicated, and the congregation can be prepared for the minister, so that his words may be received with unction and with power.

I am satisfied more of later years than I was in my earlier ministry that a congregation never assembles before a minis-

ter of Christ but some hearts in that congregation are sent prepared to receive a special message. If God sends the minister to the people, he sends the people to the minister. It is easy for Him to create a longing in some heart to know and feel the truth as to make a longing in my heart to declare to them the truth of God. I have as much confidence that there is in this congregation, some soul longing for the truth and longing to see Jesus as I have the conviction that I am here by the call of God; and when this conviction comes over me can I not hold up the cross? can I not exalt my Saviour? can I not stand in all my weakness even as the cherubim stands before the altar with their wings spread out? It is said, when the prophet was on one occasion in the temple, "with twain they covered their face and with twain they did fly." We stand in the sacred place, and when we feel God is here we seem to cover our face, but as I drop my eyes with covered face, I raise up the cross with both hands, and cry as with my feeblest breath (and I trust it may be with my latest breath),

"Behold, behold the Lamb."

HOLINESS.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

This excellent article was mislaid or it would have had an earlier insertion.—EDS.

That holiness is necessary to work successfully in the Church of God is evident from the fact that it is the vital spark of Christianity. That the most glorious achievements may be attained by carrying into practice its great principles has also been demonstrated; and yet all about us are people of intelligence who doubt the effectual power of holiness or fail to understand its teachings.

Perhaps the influences against it may have tended to keep the minds of many in darkness, and they may have fortified their hearts against receiving its light; yet every heart that is open to receive the truth, must be convinced of its vitality, as he looks upon the works of its believers, and still more as he carefully studies the Scriptures.

The grandest advances made in the progress of Christianity have been led by those who sustain the principle of holiness. Without it the glory of the present age would never have been attained, and with more of it, the Church would have shone with greater refulgence. The darkness and gloom that at times have settled upon the Church of God have been in those portions of the earth where holiness has not been taught, and where it has reigned as a goddess of beauty, we have seen our beloved Church shine in glory and strength.

Holiness is the grandest theme that ever raised the fallen heart of man up to his Creator, and within itself it embodies every truth that is necessary to increase our religious attainments, and advance the cause of Christ.

If the one greatest principle of religion be excluded from our hearts, as a law of nature we cannot be effectual workers in our Master's vineyard; and yet there are those who know and feel the importance of this, and yet do not adopt its sacred teachings.

Many go out to labor in the world, and grow weary in the work, even while the fields are white for the harvest. They fold their arms and dream by the way-side, simply because they lack an interest to work for God, or, still plainer, because they possess not the very power that would enable them to work successfully.

A piece of machinery, devoid of the main wheel or spring, cannot work with harmony, and thus we see discord and disorder in many of our Churches. We firmly believe, that when all Christians shall put on the white garments of holiness, the world will be converted, and ignorance and pride will never more be known. We look, with anxious eyes, forward to that time, when the Church shall throw aside its moth-eaten robes, and come forth in newness of life, to perform its great mission. None doubt the ability and willingness of God to save the world, yet, through lack of faith, they live; die, and pass away without accomplishing their great life-work.

Unbelief is the greatest clog upon the

For the Guide.

wheels of Christianity, and while lingering beneath its shadows, the Church grows cold and indifferent, in the very work that it should exert every faculty to perform. Faith and holiness go hand in hand, and it is impossible with one to be entirely destitute of the other.

Finally, as workers for Christ, do we do our duty in leaving any principle of Christianity untried? Will not the hand of God be heavily laid upon us, if we neglect to employ the means within our reach, for the advancement of His kingdom upon the earth? Let us look unto these things, and follow the silent voice of duty.

SOUTH EDMESTON, N.Y.

For the Guide.

WESLEY GROVE ENCAMPMENT.

MRS. S. J. STODDARD.

Sweet tented grove; sweet tented grove;
Thy sacred scenes, how much I love—
The hymn of praise, the voice of prayer,
The shouts of joy ascending there!

'Tis God's own temple: Lo! how grand,
How strong and high its columns stand,
With awe I view its lofty dome,
Whose arches reach the Christian's home!

Was ever temple made so fair,
Or draped as gracefully as there?
Amid its curtains—rustling things—
I hear the sound of angel's wings!

For here upon this chosen ground,
Faith's ladder rests. Its topmost round
Is fastened near the eternal throne;
And God descends to bless His own!

The broken, contrite heart He sees,
The soul that strives His name to please,
And sheds the oil of gladness down
Upon their heads—a priceless crown!

A multitude of voices sweet,
In rapturous praises blend and meet,
Like many waters—wave on wave—
While Christ comes near to bless and save!

The gospel trumpet's joyful sound,
In clarion notes re-echoes round—
O glorious message, wondrous grace,
The joy of this—of every place!

Sweet tented grove; sweet tented grove;
How much thy hallowed scenes I love—
The world with all its grief and fear,
Stands back, while heaven itself draws near!

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

MRS. E. CLEMENT.

I was taught to pray as soon as I could lisp the name of Jesus, and also to bow around the family altar, but my father being a very strong believer in the Calvinistic faith, I was not urged to look for a knowledge of conversion until the hour of death. Notwithstanding these errors in my early training the Spirit of the Lord often strove with me.

When about ten years of age I was converted and joined the M. E. Church, and ran well for a season; but, alas, as I became older, was led off by the society and fashions of the world, and became luke-warm and formal. I would, sometimes, try to perform my religious duties, and hoped to gain an admittance into the heavenly kingdom. Thus I lived, sometimes walking in the light, but oftener groping my way in the darkness.

I continued in this state until August, 1867, when I attended the Baltimore Camp-meeting, which was one of profit to my soul. It was very crucifying to the pride of the flesh to bow at the mourners' bench with the sinner, nevertheless, at an early invitation, I bore the Cross, and, praise the Lord, was soon enabled to exclaim from a full heart, "Therefore, being justified by faith, I have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

From that time it was impressed upon my mind to seek after heart purity. I commenced the work of consecration, seeking at home and in the church at every available opportunity, and I would here say, few are blessed with richer privileges of this kind than Baltimore Methodists. At times I would reach out and almost claim the promised blessing, and again my faith failed, and I would fall back. I had such an unbelieving heart. I was so fearful to claim the promises as mine. Thus I went on for months.

Last August I went to Virginia to spend a few weeks with my husband on his first Circuit in the Valley of Virginia. While there a camp-meeting was held. From the size of the meeting I was

afraid but little good would be accomplished, but the Lord was there in saving power. The first, second, and third days of the meeting passed, but brought me no relief. Then I commenced examining my heart, and found idols I had hitherto forborne to yield. The sin in holding on to them was not so clear, but when all were laid upon God's altar, praise His Name, I was enabled to believe unto full salvation, and I am still resting in Jesus' power to save unto the uttermost. "O, taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." "O, fear the Lord, ye, His saints, for there is no want to them that fear Him."

—♦—
For the Guide.

TESTIMONY FOR JESUS.

M. A.

Three years ago I became a church-member. This step was taken at the commencement of a series of protracted meetings. It was the result of calm, deliberate convictions, very gradual in their development. I could easily rest satisfied that Christ died for sinners; that being understood, it required no great effort to say, He died for me. I took it for granted, and professed "a good hope." Whilst meetings were numerous and pervaded by a spirit of earnestness, I found little difficulty. To be sure, the example of Him who died that I might live was rather a lofty standard of excellence to imitate. But it is not hard when surrounded by hearts especially sympathetic, and minds capable of dictating pointed exhortations, to receive that consolation and encouragement that give seeming stability.

For the time being, as I know the purposes of my own heart, I was a consistent Christian in the sight of God and man. A sincere and living desire to reach heaven was moulding my heart and life. I think I was not self-righteous. Everybody seemed better than I. This feeling made me shrink from notice, and whenever I attempted to say anything in a social-meeting I did it nervously and with fore-thought. To say that I enjoyed little at that time would be a falsehood. A steady determination to perse-

vere and a reasonable expectation of success, as they then possessed my mind, were sufficient to inspire a measure of peace and confidence far better than anything I had before felt.

But this satisfaction was fluctuating and evanescent. Soon, through what subtlety of the tempter I can scarcely tell, I found myself striving to appear consistent before men whilst conscious of impurity before God. To rectify this I made a sort of an appeal to the strongest motive of the heart—pride. I considered that our most secret thoughts and acts are recorded in a book of remembrance, which will be opened and read in the hearing of a countless host. I knew that I should be very much ashamed of the record there revealed. This made me careful. Strangely enough, however, I fell into sin. Sometimes temptation seemed absolutely irresistible. A sinful passion—a base impulse would arise and get the victory almost before I was aware of it. Then came the repentance.

Many passages in the Bible were mysterious. I soon came to look upon them as purely ideal—some I read with a mental reservation—some with a plausible, though, after all, an unsatisfactory, explanation. Where is the unselfish man? Show me the man practically imbued with the spirit of the sermon on the Mount.

Thus I questioned and searched. It was all in vain. Church-members found fault with themselves and each other. One brother in particular, a man of talent, capable of correct thought, always spoke of higher attainments, but never seemed to approach them. As I compared myself with others I began to think that I was not so very bad after all. I became in reality self-righteous. I spoke feelingly because it was a relief to *do* something to remove the sense of unrest, of vacancy from my soul. I was very humble, always subdued and within bounds, bemoaning the weakness of human nature, and, no doubt, gaining much credit thereby.

But, thank God, those days are past. The aching void is filled. For eight

months I have feasted continually. Prayer has been no burden to me. Those sins which before crushed me are now beneath my feet. The pride of my heart is abhorrent to me, but I rejoice in the goodness of God. I have placed myself in His care. The Christian's duty seems to me summed up in the single act of entire consecration—a complete willingness—a resignation to the will of God in all things. Oh, how valuable life is when all its benefits are thankfully received as blessings from the Hand of the Most High. Prayer is a glorious privilege when it is the expression not of our ideas but our wants. Henry III., of England, comparing sermons with prayers, was right when he said, "I should choose one hour's conversation with a friend rather than to hear twenty most elaborate discourses pronounced in His praise."

HEAVEN A CONTINENT.

Blessed thought! Heaven and earth are no longer lying impassably asunder. Heaven is the great continent of glory; this earth was once a part of it; but sin, by its disruptive force, broke off this earth from that continent of heaven; and there remains a great, deep, and moaning sea, that no feet can wade, and no wing can cross, evermore flowing between yon continent, where all is sunshine, and this poor earth of ours, the sorrow of which we notice every day. But, blessed thought! the gulf is spanned, the chasm is crossed; the Pacific of time and the great Atlantic of eternity are knit together, and are now one.

And this way across this great chasm is so broad that the greatest number of the greatest sinners may enter on it; and yet it is so pure that no known practised sin can be tolerated on it; and I leave on every conscience a responsibility that time will not exhaust when I say, it is so accessible, that if you don't find it, it is not because God has predestinated you to ruin, for I don't believe that, it is not because your sins are too many, or because your wickedness is great and inveterate, and all these are bad enough; but if any human being perish, the awful

recollection throughout eternity will be, "I did it all myself, and neither God nor man did it for me." But in every one who embraces the way, and is saved, the joyous reminiscence will be, "I did none of it, but Christ by his grace—grace first, grace sovereign, grace last—did it all; mine is none of the praise; His is the honor and the glory forever and forever."

Voices from heaven bid you enter. "The Spirit," that is, the Holy Spirit, "and the Bride," that is the Church, "say come; and let him that heareth" go to his neighbor, to his friend, to some dark neighborhood, and "say come; and whosoever will"—don't forget that when you begin to be depressed and anxious—"whosoever *will*, let him," above all men, "take of the water of life freely." Hide your heads, all flickering lights; retire, all stars; stand aside, angels and archangels; the Light of the world shines: a Star brighter than all stars is on the brow of night; an Angel more glorious than all angels proclaims to the weary and heavy laden, "Whosoever will, let him come. Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

IT DON'T SUIT THE LATITUDE.

EDITORIAL.

Sometime since we received an interesting letter from a Frenchman, who is a devoted minister, residing in gay volatile France. "*Holiness*," he remarks, "*does not suit the latitude of France.*"

In regard to many places, church communities and individuals, it may be said, Holiness does not suit the latitude. The reason why thousands do not love holiness is, because it *reproves* their habits. Their love of worldly gains, their sensuous appetites, their love of the world and worldly conformities.

He who in himself was an embodiment of Holiness, was not favorably received, when he visited a certain place in the days of his incarnation. "They prayed him to depart out of their coasts." And why? Ah, Holiness did not suit the latitude.

It reproved the business in which the

Gadarene Jews were engaged. By referring to the law of Moses, it will be seen, that dealing in swine was not the right sort of business for a Jew. But they preferred their swine to the presence of Jesus, therefore, they prayed him to depart. By a short stay of Jesus among them, a great herd of swine had been destroyed. None of the inhabitants of that place could deny that the Holy One who now proffered them a visit, had done a great and good deed in dispossessing the man tormented with a legion of devils, but rather than that they should see the gains of their unlawful traffic endangered, they would have preferred, that that man and other men, though possessed with legions of devils, should run their downward course speedily to eternal perdition, than that their sordid gains should be lost, by seeing the dispossessed evil spirits enter their swine, and carry them headlong into the destructive lake.

For similar reasons that the Gadarenes did not desire the presence of the Holy One, there are not a few who do not now love to have a revival of Holiness anywhere within their borders. With some it reproves habits which will not bear the inscription, "Holiness to the Lord." With others it reproves the traffic in which they are engaged. At one town where ministers and people of various denominations interested themselves in securing our services, the meetings progressed with power, till we warned the people of the evil of Intemperance. Many were being carried hastily to perdition through the dreadful traffic in spirituous liquors, so predominant in the town.

In regard to this, as other sins that drown men in perdition, we told the people that Christ did not come to save them in their sins, but *from* their sins, and gave illustrative examples, of where not only drinking of the intoxicating cup had to be utterly renounced, but the traffic also, at considerable cost to the owner. A large wholesale dealer in liquors, who was a member of some prominence in a sister denomination, and had been in attendance on the meetings, began from this point to inveigh against

the services. Gladly would he have set the town in an uproar, by way of turning the attention of the people in some other direction, and made a singular but unsuccessful effort to do so. Though his craft was endangered, truth triumphed. The fact was in regard to this place, the brewer thought that Holiness, with its pure unadulterated principles, did not suit the latitude.

We have sometimes labored with church communities where the goddess fashion has exercised a large sway. Surely Holiness reproves the follies of fashion. How a revival of holiness reproves those that would be exponents of fashion, in *person* or *trade*. O how we pity professors of religion who imagine that it is necessary for them to cater to the flippancies of fashion, because they are engaged in a business which they imagine requires that they must themselves exhibit the follies of their trade in person! Holiness does not suit the latitude of such.

For the Guide.

WAITING BY THE CROSS.

MRS. E. J. KNOWLES.

Low at Thy Cross, my Saviour, I am lying,
To meet the flowing stream of cleansing blood.
Faith sees Thee there, my blest Redeemer, dying,
Dying to raise me unto life in God.

Low at Thy Cross, my Saviour, I am lying;
Here let my trusting spirit ever lie.
Thirsting for love, for living water crying,
Here let me drink the streams that never dry.

Low at Thy Cross, my Saviour, I am lying;
O, sweet the rest its shadow brings to me!
Rest from the heat, the strife, the anxious sighing,
Rest that I so much need, I find in Thee.

Low at Thy Cross, my Saviour, I am lying;
Here Promise speaks in clearer tones to me,
And all the fullness of Thy life and dying
In richer glory here revealed I see.

Low at Thy Cross, my Saviour, I am lying,
Unworthy, yet I linger at Thy feet.
O, blessed place! no earthly 'mount of gladness
Could open views so beautiful—so sweet.

Low at Thy Cross—here keep me meek and lowly;
No evil thing can this safe spot profane.
Sin dare not enter a retreat so holy,
Here, even sorrow loses half its pain.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., 1868.

For the Guide.

CONQUERING GRACE.

LOTTIE.

My Christian experience began with almost my first recollections. I remember instances very early in life when the Holy Spirit was at work upon my heart.

I was called from school one day to see, as it was supposed, my brother die. The physician said he could not live. I had heard of the power of prayer. I believed in God. I went to my room, and I, a sinner, prayed—earnestly prayed—and promised God, if He would spare my brother to me, I would be a Christian. God was merciful. After lying all day with the lock-jaw—night brought help—the doctor said it was a miracle almost that he survived.

After this, some two years, my mother was taken with cholera. Again, as before, I went to God, again promised I would be a Christian. My mother was spared to us, but I went on in much the old way.

A year or two subsequently a revival broke out here, and I was one of the first to find my Saviour. I was very young, but God was with me. I found delight in His service.

The brother that I had prayed for in other days was, about six months after, again taken sick, but this time God took him, and I, in all a Christian's faith, could but bow submissive.

I found seasons of joy, but I found, too, that the roots of bitterness were not all destroyed within. I went to God, and I sincerely believe, He saved me *fully*—but, refusing to do duty, I got in the dark again.

I lived thus for some time. At one time I sought for pardon from all sin again, but seeing the imperfections of some who were interested on this subject, and believing that many good Christians did not profess to enjoy it—after days and nights spent in bitter struggles—I yielded to the tempter, and gave it up, trying to be contented in the old way.

Such was my life for years. I was always at the prayer and class-meetings, yet, if I said anything, honesty usually

forbade my saying much but of unfaithfulness, and then I would close by hoping all would pray for me.

I was under the influence of one besetting sin, that seemed to be gaining power over me every week of my life. It was a habit I had in conversation. I could not but see I was killing my own influence, and I tried to overcome the habit, each attempt, however, seemed to be worse than a failure.

I struggled thus for weeks, until, one day, attention was particularly called to a young person, with whom I had often conversed, in other days, on the subject of religion. I felt that she was further than ever from God then—but what could I do? I could not go to her, and urge her to Jesus, for I had no confidence in myself, and could not expect any one could have any in me.

I went to God. I threw myself on the merits of Christ, resolved no longer to try to make myself better. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I believed God, and victory was mine. I knew then what it was to rest in Christ. I had perfect peace day by day. I felt that my feet were set upon a rock and my goings established. Since then I have been no more a drifter about, no more a wavering Christian, but gradually growing in grace.

Until of late I have never, excepting to a few personal friends, witnessed pointedly to this great blessing of perfect love, but have seen my mistake after three years' experience, and am now striving in every proper place to hold up my Saviour as a *perfect* Saviour. God is with me in power. I mean henceforth to stand up for God and the truth wherever I am. I believe all is in the altar to-day, and the altar sanctifieth the gift. I can but say with another,

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak."

How easy for God to take care of us when we will let him; to make springs in the desert, and barren places fruitful!

For the Guide.

FAITH LIVES IN DARKNESS

A. A. H.

To many professed Christians the way of holiness and perfect trust is altogether inexplicable. They do not recognize the "hand mighty to save," as signally connected with any of their losses and crosses, and faith with its wonderful results in those who are walking closely with God, to *them* is enshrouded in mystery. It is a verity indeed that every one must pass this way for themselves, to understand fully the influence of entire submission to God upon the human heart. We often think could we see the Divine Hand while *in* the furnace of affliction, we could bear patiently all His wisdom saw fit to inflict; but were this the case, trials would cease to be trials, and the grievousness spoken of by the Apostle would terminate at once, and we should find ourselves reclining "on flowery beds of ease," and perhaps be left to forget God in our prosperity.

The most perfect faith is that which lives in darkness, and when tempest-clouds enshroud us in heaviness and gloom, and difficulties gather thick and fast on every hand, it is *then* that we may seek shelter beneath the shadow of the "Great Rock," and be assured that this clinging to Him is our only safety, whether our particular feelings correspond thereto or not. Our special work is to *believe* on Him and then most certainly and surely are we saved, regardless of all that may fall to our lot.

RICHMOND, Me.

For the Guide.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

H. L. F.

On the opposite wall of my room hangs a picture of my sainted mother. All through the day the light strikes it in such a way that only the hands are visible, the face cannot be seen, but forms a mirror in which are reflected the passers in the street. But when the day is gone, and the soft light of the lamp falls upon it, there is that thoughtful, wonderfully inquiring gaze fixed on me, with an

added sweetness as if from her three years' life where the sun *no more* goes down, or the moon withdraws itself. I thought at first it should be rehung, but I have drawn such a precious lesson from it, that it shall remain.

The eye of God is ever upon us. His face is never turned away from us. Though often it may be hidden by clouds and darkness, yet more often the light unapproachable in which He dwells, dazzles our weak vision. In the high tide of worldly prosperity—sailing smoothly down the stream of life, we may feel the guiding hand; it is enough—we look not up,—take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry, to-morrow shall be as this day and more abundant: a little beyond and the glory shall have passed by—then He makes His *goodness* pass before us. Then in the softened light of suffering and sorrow, we learn to look *right up* to the loving eye of a pitying Heavenly Father, it is there—we know now it *was* there, when as in a mirror we only saw what was passing by; and when it may be ours to walk in the paths of judgment, He will sometimes let us see that the hedge of thorns about the narrow path, kept us from the snares and pitfalls beyond, and led us ever onward—ever upward.

By the thorn-path and no other,
To the mount of vision now;
Tread it, without shrinking brother,
Jesus trod it; press thou on.

He, pure and sinless, wore the crown of thorns—the robe of mockery, and the anguish of His thirst was taunted with the bitter draught, yet we, heirs with Him, shrink from all as though some strange thing had happened to us. We think we could drink the cup however bitter, could we but *see His face*, and hear Him saying, "Child I've mixed it:" would we know the fellowship of His sufferings, fill up what is behind of His affliction, we shall learn that if not for us, for others, it were better to say nevertheless, not "*my will*,"—for afterwards—*afterwards* it shall yield to the patient, waiting heart, the peaceable fruit of righteousness.

In looking at the tares, we quickly

say, "an enemy hath done *this*," and would root them up to save the precious wheat, forgetting it is His will that both shall *grow together*. We forget that His hand turns every leaf in our life's experience—places every new page before us. There is no thought so sweet, so satisfying, as God's unchanging love and tender thoughtfulness and oversight of our minutest affairs. This we are willing to recognize in our blessings—in the acts of love and kindness that blossom into beauty all about us.

Beside my mother's picture—sweetly suggestive of the golden harp that now is hers, hangs a harp bracket, the gift of a dear friend; on it nearly always a tiny bouquet, fresh from kind hands, with ever a breath of sweetness for the invalid; and in all the loving remembrances of these years of suffering, there is ever a voice, which tells of the cups of cold water and their sure reward—which says that as every good and perfect gift cometh down from above, from the Father of lights, so every kindly act is but the prompting of the spirit of Christ—the fulfilling of whose law is summed up in the one word "love," and leads to pure and grateful thoughts of Him who though He inhabiteth eternity, and holds the worlds in their course, yet stoops—and loses not His Godhead or His glory—to our every need, to our lightest song of prayer and praise.

Nothing is lost. Though the precious ointment might have been sold, there was a perfume when the box was broken, and somewhere it shall be told as a memorial; every deed and word of love and truth shall sometime come back with the heaven-spoken words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Turn not away then from the lessons that may be learned in any and all the events of our daily lives; from God's handwriting by the wayside—on our walls—and on our hearts; all have a voice proclaiming His love and presence and power; all are saying, "be thou faithful over a few things and I will make thee ruler over many;" faithful and true in all thy way and work unto

death, and in that world where we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but, face to face shall see Him as He is, there awaits thee a crown of life.

FEEDING HILLS, Mass.

XIII.

For the Guide.

LOVE MAKING A VISIT.

T. C. U.

LOVE came to me the other day,

"Twas when some grief had prov'd too strong;—

I had forgot perhaps to pray;

At any rate my state was wrong.

He came, as comes some pitying one,

And touch'd my head, and said, "My son!"

"What now," I ask'd? "Who cometh here?"

It is the time for sorrow now."

And 'tis for that, that I am near,

He said, to calm thy troubled brow.

Sorrow is ever weak. Be wise;

And wipe the tear-drop from thine eyes.

Go, walk the woods. Go, pluck the flowers,

'Tis FAITH, not grief, that conquers sin;

Accept the sun-light's golden hours;

Light from above makes light within.

Remember, Grief's the child of fear;

And fear departs when Love is near.

XIV.

For the Guide.

LEAVING ALL WITH GOD.

T. C. U.

Oh God, Thou knowest what is best;

And as my weakness cannot see

What things will make my spirit blest,

Help me to leave my choice with Thee.

With flattering lips if power or fame

Should ask me, that they may be mine.

Aid me against this tempting claim

To say, I have no choice but Thine.

Weakness is better far than power,

And poverty than house or land,

If, in their dark and trying hour,

Thy love shall hold me by the hand.

O let me in thyself abide;

In Thee is wealth and power divine;

Rend from my grasp all else beside;

But let me know, that I AM THINE.

For the Guide.
GOD'S RESIDUE.

ANNIE A. CLARK.

Who are God's residue? Not those who have a name to live, while they are dead in trespasses and sins; but those who are holy in heart and life, and truly alive to God; who cling to the gospel ship in storm and sunshine. Through pelting rain and sweeping tempest we see them moving on.

They are not honored by the world, neither do they look for fame. Yet they do not live obscure, or waste their influence on the desert air. They convince the world by their unwearied faithfulness to God, of a glorious reality in the religion that they profess, and stand forth symmetrically the temples of the living God. They are not like the frail ship upon the vast ocean, tossed about by contrary winds, making no headway heavenward, for a glorious light has dawned upon their pathway, "which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." They walk by faith, they do not trust to emotion or feeling, although the soul living by faith on the Son of God is full of life and vigor. Emotion becomes a stumbling block to those who trust in that alone, and many, I fear, will fall over it into the yawning gulf of perdition.

There are many that I think may be justly termed big meeting, or, in other words, revival Christians. After the excitement dies away, they only occasionally visit the house of God; when they do come, prayer sits upon their tongues loudly expressed. I praise God that we have license from the King of Kings to shout His praises. Yet, after all of this, I fear that Religion is made too much a secondary object. On prayer-meeting evening, excuses are rolled one upon another, until they stand in the way of the careless professor like an immovable mountain, although the busy hands and feet have been employed all day in performing the regular routine of domestic labor, and never thought of weariness or headache until one of God's residue dropped a word about the meeting.

Does not many worldly-minded professors, in their zeal to add *one more* shining coin to their earthly store, in the meantime forget to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven? The poor body becomes worn and weary, pressed down by incessant, and too often, useless labor. Yet the perishing form, however beautiful, is of but little worth in comparison with the wretched, starving, barren soul, trembling on the very verge of eternity, in accumulating the riches of earth.

Oh! that the true value of the soul and everlasting blessedness beyond, these great incentives to activity and duty, might not be passed unheeded by. That those who worship the dollar more than the Creator, might pause amid their care and bustle, to secure the pearl of priceless worth.

Solemn truths are emblazoned on the pages of the Book of Life, which will stand forth in living characters to condemn the guilty in the coming judgment. Yet, although many may falter and cause Zion to languish, and multitudes go astray, rushing madly on to destruction, God has still a residue, a holy people, when He cometh shall He find faith on the earth, a peculiar people, zealous of good works, of which the precious jewels shall be composed, which shall shine as stars in the everlasting firmament of His glory?

PORT MATILDA, 1869.

For the Guide.
REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.—NO. 1.

REV. D. NASH.

When the late Rev. Thomas Collins was stationed at Sandhurst, (which was his first Circuit), in the year 1832, he entered upon the work full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and witnessed many signal displays of the saving power of God. At Staple Cross lived Thomas Eldridge, a wild young fellow, given to drink; a noted Sabbath breaker, rude and burly, he was a mighty fighter, the terror of the peaceable inhabitants. He never went near a place of worship, unless to scoff at those who went. He heard strange tales of the new preacher,

which led him to think, as he expressed it afterwards, "that it would be a *rare lark* to hear him." Having heard that Mr. Collins often took hold of those he warned, he said to his wife, when starting, "If that Collins puts his finger on me, I'll lay him on his back." He went, Mr. Collins did not touch him, but the word of God did. He stayed to the prayer-meeting after the preaching, and came home so changed in manner, that, at a glance, his wife exclaimed, "Why, Tom, you throw Collins! He's thrown you, I can see." Answering not a word, he walked up to a box, pulled out dice, and cards, and balls, and all the etcetera of gambling tools, and cast them into the fire straightway. Not long after, the man found peace with God, at the altar, with other penitents, while Mr. Collins was speaking to him.

From that time he seemed filled with attachment, tender and ardent, towards the instrument of his conversion. Neither weather nor miles prevented him from hearing the word from his lips. Every place in the Circuit, nearly, found him there when Mr. C. preached. He proved to be a genuine Christian, and became very zealous for God, and from a letter I have recently received from Mr. Collins' daughter, I learn that he is now a successful class-leader.

The supplementing of Sabbath efforts by extemporized old-fashioned services on the morning of the next day, became common. This was done at St. Leonard's, at Tenterden, and at other places. Of Rye, Mr. Collins writes, "I preached there at five o'clock in the morning; two mourners were comforted." At the close of a glorious Monday service at Northeain, Mr. C. announced that they would gather again for prayer early next morning. "Will any, this winter weather, be such fools as to come," said one of the auditors in his heart, "they will not catch me there." Ah! he little knew. He was so scared with dreams and visions of the night that he gladly left his bed, at three o'clock, paced the cold street, with a weight of trouble on him that made him forget the frost, and he was the first to enter, when

the chapel door was opened at five o'clock. In that meeting the Lord saved him, and he remains to this day a local preacher and leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Society.

Success was not limited to trophies won at the penitent rails or at the altar, where the seekers were invited. One evening, finding the chapel lit up late, a certain baker walked in in his working dress. The flour-covered garb of his trade made the man conspicuous, as he stood curiously and undevotionally gazing in wonder at the scene. "Lord, have mercy on that baker," cried Mr. Collins. The man stared like a frightened deer, but the arrow pierced him. "Lord, have mercy on that baker," kept ringing in his ears, until he made the prayer his own. It was answered then, and a few weeks after, happy in God, he joined the Society from whose sanctuary door, in such scared confusion, he had fled.

SOUTHPORT, Ct.

For the Guide,

GROWING IN GRACE.

R. ASHLEY CAKE.

Yes, glory be to the name of Jesus, I am growing in grace—"in the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And as I thus grow, I realize such an increase of happiness within, that I feel like publishing it to all mankind, and cry, "Behold! behold the Lamb." But to publish it as it really is, either by the medium of the pen or the sound of the voice, is an impossibility. I can only say, "Taste, and see," and you will find it peace—peace that sinks away down into the depths of the soul. Yea, peace which this world can neither give nor take away. The storms of life may threaten, but they never can destroy.

Last September I attended my first camp-meeting at Dunnings. Early one Monday morning, while the showers of blessings began to descend upon the people, I felt deeply convinced in my own heart of the necessity of getting nearer to God. Accordingly I consecrated myself afresh, and before I left the ground my own soul was filled with the love of

God. And I now bless God that He did give me, that increased light, by which I saw there was a more perfect consecration to be made, and a more holy life to be enjoyed, than conversion alone.

Dr. Peck, an aged warrior, who will soon exchange his armor for the white robe, his weapons of war for a crown of glory, the battle-cry for the shouts of victory, had previously related his experience, from which I took particular notice how he had made it his principle object to grow in grace; and, as I have resolved to follow his example, though I found it so hard to give up my stubborn will to Christ, and to lay *every thing* on the altar, I do give God all the glory, that I find "His ways are ways of pleasantness and, all His paths are paths of peace."

From the camp-ground I was soon after permitted to participate in a gracious revival of religion at Wyoming. As I entered the church the people were singing, with one accord, those sweet words,

"The angels are hovering round
To carry the tidings home
To the new Jerusalem,
Poor sinners are coming home."

And it did seem to me as though I could almost hear them tread the very floor. It was in this revival I received increased courage and happiness. I now bless God the motto of my heart and soul is upward and onward toward the highway of holiness, feeling able at all times to testify of God's power unto salvation, and, as a young soldier, to give to every man that asketh of me, a good reason of the hope that is in me.

I have realized such a sense of happiness from past experience, and such a degree of God's interest taken in unworthy me, that I know "The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped; therefore, my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song will I praise Him." I count myself not to have apprehended, but this one thing I do, "forgetting those things which are behind, reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the prize of the high calling of God in Christ

Jesus," I, through God's grace, am determined not to become impatient or discouraged in the heavenly race, but to press on with an uplifted banner, inscribed with, Holiness to the Lord.

"While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue;
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu."

PORT REPUBLIC.

For the Guide.

WITNESS OF PERFECT LOVE.

WM. B. FRANKENBURG.

I was born in Pennsylvania, Fayette County, March 23d, 1820. When very young, was taught to pray at mother's knee, I also received instruction at Sabbath School. Under these influences, I was often impressed that I should be religious, and often resolved to give my heart to God; but neglected so to do until in my 21st year, at a meeting held by Rev. John Coil, at what was called Keener's school-house, the Spirit found the way to my heart, and I tried to give the same to God and my hand to the M. E. Church. I did not feel that deep conviction for sin that I desired, consequently I did not realize that great transition from darkness to light which others have experienced, and which I longed for. I resolved to serve God, from principle, in all His appointed means of grace. I often caught glimpses of the heavenly world by faith, and my soul was filled with the love of God. Yet, I was not satisfied with my experience. When tempted I did not seem to have that satisfactory starting-point around which I could rally and meet the enemy; he would try to make me believe that I was deceived. I struggled in this way, between hope and fear, twenty-six years,

Having heard but little said, I thought but little upon the subject of sanctification. During the summer of 1868, the matter was brought home to my heart, and I felt deeply anxious to realize this great blessing. At one time my anxiety became so intense that I seemed almost to grasp the prize, but my deep solicitude at that time passed away, though still desiring the blessing.

In January, 1869, at a protracted meeting, held by Rev. J. B. Smith, at Sunbeam, Mercer County, Ill., I was brought to realize that I must rise higher in my Christian experience or sink altogether. Although the heavens seemed brass, and the Spirit apparently had taken his flight, yet, if perish I must, I resolved that as a suppliant I would perish at the foot of the throne. For two weeks I straggled on in bitter anguish, the waves of despair seemed to roll over me until on the morning of the third Sabbath of the meeting, on bended knee, I tried to consecrate my all to God, promising that if by His spirit He would lead, I would follow. I went up to the house of God and could scarcely keep off my knees until I had put the house in order for worship. Light was breaking, though I perceived it not at the time. I opened a book and my eye rested on the hymn commencing with the words:

"Now, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part."

During the progress of the meeting, I arose to speak. I felt and expressed unwavering confidence in God. After a member had ceased speaking, I sang that ever dear, yet now dearer hymn to me, "Forever with the Lord," and as I repeated the line, "A day's march nearer home," faith caught the prize. Glory be to God! my soul seemed floating on a sea of love. For several weeks I enjoyed uninterrupted peace with God. I almost fancied that the enemy who had followed me so long, would let me go down in peace to the grave; but this was only a fancy, for again he came in like a flood. He never tried to make me doubt the experience through which I had passed, that was too clear; but he told me that I had done something to forfeit the blessing; failing in this, he told me I had left something undone, that should have been performed; but this caused me to flee to the healing fountain of His blood, and while my soul is encircled with its waves, Satan dares not approach. Some imagine that those who possess this blessing are spiritually proud. I thank God that my experience is just the reverse. I never felt so

deeply my own littleness and my entire dependence upon a higher power. The language of my soul is:

"Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, this all my plea,
For me the Saviour died."

For the Guide.

VOICE FROM BALTIMORE.

S. C.

Being a reader of your valuable "Guide," I feel impressed to give you an account of my religious experience. I was awakened through the instrumentality of the Rev. C. B. Tippet, in the year 1827, in the class-room, and after drinking deep of the wormwood and the gall, for six months, I was clearly converted—so clear I have never doubted it since. I felt then that the Lord called me to holiness and usefulness in the church of God, and I stood clear in my justification.

From reading the word of God I was induced to seek holiness, and in six months from my conversion, in my closet, while reading the Word of Life, I received that evidence, clear as a sunbeam. Oh, the sweetness, and the power, and the fullness, and the richness, of the blessing of the gospel of peace. I have been in the enjoyment of it for thirty-eight years, and the joy has greatly increased within the last two years. I have been striving to make the subject more definite, and my enjoyment more clear, and while I strive to walk in the light, as He is in the light, "we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Outside of the Bible, the "Guide" has no equal in its noble work. Through its influence, a deep, heartfelt want of my spiritual nature has been met and satisfied. It has guided my steps to the ever open, cleansing fountain, has been the divinely chosen instrument by which to bring my heart and spirit into such sweet sympathy and harmony with my Father and Saviour, as no words can express. It is the sweetest and the purest of all that can be enjoyed this side of heaven. In conclusion, ray

prayer is that God would speed on the "Guide" in its heavenly mission, and multiply its influence and usefulness a thousand fold, until the watchword, "Holiness to the Lord," shall be passed along the entire line of the sacramental host, and the glad acclamation of victory be heard from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

BALTIMORE, Md., 1869.

For the Guide.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

c.

How much we lack this *Charity* that covereth a multitude of sins. The Apostle Paul exhorts the Galatians to deal mildly with an offending brother, and to bear one-another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. And to be very careful not to think too highly of ourselves or of our works. But let every man prove his own work, knowing that in us dwelleth no good; but every good thought and act is given us. Of ourselves we can do nothing. May God forbid that we should glory, save in the cross of Christ, who hath died for us, and rose again for our justification, for in him Him we live, move, and have our being.

Brethren, let us not weary in well-doing! Sometimes our patience is tried when our weak brethren seem to need so much attention and encouragement to keep them in the way. We think they might grow in grace, and be able to stand firm amid trials and temptations. But when we reflect on the goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering of God to us while we were sinners; when there was no eye to pity, no arm to save, He sent His only begotten son into the world, to die that we might live. And yet how far we come from living, as we should, with an eye single to his glory; of letting our lights shine as true and humble followers of the Lord.

We should have charity for our erring brother, and be very careful how we judge. It is the Lord that trieth the hearts.

We know not the intentions of others. They may think we do wrong, when we

are trying to do our duty in the fear of God. Likewise they may engage in something that does not look right to us; and yet selfishness lies closely connected with all we do, unless sanctified by grace divine.

O, that God would hasten the time when this power shall subdue all others, then there will not be so many differences and contentions. But while we are in the body we are liable to mistakes, notwithstanding we should continually look to Christ for wisdom and guidance in all we say and do—saying, in the language of the poet,

"I have no skill the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run.
But thou art greater than my heart.

For the Guide.

JESUS, OUR BURDEN BEARER.

e.

Come unto me! thou weary soul,
And I will give thee needed rest,
On me, your grief and sorrow roll,
And me, your burden-bearer, test.

Come unto me! in sorrow's night,
When tossed upon affliction's sea;
I, even I, will give thee light,
I will thy burden-bearer be.

Come unto me! though Hope's bright star—
Which may have lured, is waning now;
O come, when joys seem few and far,
Before your burden-bearer bow.

Come unto me! though racked with pain,
And naught but gloom doth thee surround,
Come, and though every hope be slain,
Be with thy burden-bearer found.

Come unto me! I wait to bear—
Your ev'ry burden, ev'ry sin;
O come, thou needst not have a fear,
But let your burden-bearer in.

Come unto me! O see my wounds,
I bore them all your soul to save;
That you, through all life's toilsome rounds,
A burden-bearer e'er might have.

Come unto me! your unbelief—
With all its train of doubt and fear,
Will never give you aught but grief,
Come, while your burden-bearer's near.

For the Guide.

A FARMER'S EXPERIENCE.

L. M. ROBINSON.

I was converted when I was about sixteen years of age, 1845. I endeavored to be religious, but frequently only succeeded in being a half-way Christian.

In the latter part of last winter I became concerned in regard to holiness of heart, but the enemy suggested, "If I obtained holiness of heart, and professed it before the world, I would not be believed." This caused me to hold back for some time. But, finally, I came to the conclusion to do my duty, and profess to the world what God does for me, let the people think as they may.

I then set out seeking the great blessing of holiness. But I was like a sinner seeking the forgiveness of his sins. I needed instruction. I read the Bible, and different writers on entire sanctification, in search of light, and, finally, subscribed for the "Guide," and began reading it, and asked God to be my guide to holiness.

On Sabbath, 18th of April, I walked out into the woods, groaning for full salvation, earnestly desiring to be made perfect in love, found a convenient bow-er of prayer, and earnestly asked God to enable me to consecrate all to Him, that I might receive the fullness of salvation, and be enabled to serve Him in the beauty of holiness.

At last I was enabled to make the consecration and believe in the merits of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. I expected the blessing to come as the rushing of a mighty wind, but it came so quiet, like the gentle breezes of summer evening, that the tempter soon lead me to doubt by telling me I was mistaken. But I trusted in God, and endeavored to do my duty. Again the evidence would come, and with it such peace that I was enabled to stand firm until the devil left me.

Now I am living by faith, and serving my Master in the beauty of holiness. I now have a continual evidence of my acceptance with God. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, for I feel that He is all and in all. It is now my

heart's desire to do the will of my Master. I find it much easier to live holy than to live a half-way Christian.

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come!

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

L. H.

Sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, Sister C. E. Adams, wife of Luther Adams, in Bristol, Ct., April 27, 1869, in the 56th year of her age. She was converted to God at the age of 17, joined the Church, and was as consistent as the mass of nominal professors about seven years.

In a revival, which occurred on the district where she was teaching, she began to think she ought to let her light shine in her school and in the social-meetings, and thus speak a word for Christ. She was enabled to break over former prejudices, and began to witness for Jesus in public, and continued to do so up to 1842, when she felt the need of a deeper work of grace.

Then the burden of her cry was, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Nor did she pray thus long before the Lord heard and answered her request, and granted the joy of His full salvation, and thus she continued to witness a good profession to the last, not only here in Bristol, but in other places, in the towns of Hammond, Pleasant Valley, and Hudson, Wis.

There are many witnesses to-day that can rejoice in the precious testimony she bore to the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace and full salvation.

She always loved the "Guide to Holiness," and done all she could for the circulation of it—with her it was next to her Bible. She was a witness, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, about twenty-nine years. Being of a meek and quiet spirit she was beloved by all who knew her.

She was sick thirteen days, but was very happy in God during all her illness, although she suffered much, yet she said, "It is all right." The last eight-and-forty hours were

most triumphant. It was her request that her friends would tell her when they thought she was dying.

About one hour before she fell asleep in Jesus her husband said to her, "We do not think you will live until morning." She answered, "I know that I am almost through, glory to Jesus," and as though she saw the pearly gates stand ajar, she said, "Open, open," and, soon after, "I see bright, beautiful angels; they are coming for me, glory to Jesus." The last word she uttered was, "Glory." May her friends so live, that they may meet her in glory.

BRISTOL, Ct., 1869.

For the Guide.

MRS. ELIZABETH D. PETTIT.

M. E. WATON.

Servant of God well done,
Thy glorious warfare 's past;
The battle fought, the victory 's won,
And thou art crowned at last.

Departed this life, near Maddest Town, Accomac Co., Va., Mrs. Elizabeth D. Pettit, in her 56th year.

The summons was sudden, yet it found her ready and willing. Death had no terrors for her, and though our hearts are greatly saddened by the absence of one we so much loved, yet we know that our loss is her eternal gain, and her songs were only hushed here to join the angelic choir above.

Early in life she sought and found her Saviour, and united with the M. E. Church, and lived a life of faith and prayer. She loved her Saviour supremely, and all that was pure and lovely, and was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was a reader and a lover of the "Guide to Holiness."

She leaves a husband and two daughters, and many other endeared friends to mourn her departure. In all the relations of life she was exemplary. Her daily life was an illustration of Christian purity and love, and her death has brought deep sorrow and anguish to the hearts of her relatives and friends, but the greatest comfort in their affliction is the assured hope that she has attained to a bright and glorious immortality.

Her health for several years was feeble, but her trust was wholly in the Lord. She was the subject of many afflictions and sore temptations, but she bore them with Christian fortitude and meekness.

The writer held religious correspondence with her for several years previous to her death, and her letters was always cheering and instructing. Oh, may we all follow her as she followed Christ.

For many years she enjoyed the blessing of sanctification. She lived a holy and useful life, and in death was triumphant.

A letter to the writer, March 8, 1869, says, "I tried on last New Year's Day to renew my covenant afresh, to live still nearer the bleeding side of my precious Redeemer, and each day I feel that He is mine and I am His. Glory, glory, for such condescension to such a feeble worm. I desire to watch, and fight, and pray, and keep my armor bright. I feel that my race is almost run. Death at the farthest can't be far. I am endeavoring to be ready to meet the bridegroom with joy. I have been striving hard to be renewed in love, in holiness, and in the likeness of my Master, and, blessed be God, I do feel that my spiritual strength is renewed. Oh, how sweet is the name of Jesus! Bless His holy name! Oh, glory, glory, my heart and soul are full of love divine, while I write, and my eyes overflow with tears of joy. Sometimes I think that the Lord is preparing me to part with some dear friend, or to take me soon to Himself. His dear will, not mine be done. I daily consecrate my all to Him, and can trust all with Him. I feel that if the bridegroom should come, that, my lamp is trimmed and burning, and I could go out to meet him with joy. I can rejoice continually in the hope of the glory of God, bless the Lord. Oh, my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Where Jesus reigns alone;
And in my heart the Saviour finds
An undivided throne.

For the Guide.

J. EDGAR DOWNER.

D. B.

Entered into life to die no more, May 4th, 1869, at the residence of his father, in North Thetford, Vt.; J. Edgar Downer, of Charlestown, Mass., aged 26 years.

The subject of this notice gave his heart to Jesus while attending school at Newbury Seminary, Vt. A good place to be "born again," as some 1300 witnesses, who had their second birth there, have testified in life and some of them in death.

Brother D. was about nineteen years of age when he found Christ as His Prophet, Priest, and King; he soon united with the M. E. Church at North Thetford, Vt.

From twenty-one years of age until he was twenty five he resided in Massachusetts. During these years he enjoyed the attendance of class and prayer-meetings, and grew in grace.

In January, 1868, a lung disease commenced. The spring found him still a sufferer, and he returned to Thetford, Vt. In the spring of 1869 his disease took a dropsical form, and at times was very distressing, but his trust in Jesus was ever strong. When told by his physician that he must die, he was prepared for the message, and urged him and all his friends to meet him in heaven.

He was often heard to say, "Blessed Jesus," "How precious He is;" and just before entering the "dark valley," said, "How good the Lord is; He does not wait until we cross the deep waters before He receives us; O. no; He comes on this side, and leads us safely through." The stanza commencing.

"Come sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die,"

was sung by his request. He passed triumphantly over, testifying to the last the preciousness of Jesus. His funeral was largely attended by sympathizing friends. May the bereft companion and all who find Jesus precious here meet him at the resurrection of the just. And when the trump of God shall call the dead, may all who knew our brother in life, and witnessed his departure, have found the secret of his hope to be a present and full salvation.

For the Guide.

SAFE, SAFE AT HOME.

BELINDA VAIL.

How thrilling was the music of these sweet words as sung by our departed Lollie Muller, and now she is safe at home tuning her golden harp in praise. Scarce sixteen summers had passed o'er her head when consumption marked her for its victim, but death had lost its terror, and calmly she faced the grim monster.

She was converted when but a child in the Sabbath-school, and was a consistent member of the M. E. Church during the remainder of her life. At a meeting for holiness held at

her aunt's, where she resided a short time, she sought and obtained the great blessing. and ever after, her voice was raised in noble testimony for Jesus as a full Saviour.

After a short and painful illness, in which she manifested great patience, she fell asleep in the month of May, 1869, and as her sweet voice had so often been raised in hymns of praise, so the ruling passion was strong in death. When she felt the cold waters touch her feet she tried to sing, but her voice failing, faintly articulated, "Blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus!" She passed away. We laid her to rest in a quiet spot to await the resurrection morn.

When these new rising from the tomb,
With brighter lustre far shall shine,
Revive with ever during bloom
Safe from diseases and decline.

ZION, Md.

For the Guide.

MISS ETTA A. M. TITUS.

M. H. A. E.

Fell asleep, at Whitefield, N. H., June 25th, 1869, Etta A. M. Titus, aged 22 years and six months.

Another flower has been nipped in the bud. Another transfer has been made from the Church-militant to the triumphant, from the visible to that of the first-born. One sister has graduated in all the graces that appertain to mortal development, and been decreed in the university of the redeemed.

Sister Titus was converted in Bromfield st. Church, Boston, in 1866, under the faithful labors of Rev. W. F. Mallalieu. The work of grace was thoroughly wrought. Her Saviour accompanied her to her mountain home, and established her faith as firmly as the granite hills of her native state.

Her influence was potent and salutary; her face the index of a grateful, satisfied heart; her lips and tongue ever eloquent in speaking of her Master's goodness and singing His praises; her place was seldom vacant in the choir, if need be, she stood there *alone*, faithful oftentimes among the faithless. By devotion, "singing with the spirit and the understanding," she has thus early obtained through grace a seat in the orchestra of heaven.

In September last Sister Etta descended to the very verge of the dark river. We expected she would cross. She was ready to go. Her

earth mission was not accomplished, and God did not permit her departure.

In October she returned to Boston. Her youthful companions in Bromfield conceded her position in the front ranks of the Redeemer's hosts.

For the last three months she has ripened wonderfully in the graces of the Spirit. Perfection, holiness, and sanctification were familiar words and favorite themes.

June 21st she left us in usual health for her home in New Hampshire.

The 25th startled us with a telegram announcing her death. God had permitted a re-union with family and friends, then had called her to Himself. The mournful cadence of the tolling bell that announced her departure from earth was the chiming bridal peal that heralded her marriage with the Lamb.

When told by her physician that she could live but a few hours, a heavenly smile illuminated her countenance. She answered meekly, "Well, I have been preparing for this."

Her preparation was, indeed, complete. She had made a success of life, and been transplanted to the Eden above—to the court of our God.

Thus, one by one, with noiseless tread, the shadowy host move upward. Death divorces friend from friend, body from soul, but not soul from its Saviour. "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth."

BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Editorial.

FOREWARNINGS—PASTORS AND PEOPLE.

It is a suggestive and admonitory fact that the sacred Scriptures are so largely made up of instructions, warnings and exhortations to faithfulness on the part of God's people.

As if the great God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ would say, Let my people whom I have redeemed from the servitude of sin, but be faithful to the duties of their high and holy calling, and then the outer world lying in the arms of the wicked one, will most assuredly be aroused from the sleep of sin, and brought to the feet of the world's Redeemer.

The great lesson that God would teach His people of every name, and everywhere, indi-

cated through all the Scriptures of truth is that judgment *must* begin at the house of God. The demand is absolute. Ministers and people are alike instructed and warned of this all important topic. Would that pastors who in the ministrations of the pulpit, and pastorate do not wage a warfare, against world, the flesh, and the devil, might be more conversant with the solemn warnings of the Word by which they are to be judged at the last day. How many, instead of proclaiming a warfare against the spirit of the world, seem rather at peace with its principles. If not manifestly in league with the world themselves, by worldly occupation, yet they conform in spirit, and too often in habit connive at its dissipations and amusements, as though the dividing line between the children of the world, and the children of the kingdom, were so slight as scarcely to be distinctive.

In regard to worldly conformity, if not exponents of fashion in person, they allow their families to set before the female members of their charge, such examples of worldliness, as to nullify the teachings of Scripture on the subject. It is thus that a truce with the world is tacitly proclaimed. Instead of a warfare against the world and the flesh, a proclamation of "Peace!" "Peace!" ensues. How many church members are thus induced to rest, not beside the still waters and green pastures of salvation, but on the enchanted grounds of fatal inactivity and worldliness, would arouse to the just appreciation of their high responsibilities.

Great Shepherd of the sheep, grant that pastors and people may awake to see the exceeding peril of the times. Beloved, let us remember the forewarnings of the Chief Shepherd. Satan would deceive if it were possible the very elect. Have we not fallen on those times when many shall be purified, made white, and *tried*. Who will endure the fiery ordeal, and stand entire at last!

" 'Tis not a work of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart
And filled a Saviour's hands.

They watch for souls, for whom the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego,
For souls that must forever live,
In endless bliss or woe."

THE third verse of the excellent hymn in the last number of the "Guide," set to music, was not printed correctly. We give it as it should be.

CONSECRATION.

My body, soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering,
Thine ever more to be.

CHORUS:

My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire;
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.

O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

Chorus.

O, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

Chorus.

Rebibal Miscellany.

EDITORIAL LETTERS.

POWNA, Prince Edward's Island, }
July 10th, 1869.

We left home by the steamer New York, June 30th. Arrived at St. John's New Brunswick on the evening of July 2d. Here we found beloved ones awaiting us. Particularly pleasant was it to greet our dear friend Daniel McLaughlin, Esq., with whom we spent about three most happy weeks, during a season of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in 1858. We accompanied our brother, Mr. L., home, where with his dear family, and other precious friends, we passed the evening. Among those whose affectionate greetings made our hearts most glad, was some of the beloved spiritual children, born into the kingdom during our twenty-one days' labor in this city.

One of these we had looked upon as born out of due time. He had been eminently a man of the world, but during that extraordinary visitation, was powerfully arrested by the convincing Spirit, and made a new creature in Christ Jesus. Though late in life when he commenced his Christian career, yet he quickly learned to take the King's high-

way. His whole career seems to have been onward and upward. Now he is strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. How inspiring the command, "Redeeming the time." It is thus we see some who commence late in life, actually outstripping many loitering ones, who commenced their heavenward race long before.

OLD BATTLE GROUND.

We visited the Centenary Church, our old battle ground, where eleven years ago, we saw hundreds born into the kingdom. Though the time of our reaching St. John's was not definitely known to any one, yet the news had spread, so that by the time we had reached the church, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, quite a little company had gathered, and with our feet planted on the old battle field, where we had witnessed such mighty conquests, together we united in a Doxology of praise to the Holy Trinity.

DELIGHTFUL REVIEWINGS.

Early the next morning we were again on our pilgrim way. After about five hours ride by the railroad leading us to Shediac, we passed through Moncton, reminding us of another glorious conquest. Eleven years ago, in passing through this town, on our way from several scenes of triumph in various towns in the British Provinces, we stopped at this place to take a steamer. Having been detained greatly beyond our expectations, by the good hand of the Lord upon us, we were now intending to pursue a rapid course homeward, when we were most unexpectedly met by a number of people of various denominations, urging us to stop and hold services.

They presented a petition with many names, to which was affixed the name of the venerable minister of the Wesleyan Church. They said religion had died out in the place. It being necessary that we should wait about two hours for the departure of the steamer, a dear Christian lady entreated us to accompany her home, saying that breakfast was already awaiting us. While we were breakfasting with her, she related with flowing tears the low condition of religion in the place, and said, she believed she had asked in faith, that the Lord would send us to labor there, by way of upbuilding the desolations of Zion. The communication of her faith and her tears were effectual, and we felt our-

selves constrained to say that we would remain till the arrival of another steamer, which would leave in three days.

Meetings were held morning, afternoon, and evening, which were largely attended by the people of the town, and surrounding regions. The awakening, converting, and sanctifying power came down upon the community, in a remarkable manner. We dared not leave at the stipulated time, but remained two weeks, and saw the churches quickened for the achievement of continuous conquest, and about two hundred newly enlisted under Christ the Captain of our salvation. Never can we forget the inspirations of this glorious battle. Faith seemed turned to sight. And now that eleven years has passed away, how delightful to review the ground.

Prince Edward's Island, }
CHARLOTTETOWN, July 17th. }

Our Camp-Meeting on this Island closed on Sabbath evening of the present week. It was a most blessed success. Yes! blessed, because the Master of assemblies was most gloriously present in His Spirit's power. The prayer was presented, that every sinner coming on the consecrated ground, might feel the solemn arrestings of the Holy Spirit, and every unsanctified professor, apprehend as never before the necessity of heart purity. I think the prayer was answered. Not that every sinner who came to the encampment was saved, or that every believer was wholly sanctified, for God does not promise irresistibly to save the sinner, or sanctify the believer. But so powerful were the enlightening and hallowing influences of the Spirit present, that just so far as can consist with the economy of grace, in view of the freedom of the human will, prayer was answered. From twenty to forty might often been seen at forms placed for seekers, and many found. If I should say at least one hundred were raised up to testify that they had found the grace of either pardon or purity, I think it would be a low estimate.

Of those who were converted, several were old men of standing in the community from sixty to seventy, and in one instance near eighty years old. One of these we were told, in early life married a catholic lady. Being irreligious himself, and his wife possessing

some force of character, himself and offspring, all of whom had now arrived at the age of maturity were under Romish influence, and thus had remained, some with families of their own now growing up around them. The wife and mother had been removed by the hand of death. But grace is omnipotent. The aged father sought and found Jesus, and all his family six in number, we were informed, were from time to time among the seekers, and brought, as we trust, to a saving knowledge of Christ.

CUP OF COLD WATER REWARDED.

The gentleman at whose pleasant residence we were entertained, less than half a mile from the encampment, was among the converts. He had long been a lover of the world, its pleasures and frivolities, his heart still young, though now past his sixtieth year. He bids fair to be a champion in the service of Jesus. Five or six having already been won over to the service of the Redeemer, through his instrumentality. It is fitting, in view of the lateness of the hour that he entered the vineyard, that he should be in haste to *redeem* the time. What inexpressible thankfulness wells up in my heart to see the cup of cold water so abundantly rewarded in the many places we are called to visit.

LABORS ABUNDANT.

During the whole of the meeting we were engaged in labors abundant. Every day taking one public service from the stand, beside the daily eight o'clock meeting, which seemed to give the key-note for the day. It is certainly a trial, not to be able to mingle with the precious lovers of holiness, who from all parts of the land have met at Round Lake. Yet, though it involved self-sacrifice, we cannot doubt it was the will of the Great Master of the vineyard, that we should be here, where so much more needed. As no camp meeting has ever been held on this Island, this, of course, was regarded as an experiment, and as such it was a glorious success.

MEETINGS AT CHARLOTTETOWN.

Monday, 18th.—Since the close of the camp meeting, we have been holding afternoon and evening meetings in the large church in Charlottetown. The power of the Lord has been present. Many have been blest. From thirty to forty crowd the altar at each ser-

vice, and those who seek do find. Last night about thirty were forward—twenty-four professed to find pardon. The afternoon meetings are mostly devoted to the subject of holiness. They are largely attended. Many crowd around the altar at every afternoon service, and new witnesses are continually being raised up to testify of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost.

CONVERSION OF A ROMANIST.

The first evening service, and the first conversion that occurred, was a signal victory. A young man, who was a Romanist, and never before in a Protestant place of worship, was arrested by the power of truth, and came to the altar as a penitent. He had been forward but a short time when he received pardoning mercy. He nobly confessed Christ, before many witnesses, and joyfully hailed every opportunity offered to acknowledge his Saviour.

CROWNING SERVICE.

20th.—My time for writing is ever being broken into fragments. Scarcely could it be otherwise, circumstanced as we are. Since I last wrote, we bade, what will probably prove our last affectionate adieu, to our very dear friends of Prince Edward's Island. Our final service was held last evening. Many came from the surrounding places.

He who brought the multitude together in the days of His incarnation, and wrought miracles, permitted us to see His wonder-working power, in raising many who were dead in trespasses and sin, to spiritual life. The commodious altar surroundings, and adjacent forms, were crowded with seekers. Over fifty (we were told) presented themselves as earnest seekers. Nearly all were enabled to testify that they had passed from death unto life. It was indeed a crowning service. Glory to the Lamb!

Taking an affectionate leave of the friends at the church, hundreds of whom had pledged to meet us in our eternal home, we proceeded to the wharf, where lay the Steamer Princess of Wales, in waiting. Our beloved host, R. Brecken, Esq., and lady and family, Brother and Sister Troan, with several other precious friends, accompanied us to the steamer, among whom were Revs. A. Pope, District Chairman, J. Burns, and J. Winterbotham, with their dear companions in love

and labor. Before parting, we sung of the blissful "Home of the Soul," feeling that we might not see each other's faces any more in the flesh, deeply did we realize the precious import of the words,

"O how sweet it will be, in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again."

We left the shore of this beautiful Isle of the Sea, at the quiet midnight hour. The Queen of Night was silently tipping the waves with sparkling diamonds, as the steamer bore us again homeward. Prince Edward's Island, if not invested with as much sublimity as the Isle of Wight, is perhaps more fertile, and scarcely less picturesque than what has been so fitly called "The Gem of the Sea."

It takes its present name from the father of the reigning sovereign of England. His Royal Highness, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, and father of Queen Victoria, spent some time at Halifax, Nova Scotia. He took much interest in the condition of this beautiful island. The Islanders as a lasting expression of their gratitude, desired that it should bear the name of his Royal Highness, and a bill passed the House of Assembly, in 1798, changing the name from St. John to Prince Edward. It is situated in the southern portion of that large basin of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which washes the shores of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Its length from East Point to West Point is 130 miles, and its greatest breadth is 34 miles. Its population in 1861 was 80,714. Its climate in summer is delightful. Tourists would find themselves repaid for a visit to its very pleasant shore, and yet more pleasant associations.

In the autumn of 1858, we spent four or five weeks on the Island, by invitation of the church at Charlottetown. Truly did we witness the wonderful things of our Almighty Lord. A flame suddenly burst forth. As on the day of Pentecost, it began with the disciples of Jesus. Many received the gift of power, both among ministers and people, and multitudes, from all parts of this fair Island, were added to the Lord. I have not the exact data, but believe the newly saved were about eight hundred.

Since we have been in these regions, we have heard of several ministers, at least *eleven*, who were born into the kingdom during the remarkable revival that occurred when we visited the British Provinces in 1858. A revival that recognizes HOLINESS as the basis, makes strong converts, and results in leading its subjects to ministries of usefulness, far oftener than where its necessity is not enforced.

According to the teaching of the Word, young converts may, and *must* be led directly on into the highway of *holiness*, and HOLINESS is the power that is to bring the world to Christ. Who that has experimentally apprehended this subject, but has proved that holiness is a preparation for usefulness—and in fact the *ordination* with which the Head of the Church would fain endow all His disciples, empowering them to bear much fruit.

ST. JOHN'S, New Brunswick, July 21st.—We have paused at this place. Having been urgently and officially invited, by two of the Churches here, to abide with them for at least a few days labor, we have consented. To-morrow we expect to commence after noon and evening services in the Centenary Church.

RESUME.

Thus far we had written when it was needful that our hastily prepared manuscript should be forwarded to the printer for insertion in the August number of the "Guide." But so great was the pressure of gracious intelligence from the National Camp Meeting, that we were more than willing to be crowded out with the blessed reportings from that hallowed place.

Our readers will accept the apology for the delay of the matter, whose dates suggest that it should have been given in the August number. Our visit of ten days at St. John, N. B., was graciously owned with tokens of Divine approval. Afternoon and evening meetings were held at the Centenary and Exmouth Street Churches, which, with each passing day, increased in holy, searching, sanctifying power, and numbers in attendance.

Refreshings from the presence of the Lord came upon the disciples of Jesus at every service, and many were renewed in love

Seekers of pardon also flocked to the altar at every evening service. Some very interesting incidents might be given of remarkable and immediate answers to prayer, in the conversion of unsaved friends and relatives, but the crowded state of our columns demand brevity. In view of the prospects of an extensive work, seldom have we felt more regret in being compelled, by previous long standing engagements, to tear ourselves away after so short a stay. Our host and hostess, D. McLaughlin, Esq., and lady, Rev. J. Lathern, of the Centenary Church, Rev. W. H. Heartz, of Exmouth Street Church, and many other dear ones beloved in the Lord, stood on the wharf as our steamer receded from the shore of St. John. These partings tender the heart. But we shall soon meet again, on the shores of immortality, those with whom we have labored and loved.

There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting, each other we'll greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.

CAMP MEETING IN INDIA.

A camp meeting has been appointed at a town called *Tihlar*, in the bounds of the Bareilly Presiding Elder District, for November 26. It was assigned as a rallying point for native Christians, where the divine blessing might be sought in the conversion of souls, especially of the native Christians themselves. Generally native converts, however sincere they may be in their profession of Christianity, are unacquainted with experimental religion—with the witness of the Spirit in the clear emphatic sense of Methodists and some other denominations. They are too often merely nominal Christians. We had hoped that this camp meeting would prove a blessing to the native Church. At the appointed time about one hundred native Christians, including helpers and boys from the orphanage at Shahjehanpore, assembled. Brother Budd, Presiding Elder on Bareilly District, Brother Johnson from the boys orphanage, and myself, with our wives, were the missionaries in attendance. Two rows of tents, stretching down through a grove of magnificent mango trees, formed our encampment, at the head of which stood a large

open tent for the meetings. These were opened by a sermon from the text, "Have we received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" It was designed to awaken searching radical investigation in every heart. All were urged to seek for the gift of the Holy Spirit as a known and felt presence and power in the soul.

Some of the Christians were led to dispute such a gift as the Holy Ghost; but as the meetings went on from day to day, it was manifest that God's Spirit was working in many hearts. Penitential confessions were made—tears of contrition were seen to flow, and it was evident that an "awakening" was going on. Exhortations and sermons; urging the awakened to faith and trust in the Saviour, were given, and an opportunity presented for "seekers" to come forward for special prayer. A number of the native Christians, among whom were some exhorters and preachers, designated themselves as seeking for a change of heart and the Spirit. In some of the prayer-meetings there were earnest, tearful pleading with God, that might have been called "noisy." But it was an old familiar scene to us missionaries. Sometimes after a lapse of years, and under widely different circumstances, a familiar sound, the chirping or whistling of a bird, a strain in a well-known song, calls up with life-like vividness and freshness scenes that seemed far distant from us, and fast blending with the dim, hazy memories of the fading past. These meetings carried us back to revival scenes at home, when "times of refreshing came from the presence of the Lord," and songs of triumph and shouts of victory were heard as new-born souls emerged into light and life.

God was present in the little camp-meeting in India. One and another and another was blessed until at least twenty souls had found peace. Some were the clearest cases of heart conversion. First came deep penitence and contrition, then the struggle for pardon and acceptance, till at last persevering hope and trust were crowned with an overwhelming wave of joy and love. These told with streaming eyes and beaming face what a dear Saviour they had found. That holy joy, that overflowing love, assured us that the experience was genuine. Who

could mistake those sudden, earnest longings for the conversion of friends and relatives—who, that has felt the same gush of anxious love move in a new-born heart? One convert began immediately to talk about his wife's five heathen brothers in the mountains, another of his heathen relatives far off in Calcutta.

The work was a blessed one—blessed in its immediate results, blessed in the foundation of good it has laid for the future. Now, just as in apostolic times, native Christians often become in a measure alienated from the missionaries. The exercise of needed discipline, and other causes that cannot be detailed here, are the occasion of this. The revival of which we are writing fused the native Christians and ourselves together as we never had united before. Well might one sister remark, "How much nearer they seem to us."

It is of immense value to the native Church that the Christians become experimentally acquainted with the "new birth" and the "witness of the Spirit." A clear practical idea of conversion has been a difficult point for the native Christians to gain. Thank God, experimental Christianity is securing a well-attested basis among our people. We can hardly hope that our friends at home will appreciate this point as we do. Our circumstances are not alike favorable and impressive. Yet they can pray that our mission may speedily enjoy many a revival.
—*Missionary Advocate.* T. J. SCOTT.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS;

OR,

HOLINESS AND SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

GEO. I. BAILEY.

DEAR DR. AND MRS. PALMER:

From the banks of "The Father of Waters," I address you to-day, brother and sister beloved. I would gladly have been with you at Round Lake, had the Lord opened the way, but as he did not see fit to do it, I as cheerfully stay at home to work for Jesus here.

My heart burns with desire to inform you of the religious aspects of the Central Illinois

Conference Sunday School Convention, held at Keewanee, Ill., last week. Special prominence was given to the subject of holiness in the devotional exercises with which each session was opened. Prof. J. R. Jaques, who was the first to come to the altar as a seeker of sanctification at your late meetings at Bloomington, Ill., was full of faith and the Spirit, and with great sweetness and power testified of the grace which saved him wholly. He is a lovely example of the indescribable simplicity, and tenderness, and fervor, and humility, which the full baptism of the Spirit will produce in the learned. Rev. Bro. J. P. Brooks, and other leading ministers, both of native and acquired ability, are of like precious faith and experience. On Thursday afternoon we had a season of great power. Some made the consecration, believed and entered into the rest of perfect love. Glory be to God! One brother told us that he had always felt that he lacked something which alone would qualify him to preach the Gospel successfully, and that he now saw that it was a holy heart; and, said he, I am satisfied that these brethren have it, and why may not I? I do now lay my all on the altar. Yes, *all*, I give to Christ, to be His forever, and instantaneously the Holy Ghost fell on him, filling him with light and love, almost overwhelming him—exclaiming, O, glory! with loud sobs of joy he sank to his seat.

Many of the ministerial brethren received a fresh anointing, and go to their various fields of labor to proclaim with more definiteness this cardinal doctrine of the Gospel. The good cause, in which you are distinctly laboring, has received a new impulse in this Conference.

And, beloved, I must not withhold my personal testimony to Jesus' power to "save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." I have walked in the light at times, but not until recently have I known that the Sun of Righteousness is always above the horizon—always visible to the eye of faith, in the zenith of the moral heavens; and that it is my privilege always to walk in the light. I sweetly repose on Him, and He keeps me. Now, my pastoral work and the preaching of the cross are not a burden, but a delight. I can say, yet with reverence, "I delight to do Thy will, O God."

With a membership of fifty, we take twelve copies of the "Guide," and three or four love the Lord with all their hearts, and a few others are to-day "groaning after it." We bespeak an interest in the prayers of God's sanctified Israel.

NEW BOSTON, ILL., 1869.

For the Guide.

WORK OF HOLINESS,
AT NEWBURY, MICH.: AND THE INSTRUMENTALITIES USED.

MRS. S. A. S. YOUNGS.

Glory be to God for what we behold of his work among this people! There is a great awakening on the subject of Entire Sanctification. Quite a number are groaning after it, and a few have entered into the fulness.

In 1866, a single copy of the "Guide" found its way into this entirely new settlement. The number of subscribers have increased, and now seven copies are distributed among the people. They are sought for as food for which the soul is famishing.

Yesterday I saw a young sister who lives back in these dense forests, three miles from any place of worship, and obliged to walk, and oftentimes alone, to the little village of Newbury, to enjoy the means of grace, hand a few numbers of borrowed "Guides" to their owner, saying, O, how these have helped me! while her countenance, her tone of voice, and her calm serenity, all testified, as well as her few definite words, that the blood of Jesus had lately been applied, to the perfect cleansing of her soul.

Another instrumentality is the prayers and humble, earnest efforts of an aged sister, who has been living a life of entire consecration for the last fifteen years. She and a few others have long been praying for a revival of this work; but, during the last two weeks, with increasing earnestness. At the same time the Minister who visits this people with his counsels once in two weeks, has become awakened to the necessity of Holiness, and preached his first sermon here on the subject last Sabbath.

A year ago wickedness did abound in this place, but last autumn the Lord visited them with a gracious revival, and now nearly all in this community are humble followers of the Lamb.

Prayer meetings are held at private houses every Tuesday and Friday evening. The Lord is pouring out his Spirit upon the people at

these meetings. Last evening I saw men and women who were silvering for the grave, asking for the perfect cleansing, that they might glorify God by a holy walk their few remaining years; while beside them were kneeling two young men crying, *cleanse us, baptize us with the Holy Ghost*, that we may be prepared to do effectual work in thy service. And the middle-aged are no less earnest. Even the objectors are beginning to say, *give us also this baptism of power!*

Yesterday, was organized a meeting for the promotion of Holiness, to be held at Newbury at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoons. Nine persons were present yesterday, and we all felt the presence of the great Refiner of hearts. Three of us could say—we have entered the land of rest from inbred sin—the rest were seeking to enter. We did not fail to remember the friends of holiness in other places. We ask that we may be remembered at the throne of grace by all the friends of holiness—yes, PRAY FOR US.

NEWBURY, MICH., June, 1869.

For the Guide.

THE LAST SABBATH AT ROUND LAKE.

REV. J. T. JAMES.

The crowd had departed. Train after train had borne away its precious freight of loving hearts and sanctified spirits. All the day Saturday's quietness was settling down upon this hallowed spot, and the small company of saints who still lingered to catch the inspiration of the closing scenes of this Feast of Tabernacles. Groups could be seen sitting here and there under the tall hemlocks, and speaking of the rich scenes of the past ten days, while they were fanned by the delightful breezes that wafted refreshment through the groves.

Sabbath morning was clear and sweet, becoming such a place. It seemed as if honeydew was in every thing. Many had been the happy days we had passed there, but, certainly, this surpassed them all. The breezes seemed to come directly from the garden of spices. We could almost realize that the wind of earth had been displaced, and that it was the gentle gales from "the mountain of Bether" that stirred the forest leaves and cooled our cheeks. As one said, It was as if all heaven had turned out that day, and had

come down to visit that sweet spot. And why should they not come to see the place where as many souls had passed from death into life, and washed in blood, and clothed in white linen? Yea, all that day they were there, examining the very places where souls were set at liberty, and made children of the Highest. There, in a tent, one had found Jesus. Another, who had come a long way in search of a pure heart, had found rest—the second and deeper rest—at that tree. And how many there in front of the stand where the cleansing waters seemed to fall the heaveniest? No wonder we realized the sweet perfumes from the heavenly groves as these anointed ones moved noiselessly among us that day, scattering fragrance on every side. And then, too, it seemed as if the very spot where a precious soul had received the heavenly anointing, still retained the sweet odor of that ointment.

And here we had such a practical realization of the 133 Psalm, "Brethren" had been there, and "dwelt together in unity." And even after their departure, "the ointment" still remained, and "the dew" continued to fall.

What rest we had that day! The beautiful golden fish, as they reposed, without a motion of a fin, in the clear water of the fountain, were not more conscious of refreshment and repose in the crystal fluid than were our souls in the blood of Jesus.

Some of us had been first upon the ground, and had tasted of "the first crush of the grape," but "the best wine had been kept until last."

While thus tasting "the bliss of the purified," we listened to a characteristic discourse from Father Coleman, who, from the 13th and 14th verses of the 3d chap. of Philippians, with even more than his usual felicity, directed our minds to still greater bliss in reserve for us—the bliss of the resurrection morning, when our bodies shall be in perfect sympathy with the purity and fullness and immortality and complete blessedness of the sanctified soul and spirit. The last sounds of this sweet day were some chorusses sung by Brother Hillman and some of his band at the closing meeting at the stand. He was first on the ground, and many and faithful were the services he performed as manager for the

convenience of the gathering thousands. He was in at the last and best of the feast; and it was meet that he should sing the sweet songs that made melody through the forest on the night of the last Sabbath at Round Lake.

The next morning, while awaiting the train, on the platform, an artist took an impression of the *rear-guard* of the great army, that having rendezvoused for a few days at Round Lake, had gone forth to contest with the world of darkness. Then came the train—we stepped on—and soon had left Round Lake to quietness and to God.

For the Guide.

A WORD FOR JESUS.

A. A. CASE.

By nature I am a child of wrath even as others. But, blessed be God, who hath delivered me from the power of darkness, and hath translated me into the kingdom of His dear Son. Glory be to God, Jesus hath died, and He hath died for me. His blood was shed for me, and His blood cleanseth from all sin.

One year ago I was by faith enabled to reckon myself to be dead, indeed, unto sin, and alive unto God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. And after confession was made, that I counted myself all the Lord's, in God's own good time He poured the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon me, even in so powerful a manner that it caused my poor tabernacle of clay to tremble; and my soul was filled with pure and perfect love; glory be to God. Jesus is made of God unto me, wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. And the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith upon the Son of God, who hath loved me and given Himself for me. And now I feel that all things work together for my good. My greatest trial now is, that all who know and feel it to be their duty and privilege do not give God their whole heart, and receive all the grace and blessings He has in store for them.

O, that all who are called of God to preach the Gospel of His Son would declare the whole counsel of God. Those who desire this grace must be in earnest in seeking it; they must be willing to give up all that they possess in order to obtain it. It cannot be had on any other terms. Surely, there is not one who has tasted the sweets of redeeming love, who would be unwilling to give up everything for the pearl

of greatest price—the blessing of perfect love. O, ye that are convinced of the necessity of being holy, and still feel your hearts to be cold and hard, all that you can do is to just give your whole selves to Jesus, just as you are, and He will soften and purify your heart, and fill you with His perfect love.

WINDHAM, Ohio.

For the Guide.

MEMORABLE NIGHT.

JULIA ANN SELLARS.

Since the 23rd of December 1868, that memorable night in Seventh street church, in the city of Zanesville, I have enjoyed constant peace in believing. Jesus is precious to my soul. My peace flows as a river, though suffering with a dreadful cancer, which will soon end my days on earth. I have no fears of death, but expect soon to sing my sufferings over, and meet with loved ones, and see the King in His beauty, where prayer shall end in praise, hope in delight, and faith be changed to perfect sight. O, I long to be there, and be permitted to eat of the tree of life that flows in the midst of the garden, and live in that beautiful mansion Jesus has gone to prepare for me.

I was converted at Rehoboth, Perry County, Ohio conference, under the labors of brothers Creighton, Bing, and Brush, who were our preachers that year, also brother Daniel Rickets was attending the protracted meeting, and was near when God converted me. My conversion was clear and powerful.

My sanctification was clear and bright as the noonday sun. Brother Palmer kneeling by me, and led me to the fountain that cleanseth from all sin. Glory to God, it's full and free. Glory to God for full redemption in the blood of the Lamb. O, Brother and Sister P., I soon shall be permitted to meet you in the promised land.

For the Guide.

ALL FOR JESUS.

CARRIE.

Some of the effects of loving Jesus: feel willing to do anything to please Him, or bring honor to His name; willing to fill up the pauses occurring in meeting; betimes ready to throw ourself into the "gap," so often made by somebody, failing to do their

duty ; willing to be anything, or put aside as nothing, so that Jesus is recognized ; finding ourselves *very still* when misunderstood, not anxious to explain ; *He* takes such good care of one's reputation after it has been handed to Him ; would rather sit in the dark *with Him* than in the sunlight of any earthly plain or pleasure without Him.

Life is not just what we marked out, just what we thought it would be. We know to-day, though, that it's *just what* Jesus wanted, that's enough. Who wants anything that Jesus does not want ? Who knows best ? Who is the wisest ? Who is Love ? What is the character of Love ? Who is omnipotent ? Who loved us so much that He died for us ? Who ? *Jesus*. Now who of us wants anything that *Jesus* does not want ? *Jesus Christ*, the God-man, and *we* worms (in comparison) do we wish anything apart from Him ? Rather poor taste in us if we do ! Placing our weakness against His omnipotent might, *our* depraved tastes and desires along side of His plan, which cannot be anything else *but the best*, because *He loves us*. This answers all questions, all mysteries, "Jesus loves us,"—this satisfies—this is rest, "Jesus loves us." So we sing again, and we mean it, we emphasize it this morning :

"All for Jesus,
He who bought us with His blood."

We sing to-day on earth, and we expect to sing in heaven, "Glory to the Lamb." Standing at the noon of the year 1869, it is very sweet for us to renew our consecration to the cross, knowing nothing of the future, but consciously possessed of Jesus in the present, what can harm us ? What storm can wreck a soul going under order of God ? Come, what will—stay away what may—we are the Lord's. "Since He is mine, and I am His, what can I want beside ?" The damps of many nights of sorrowful weeping has passed away, the breath of furnace fires in 1868 did work in our souls, controlled by the great Refiner, Jesus, (Oh we do thank thee, Jesus,) and still we say ; "Furnish now Thy new creation," while we say to our trusting heart—up ! up ! to Zion's heights. The morn is breaking—the night shadows are forming themselves in rainbows ; we shall overcome—we are overcoming through the mighty aid of Jesus. "All for Jesus." It is

making music in our souls to-day. Ah, this is some of the "hundred fold in this life." What will the "everlasting" experience be ? We shall know soon. "Heaven just ahead." We feel so rich and we don't keep a bank-book. Jesus is our treasure. We must be on the sunny side of the cross to-day. Yes, we are.

The battle is raging, but we are humming the conqueror's song, "Unto Him that saved us and redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to Him be glory." Earthly lives and human sympathy are passing away. Oh, how many are drifting away from us ; *all but Jesus*. If we keep the sympathy of the God-man, it don't make much matter, does it ?

Miscellaneous Gatherings

WHAT WILL YOU SAY THEN ?

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said :

"I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely : 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ ?' Now sir, I think I can say yes. What will *you* say, sir ?"

When he stopped all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that, as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so, and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too ; and when they separated, the words, "What will *you* say, sir ?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till it brought him to the Saviour.

THE WITNESSES RISE.

The revenges of time are not more clearly seen than in an event just transpiring in Madrid. Digging in the central place for a monument to Liberty, they struck the bones of those who were burned to death by thousands on the same spot not 300 years ago. The ashes of

30,000 martyrs lay in that square. Trodden under foot of all men, for these generations, they come forth when the toleration of their religion is declared by the State. One had picked up some singed hair, and a rusty iron gag. John's vision is realized in Madrid. The witnesses rise and rule. Castelar makes them sovereign in the government; their monument honors their bones. The Lord reigns.

WHAT FUSES HEARTS?

Co-work is among the Christian watchwords of the age. Sectarianism, in its best types, is confessing the brotherhood of all workers for Jesus. At the late Illinois State Sunday-school Convention, held in Bloomington, Mr. Reynolds, an efficient Sunday-school worker, said,

"At the close of the National S. S. Convention George H. Stuart asked us to join hands, and sing,

"Blest be the tie that binds, &c."

We did so, and I found afterwards that I had hold of the hands of a Baptist and a Methodist, and I am an Old School Presbyterian. As the singing ceased, back of me, a man ejaculated, 'Thank God for this Methodist religion.' And I said, 'Amen.'

So the success of our work, when we come to know it and feel it, fuses hearts and souls, and makes them brimful of celestial joy. It is the old Methodist fire. Thank God, the whole Christian world is coming to know and appreciate it.

A SUNDAY FAILURE.

"We had not space last week for even a few words in reference to the attempt to outrage the religious community here by a Sabbath procession, in connection with the decoration of the soldiers' graves. The General Assembly protested against it. Prominent citizens protested. Thousands raised their voices against it. But in vain. The managers defied public sentiment, insulted the community, and ordered out their troops and brass-bands, and their express-waggons to carry flowers, and sought, by a public parade in the streets, to show their contempt of divine authority and the religious views of Christian people.

"It was a *fiasco*, a *failure*, a complete *flat out*. The *World* says not more than 800 persons were in the procession, and it attributes the failure to the right cause—the selection of the *Sabbath* day, in spite of the expressed wishes of the religious community. We think

the gentlemen who contrived the insult and outrage will have learned a lesson to be remembered another year.

"In Brooklyn, and other cities, the decoration ceremonies were observed on Monday, and were attended by great multitudes, who patriotically commemorated, by these floral tributes, the memory of those who died for their country."—*N. Y. Observer*.

LYMAN BEECHER was asked to preach in exchange on a Sabbath that proved so excessively cold and stormy, that the heaps of snow prevented the attendance of all but one man. L. B., however, performed the whole service. Years after, this one man met him, and said, "Your sermon was blest to my soul; it made a minister of me; yonder is my church, and the converts of that sermon are all over Ohio!" Be instant in season and out of season

A gentleman in Dublin, who cannot talk, but who has great wealth, keeps eight printing presses going, printing tracts, many of which he writes himself in seven different languages, and thus he is imparting Gospel truth to multitudes.

A Mr. Carter, who labors among London thieves, burglars, and pickpockets, has gathered a church of one thousand eight hundred members. His wife instructs one thousand six hundred mothers, meeting four hundred at a time, who without her labors, would receive no religious instruction at all.

These instances show what men may do when fully consecrated to the work of saving souls. Were all professors thus earnest, the world would be given to Christ in a very few years.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting was opened with reading the 12th chapter of Isaiah, where the Lord says, "In that day thou shalt say, O, Lord, I will praise Thee," &c. The hymn commencing,

"Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of Thy Church below,"

was sung. A very heavenly influence per-

vaded the meeting from the commencement, and when reading the last verse of the hymn,

"From every sinful wrinkle free,
Redeemed from all iniquity,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And O, my God, may I be one,"

a very general response of AMEN might have been heard all through the assembly.

Dr. P. read a letter, giving a glorious account of the work of holiness at a Sabbath-school Convention of the Central Illinois Conference.

A Congregational minister said, This was a memorable day to him. Twenty-seven years ago, on the tenth day of August, 1842, in Newark, N. J., at a meeting held on the subject of holiness by a number of ministers and people of the Presbyterian Church, he obtained the blessing of sanctification. The first draught of the river of life was very refreshing. There is this remarkable feature of the water of life, that it is ever sparkling and pure—it never loses its vitality. It was as fresh and lively to-day as on the day he first partook of it. To his shame, he had to confess he had not always lived in the full enjoyment of the blessing, but since that time, he had not wilfully departed from God. He thought, that those who had taken a part in this meeting, when they pass away, should be particularly remembered. He had lately heard of the decease of Sister Wells. He remembered, when partaking of the hospitalities of her home, of her beautiful singing and devotion. One day, as she was going out of the door to class-meeting with him, she lingered, and said, "Some persons have suggested, that I was too bold in the expression of my countenance. I took it to my heavenly Father, and He gave me this passage from His precious Word, 'And the boldness of his face shall be changed.'" He remarked, that it was wonderful how often passages of Scripture would be applied in his own case just suited to his wants.

Sister B. said, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." It was very mysterious that our Sister W. should be called away so suddenly, but since her decease her son of fifteen had decided to prepare to preach the Gospel, and her eldest son had experienced religion. Their works do follow them.

Rev. Brother H. spoke of the great and increasing happiness he enjoyed in union with God, as far excelling all earthly honors or gains

or pleasures. If he could have his life to live over again, he would think of nothing else but to glorify God, to live for God, to work for God.

Sister S. said, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord," my soul is exceeding joyful. Not only to the blessed Christ, but to His disciples also, it is said, "Because thou hast loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore God, even thy God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." My soul doth exult in this glorious plan. God giveth us the victory through Christ. Christ, our Captain, puts down every enemy—no hinderance can prevail; we can be kept unspotted in the midst of pollution all around us, we may "serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life." Who, but a God of infinite wisdom, love, and power, could have devised and carried out such a plan. More confidently, more joyfully than ever, my soul is trusting in this salvation. God is faithful. If this was my last testimony, as it may be, I would say, God is faithful; not one ever stepped out on a promise and broke through, His Word is solid rock, it cannot fail.

Sister W. said, She did not wonder that David should lengthen out the 119th Psalm as he had, in praise of the Word of God. It was solid rock to rest upon. It had been to her as the shadow of a great rock under which she was resting. In her varied course through life she had tested it in almost all circumstances, and it had been a sure support.

A verse of the hymn "Valley of Blessing," had been sung, when a brother said, I was down in the valley of blessing very early this morning, and Jesus met me there, and blest me wonderfully. He did not come to the meeting to find Jesus, he had brought Jesus with him, for He dwelt in his heart. Enoch walked with God 300 years, and he expected to walk with Him the remainder of his days.

Three missionaries from the West India Islands were present. One of these, Rev. Mr. B., spoke of an engrossing desire for the salvation of the unenlightened and down-trodden in far-off isles. Suggested, whether there might be a possibility of having the mind so occupied with happy experiences as to be unmindful of the many who are far from God, having never tasted of the good word of life. This excellent brother did not refer to his own experience.

Sister P. said, "I *delight* to do Thy will, O God." To the glory of infinite grace I can say, that this is, indeed, *now*, and long has been the language of my heart. The word *rest* has repeatedly been uttered this afternoon, as expressive of the state in which those who believe enter. To my mind the word *rest* is most significantly expressive of the state in which the blessed Holy Spirit brought me over thirty-two years since by an act of faith. It is this that brought my soul in sympathy with Jesus, in all the many varied schemes for saving the world. What is this *rest* into which the soul is brought through faith in the all-cleansing blood? It surely is not a state of *inactivity*, that wraps itself up in its own happy experiences, while multitudes of poor unsaved sinners are going rapidly to perdition. Certainly, this *rest of faith* does not suggest a state of inactivity, for God has pronounced a woe!—upon those who are at ease in Zion. Among my very first true perceptions of a state of holiness after I entered this *rest* was a conscious entire *identification* of interest in every thing connected with the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth. O, how deeply did I feel, that I had no *separate* interests. I seemed as a drop—a little drop—in the ocean of infinite love, and consciously apprehended God as *all* in *ALL*. And now I love to say with the poet,

"Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine,
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous act is Thine."

Holiness is an absolute necessity for successful labor. If we would know that our labor is in the Lord, and, therefore, not in vain, we must enter into this rest of faith, where the soul is not only saved from *sin*, but *self* is hidden from view, and lost in the glory of Christ. O, to cease from our own works as God did from His. To have the words of Jesus burned by the fires of the Spirit into the inmost soul. "Without me you can do nothing." *This is the Sabbath of the soul.*

Children's Corner.

For the Guide.

LITTLE TOMMY'S CONVERSION.

MRS. S. A. S. YOUNGS.

I give the following touching incident of a little child's conversion, as I received it from the lips of his mother. He was converted when but five-and-a-half years of age.

One afternoon, as little Tommy was returning from Sabbath-school, he heard a man swearing. His first thought was, "That man will go to hell; he is so wicked." The next moment he thought, "And I shall go to hell too, for I am wicked."

When he reached home he was weeping. On being asked by his mother, "What was the matter," he replied, "O, ma, I'm afraid I'll be lost." On being told that he might be saved; that he need not be lost, for Jesus loved little children that came to Him, he ceased weeping for a time; but after supper the tears began to flow again; and he said, "Ma, pray for me, and tell me how to pray, for I'm afraid I'll be lost."

He kept on weeping and praying, as his mother told him, till, tired out, he fell asleep. During the night he woke up, and called to his mother, saying, "Ma, I'm afraid I'll be lost," and continued weeping and praying till he fell asleep again.

The next morning he kept weeping and telling his mother she must pray and tell him how to pray, for he was afraid he would be lost, till about nine o'clock. She told him he must pray for himself; she could help him no more; that he should kneel down by his little chair, and pray his own prayers—ask the Lord for just what he wanted.

He did as he was bidden. His words were the words of a little child, for he did not remember all of the words of the prayer he tried to utter; but Jesus knew his meaning, and gave him just what he wanted. While the tears fell through the back of the chair, he repeated over and over again these words,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon—simplicity,
And suffer me to come to Thee,"

Till Jesus spoke peace to his soul. Then he arose, with a face all radiant with joy, and said, "Ma, I'm not afraid I'll be lost now;" "but," said he, looking around, "will you all be saved?"

Little Tommy is a man now, and Jesus saves him still.

Now, little children, come to Jesus, just as little Tommy did. Ask Him for just what you want, and He will give it to you. Do not be afraid. He always knows just what every little child means when he prays. Perhaps some of you would like to know the prayer little Tommy tried to pray just as it is. Here it is:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
And suffer me to come to Thee."

NEWBURY, Mich., 1869.

Book Notices.

WORKS OF REV. LEONIDES L. HAMLINE, D.D. Late one of the Bishops of the M. E. C. Edited by Rev. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D.

This is a book of Sermons, with an Introductory Chapter by the Editor, of no ordinary merit. We can only say, that it must be read in order to be duly appreciated. And who that has ever heard the sainted Bishop HAMLINE, but will wish to possess themselves of this valuable book of Sermons. We shall only reiterate what we are sure will be the voice of the Christian press at large, when we say that this work furnishes a contribution of rare excellence for not only every theological library in the land, but humble earnest Christians of every evangelical sect, will feed on the soul-food here prepared, with a skill, which only a master spirit, eminently taught of God, could furnish. For Divine unction, purity, and beauty of style, we think the Sermons unsurpassed. Dr. HIBBARD has added to the honors already achieved as a writer in no small degree. By his able editorial supervision of these sermons, and his discriminative and nobly appreciative Introduction. Hitchcock and Walden, Publishers.

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. By Rev. C. ADAMS, D.D. Illustrated. Carlton & Lanahan.

This work is got up for the Sunday School department of the M. E. Church, but will equally interest persons of mature years. The Rev. Dr. ADAMS is doing the world an excellent service, in condensing useful works of large dimensions in such a concise form, and so suitable for every class of readers. The general character of Dr. JOHNSON is too well known to need comment from us. Still in looking over this very interesting volume, we can scarcely forbear referring to some of its most instructive and inspiring incidents. Reader if you are a parent get the book for yourself and household, having read the first page, we opine that you will find it difficult to lay it aside, till e're you are aware every leaf has been scanned.

GOD'S FURNACE; BY ONE TRIED IN THE FIRE. Randolph & Co., Publishers.

This is a glimpse of the Christian career of one who seems to have learned the lesson, that through great tribulation we enter the kingdom. As in the case of Job, we have occasion to observe that God takes his chosen children to try. Surely it ought to be regarded as a privilege above all price, to be permitted to glorify God under any circumstances. Yet how few, alas! arrive at a Spiritual altitude, where the voice of praise triumphantly rises above the cracklings of strongly heated furnace fires. The author of this interesting and deeply spiritual volume, after a series of trying events, in which the Heavenly Refiner, during a series of weeks, months and years, brought out yet more strongly His own precious image, seems to have been brought to a point of experience where in joyful accents she hastens to obey the Divine bidding, "Glorify me in the fires!" In the closing part of the volume, she writes: "More and more am I learning the lesson of rejoicing in suffering; counting it all joy when I fall into temptation; truly realizing that the trial of my faith is more precious than that of gold,

which perisheth." Through the grace of Christ, the author attained much nearness to the throne of God, and more than ordinary POWER IN PRAYER. She says, "I would love to tell more of the power of prayer; how 'PRAYER, IN THE NAME OF JESUS, UNLOCKS THE TREASURY OF GOD,' and how I am held, through the Holy Ghost, in silent audience before God, hour after hour, like the needle to the pole, FOR SOULS! This is my *life-work*; this is my *mission on earth*—thus to plead for the souls of men." We advise our readers to get the book. It may be obtained at 14 Bible House.

LINGERING SOUNDS, FROM A BROKEN HARP, by Mrs. E. R. WELLS. Edited by her husband, Rev. G. C. WELLS.

Many of the friends of our lamented Sister WELLS will wish to avail themselves of the privilege of reading this work. It will interest and edify her numerous friends, to whom being dead she may yet speak. Her husband in his preface to the work says, "It was a subject of much thought and conversation during the last few weeks of her life, to collect and revise her writings, published and unpublished, and give them to the public in book form." But being suddenly stricken down by the hand of death, another hand has lovingly and judiciously performed the work. Readers of the "Guide" will see some excellent articles which have before met their eye, a repurusal of which will do them good. We extract the following lines from the first page of the work, written only one brief week before the author's decease.

SOUL DISCIPLINE.

Father, in deep humility
 Confessing,
 Unworthy e'en to come to Thee
 For blessing.
 In folly oft, my *sins* have caused
 My wounding,
 Else, *love* instead had oftener been
 Abounding.
 But *Jesus died!* and on *His love*
 Depending,
 With watchfulness and earnest prayer
 Ascending,
 Now I accept the heavy load
 I'm bearing
 Rejoicing that it is *His Cross*
 I'm sharing.
 The rod I kiss,—the cross I bear
 Each needing,
 For even now I own my much
 Unheeding.
 Henceforth, whene'er my heart almost
 Is falling,
 Then *plead for me*, in tender love
 Availing.
 Thus discipline shall be with grace
 Abounding,
 I *richer far*—the stripes and cross
 My crowning.
 But should'st thou grant the sun and sky
 Unclothing,
 Should'st mark a pleasant pathway for
 My treading.
 Then, to my heart may I *Thy Cross*
 Still pressing
 Prove tender love, as discipline,
 A blessing.

The book can be obtained of the Rev. G. C. WELLS, Albany, N. Y.

Owing to the pressure upon our space, and our desire to insert several valuable articles left over from the August "Guide," we are reluctantly compelled to omit the usual music page.

Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1869.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY.

REV. G. W. BATES.

TELE years ago Jesus found me a poor homeless wandering sinner. "He sought me when a stranger." By God's Spirit I was led to see my sins, and to forsake them and fly to Jesus for refuge. Gladly I opened my heart. He came in. Precious rest was mine. In this state of pardon I lived laboring and toiling for light and liberty. Truly the Lord has been good. My soul has been wonderfully blessed. Even in moments of imminent danger He hath brought deliverance. The Shepherd of Israel has ever been nigh to temper the blast to the shorn Lamb. Blessed are they who know their sins are forgiven.

I have long realized the conviction that the Lord requires the whole heart, but two months since I felt more than ever the necessity of being wholly the Lord's. The thought of "tearing up the bridge," and pushing forward amidst a frowning world, telling it that Jesus saves entirely, seemed more than I could do. But resting all in Jesus Christ, my soul ventured. The ground at the first step I found to be firm. New light and power came as one by one all I had was laid on God's altar. Life, character, property, time and voice, all I resigned to Jesus, then by living faith in Jesus as an entire present Saviour I was saved; the Holy Spirit witnessing the same with my spirit. A holy stillness appeared to settle on my soul. A conscious sense of the presence of Jesus, to fill my whole heart, made me unspeakably happy. O how easy! How simple! Faith in Jesus.

Yes present and full confidence in his meritorious blood to cleanse. Blessed Saviour! O that I could tell the whole world how Jesus saves. "No name so sweet on earth—no name so sweet in heaven." The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes me free from the law of sin and death. The Saviour's blood cleanses—all the time. Without one doubt I rest all in Him. "He is faithful to cleanse from all unrighteousness." This life that is hid with Christ in God is all I want.

The "Guide" has been a good book to me. Oh that all could read and meditate on its lessons of love. May it carry salvation to thousands. "Salvation let the echo fly." May this theme swell every heart. Let every believer lift the banner of Holiness. Let it fly to the breeze.

Ministers of the New Testament—sound the trumpet. Ye that have been long in the field—ye that have just washed at the fountain. Let one anthem of praise dwell on every tongue, "Holiness to the Lord," "Holiness to the Lord." Spirit of God write it on my body, write it on my life, write it on my soul, engrave it on my heart in characters of living fire. Come every living creature and help me praise the Lord. "Praise ye the Lord."

McLEAN, Ills.

For the Guide.

CHRIST'S LIFE GUARDS.

REV. G. HUGHES.

In the service of the Queen of England there is a company of troops called "*Life Guards*." They are near the royal person on set occasions. They are trusty

soldiers. Their service is honorable and responsible.

And Christ the King of Zion has his Life Guards. They are those who in times past have been true to the great cause of Christian holiness. There have been years of trial for such in the church. There have been dark days—stormy days—and the faith of the saints has been severely tested. The minds of many have been enveloped in thick darkness. Ministers have been mystified—even those who have been of true Wesleyan stock. Our theology has been veiled, by the generalities, and philosophies of the modern pulpit. And, like priest like people. The people have been in the fog, groping about if haply they might feel after God, and find Him. This night is being broken. The morning cometh. The mists are being dissipated. Bible doctrine will soon appear in pristine distinctness, and attractiveness.

How noble the position of those who have witnessed a noble confession before many witnesses! My mind reverts to those in the ministry who in years gone by have been *marked* men. Some of them have been in comparative obscurity, occupying humble positions. They have been misunderstood. They have often been subjects of ridicule. At camp-meeting, and on other occasions, their frequent retirement for private prayer has been set down as being righteous over much. But they held on their way. Thank God! they were not overcome. They have had sore temptations—terrible conflicts—hard fare. But they have held on, kept their armor bright, and have been held near to *the royal person*. They are Christ's Life Guards. Their number is now rapidly increasing—the reinforcements are coming in. And, now as these trusty soldiers, the warriors of many a well-fought battle, hail their new comrades—how rapturously they sing:

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die!"

And this honorable band of "Life Guards" has not been confined to the ministry. Members in the humbler

walks of life have been shedding the serene lustre of a holy life upon those by whom they have been surrounded. Many an effort has been made in churches where the doctrine has had but little sympathy to seal their lips, to set aside their testimony. But their lips would not be sealed. They persisted in the face of all opposition in testifying that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed them from all sin." They knew it, they felt it, and how could they refrain from speaking their great Deliverer's praise. If they had held their peace the very stones would have cried out. I have recently looked upon the shining faces of some of these veterans, with wonder and delight. I saw them at the National Camp-meetings peeping through their spectacles, watching with profoundest interest the Lord's work, and shedding tears of joy over the wonderful change that is coming over the church. They don't want to die yet, much as they delight in the thought of heaven. They would still serve in the honorable company of the *Life Guards*, and attend "Messiah the Prince" in His new conflicts and conquests.

Blessed mothers in Israel! how I honor them—how I like to get down at their feet and listen to their burning words, as they speak to the new recruits, bidding them be valiant in the Master's service. Some of us *novices*, if it were wise to indulge in such regrets, could wish that we had been among the Life Guards of the olden time. But let the time past suffice. Happy, if now we may be admitted as comrades of the trusty Life Guards, and draw a sword on the battle fields of this auspicious day.

For the Guide.

WALKING WITH GOD.

REV. I. SIMMONS.

Enoch walked with God. It was in an era of wickedness, that as friend communes with friend, God and his faithful servant walked together. With the present light of the blessed Holy Ghost, how clearly is it the duty and privilege of God's children, to dwell with Him in constant fellowship! Oh,

how many practically regard God as a distant being, to whom we must make regular approaches, instead of an accompanying Friend, ever near, ever helpful, ever precious! Walking with God has no moments of interval. Like our breath and heart-pulsations, the soul only lives with Him. It is "Christ in you, the hope of glory."

Walking with God, is by the earnest and frequent closet-prayer. The heart and the *whole heart* must love, or the friendship becomes reserved, formal and occasional. The eye may sparkle over the memory of pardon received years ago, but it is the soul-rapture of to-day's peace with God and purity from sin, that indicates our walk with Him. And the chamber of secret prayer is the place to inspire and promote this spiritual communion. Who can tell how much of that sweet pure love, with which Jesus' human nature was filled, came through those earnest prayers, offered up in the long nights he spent among the shades of Olivet, or how much it strengthened him to continue in his Father's work, by "rising up a great while before day," that he "might depart into a solitary place" and pray. We must tarry much in the Mount with God, if we would have our hearts shine with His glory.

And we must tarry with the Word. Conversation intensifies friendship. God converses and the Spirit teaches through the Word. "Sanctify them through thy truth," was the Saviour's prayer for us. Oh, friends of Jesus, if there is anything that explains the spiritual death of many, it is their failure to find God in His Word. Never did God's Word appear to my understanding as it has since I entered the grace of perfect love. Oh, what a commentator He is of His own language! We may get scholarly explanations from men, and gratefully employ them, but the words of God are best explained to the willing heart by the Holy Ghost. The entire willingness of the soul, that God's will shall be this moment done in us and by us, will prepare the Spirit's way to open to us in the clearest manner, the rich

and beautiful thoughts of God. It will discover to us, deep beneath the letter, and bring us into contact with the personality of God. Thus we abide in Him and his words abide in us. It is this contact with God, every moment felt and intensified in a constant consecration, that gives us such lives as Paul and John, and many in the modern church.

Walking with God is the secret of working for God. Often when reading the Life of Carvosso, of Father Reeve, or of William Bramwell, I have been inspired to imitate their holy labors; but certain forms of Christian duty seemed distasteful to me, and my zeal dampened into the ordinary course of work again, until I found the golden way of perfect love, and now to the praise of Jesus I write it, the "love of Christ constrains me." My work is so easy and pleasing! Glory, Hallelujah! My soul from morning to night sings:

"Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust,
Jewels to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust."

By faith, walking with God, there is no darkness at all. May all the precious readers of the "Guide," and his dear Israel everywhere, walk in the light as He is in the light, having the blessed fellowship of saints, while the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanses them from all sin!

NORWALK, Conn.

For the Guide.

TWILIGHT MEDITATIONS.

REV. A. A. DUNTON.

Twenty years ago, while a student, I wrote the accompanying "Meditations." They were laid away among other papers and I had not seen them for years, till yesterday. And O, with what feelings did I then read them. I, a student, twenty years ago, could write thus in theory. And, though now for eighteen years I have been preaching salvation through Christ, and occasionally, with hesitancy, presenting among its provisions, that of salvation from imbred sin, yet never until within the past year, and then not till after being tried in the

furnace of keen affliction, have I been able to present it as, "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you."

Now the feeling of my heart is, "Thanks be unto God for affliction, since in His hands it is a means of bringing us to a fuller appreciation of the efficacy and blessedness of the atonement."

O how strange, that *I*, correct in theory, should so long remain unacquainted experimentally with the glorious provisions of the Gospel, and therefore fail to know *how great that salvation, how FULL, how FREE.*

How many others are in the same condition. Will they ever, like me, remain thus, unless brought through the fiery furnace?

O that ministry and laity might feel, that if *attainable*, it is a *duty*, and awake to the importance of the subject, then would the Church shine gloriously, and Scriptural Holiness spread over these lands. Desiring only to incite others, I have thus written:

'Tis sweet at twilight's pensive hour
To wander far away,
And in some lonely woodland bower,
To meditate and pray.

While thus alone we love and think
That an Almighty arm
Has snatched us from dire ruins brink,
And kept us safe from harm.

Though sin had left its direst stain
Upon our fallen race,
A Saviour on the Cross was slain
To save us by his grace.

Through His atonement we can kneel
At mercy's altar low,
A Heavenly Father's love *can feel*,
His pardoning voice *may know*.

Such thoughts as these our heart's inspire
With ardent, holy zeal,
We pray for sanctifying fire,
And perfect love to feel.

Freed now from sin, from *all* its stains,
Our lives we just begin,
We dread those galling, slavish chains,
And yield no more to sin.

O glorious thought! that perfect love
Is for repentant men,
The purifying Heavenly Dove
Cleanses the heart from sin.

Awake, my soul, with lively lays
Make this whole woodland ring;
Break forth in songs of sweetest praise
To Heaven's Eternal King.

CAMBRIA, Mich., 1869.

For the Guide.

FAITH PRODUCES FRUIT.

REV. CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

In 1837, I was junior preacher on a circuit of twenty-one appointments, by the authority of Presiding Elder Z. Pad-dock, D.D. In February, I was enabled to trust in Christ as my full Saviour. This gave me such views of the design and power of the Gospel, that I saw it to be my duty to labor to do immediate good, to believe that the Holy Spirit would guide me in selecting pulpit matter and communicating it, so that it would immediately tell upon saint and sinner, and prove the power of God unto the salvation of souls. In this faith I lived and labored. We went from point to point around the circuit, so that our regular labors employed most of our time, and there was but little opportunity for extra efforts at any place.

At O. H. the Spirit moved upon the people and I tarried with them a few days, visited from house to house, and a goodly number found salvation. Direct, believing, personal effort proved to be made of God effectual. I will give a few instances: A Capt. C. was one of the converts. One evening, in company with a local preacher, who also enjoyed perfect love, I went to Capt. C's to invite his unconverted wife to come to Christ, and walk with her husband in the way to heaven. She seemed to be in a very dark, forbidding, stubborn state of mind. All the arguments of persuasion seemed to produce little or no good effect; so we proposed a season of prayer to Him who can speak to the heart. All kneeled but this lady. We waited silently on our knees for a while, then kindly asked her to kneel; no response; then we sang an appropriate verse or two; then again asked her to kneel down with us and give her heart to God. She replied, I cannot. We told her we could not consistently pray till she kneeled, that she could kneel, and God would hear prayer for her soul. At last she bowed in the dust, and in a little time yielded her heart to God, and was made happy in Jesus'

love. Some fourteen years afterwards she, and her husband, visited me at P. and they were both still happily walking in the path of life.

The next morning I started out to give the day to visiting from house to house, and as I passed through a woodland, hearing the sound of an axe, I thought I will turn aside and inquire after the soul of the woodman. He was an entire stranger to me, but I told him I came to look after the salvation of his soul. The tears came into his eyes, and he replied: "I have thought of late that no man cared for my soul. I am glad you have come. For ten years I have felt that I was a wretched sinner, and now I want you to go with me to my home, and pray with me and my wife and children, and I hope God will have mercy upon us. I went, and he knelt with his loved ones around him, called on God aloud for mercy, and at once received the spirit of pardon and adoption. He was a very intelligent farmer, and became a useful member of the church.

At another point on the circuit, in preaching at the usual hour, I looked to God and besought him to give me fruit that day, and one lady was brought to God in the class-meeting, after preaching. At another place, I preached in the same spirit and faith, and a young man was so deeply convicted that he went home and prayed a large part of the next night, but before the morning dawned, the sun of righteousness shed its celestial light upon his soul; and when I came around the circuit again, he took me in his arms for joy, and quoted the text from which I preached when he was awakened to a sense of his lost condition. These and other instances of God's blessing, on direct believing efforts to save souls, were very precious to me, in that first year of my itinerant ministry.

The Lord, in His infinite mercy, has crucified me more and more to self, and led me in this way of faith and direct preaching and personal efforts to save sinners, and very often he has given me cheering and notable success. Within the present week, a lady from D—,

called upon me, and when I inquired as to her soul's salvation, she said: "When I last visited you, some months ago, your solicitude for my soul's interest moved me to resolve to seek the Lord. I did so, and found salvation, and am living to God." Entire consecration, perfect love, present, working faith, are eminently pleasing to God, and secure a rich blessing upon us and upon our efforts to win souls from sin and ruin.

UTICA, 1869.

For the Guide.

XV.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

T. C. U.

Help me, Oh God, to run my race,
Without a purpose of my own;—
To know no time, to know no place,
But that which comes from Thee alone.

How vain and helpless every plan,
Which builds itself on human choice;
The hope, the strength of feeble man
Is found in listening to Thy voice.

Then let my roving thoughts be still,
My earthly hopes and purpose slain;
And in their stead the glorious will
Of God's great thoughts and purpose reign.

All thoughts, all hearts, oh God, control;
And most of all, be this Thy care,
To build Thy kingdom in the soul,
And wield Thy mighty sceptre there.

XVI.

A PRAYER.

T. C. U.

There is one thing my heart desires;
One thing its daily thought inspires;
Nor can my supplications rest,
'Till this doth come and make me blest.

'Tis Christ, not dwelling in the skies,
'Tis Christ, not seen with outward eyes;
But Christ, a principle within,
A living nature, free from sin.

My longing aspirations claim
More than an outward form or name;
Affections, purified, divine,
The soul of Christ! May that be mine.

Thy thought, thy soul, thine inmost heart,
As in Thy central life Thou art,
Oh, may that truth and glory come,
And make in me its living home.

WHAT IS YOUR TESTIMONY?

PHOEBE PALMER.

READER of the Sacred page, I do not ask to what religious sect your name is attached, but I seem divinely commissioned to ask, Are you standing forth at the call of Israel's God, in acknowledgment of the great vital truth, that He who hath brought you out of Spiritual Egypt, is able to bring you, and all his redeemed people up into the rest of faith?

"A rest where all the souls desire,
Is fixed on things above;
Where guilt, and sin, and fear expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

What were you brought out of Spiritual Egypt for? Was it to wander around and around the mountain, battling with your own inward besetting sins and heart corruptions, or, was it that you should

—"at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end your legal years,
Sorrows, and doubts, and sins, and fears,
A howling wilderness?"

You are warned not to fall after the same example of unbelief, as did that great army brought out of Egyptian bondage. Alas! what did it avail them that they were brought out of Egypt with such a high hand, and outstretched arm, since the purpose for which God brought them out was not accomplished. Did not God bring them out of Egypt for the sole purpose of taking them into the promised land? And this he would quickly have done. All their forty years, going around the mountain, was after they had been turned back for their disobedience, and as a penalty for their refusal in not going forward at the command of God. "They entered not in because of unbelief." Was this a light matter? If you have not entered into

"The land of rest from inbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness,"

Is it not for the same reason, that is, UNBELIEF? And has not the manifestations of your *unbelief* been similar to those portrayed on the page of their history? They looked at themselves

and said, we are but as grasshoppers, and at the tall Anakims, and said, we are not able to go up and possess the land. What did you do when the blessed Holy Spirit told you long since, that it was your duty to go up at once, and possess this good land. Did you not look at your own weakness, and the strength of your enemies, instead of looking at the command of God, that you should go forward, and His promise that He would save you from the hand of your enemies?

If so, then you sinned after the same similitude. The Psalmist, in enumerating their errors, says, "They believed not God, neither trusted in His salvation." Had the Anakims been ten thousand times stronger and taller, and had the hosts of Israel been ten thousand times weaker than grasshoppers, it would only have furnished an opportunity for a far greater manifestation of the omnipotence of Him, whose name is FAITHFUL and TRUE.

But, perhaps, the reason why you do not stand forth nobly, as an experimental witness of the Truth, is, because of its *unpopularity*. In regard to the acknowledgment of this Truth, you assume the attitude that many of the chief rulers did in their adherence to Him who had said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." It stands written, "Many believed on Him, but because of the Pharisees they did not confess Him, lest they should be turned out of the Synagogue, for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." And where are the deathless spirits of these time servers? What would they give for one hour amid the scenes of probation, now that they have had eighteen centuries in the eternal world, to discover the magnitude of their wrong, and to know that in rejecting Truth they were rejecting Christ? And what would some notable rejectors of the doctrines of present salvation from all sin in this life give, some of different denominations, who as exponents of the sacred word mould the minds of the people, if ushered shortly into the light of eternity, for one hour's return to

earth, to rectify the errors of their lips and pen on this subject?

Nothing can be more certain than this glorious TRUTH, however disreputable it has been, or now is, will eventually triumph. Those who have stood up with Truth, bearing the banner aloft, amid gainsayings and ignominy, will not be forgotten, when the banner of Truth shall wave triumphantly over the battlements of the heavenly city. Said He, who when on his mission to earth, was in Himself an embodiment of truth, "If any man serve me, him will my Father honor." O what an honor to be permitted, while accomplishing life's short journey, to know the bliss of the pure in heart, to see God, and in all things to apprehend that the body is the living temple of the living ever-present Christ. To commit the keeping of the soul to Him every moment, knowing, and experimentally proving the truth of His word, "All power is given unto me, in heaven and upon earth." Just as much power to save and keep the redeemed soul on earth as in heaven. To such He is ever appealingly saying, "*Ye are my witnesses.*" That is, you know what I *have* done, and am now doing for you, therefore testify for me.

A witness testifies to that he knows. Hearsay testimony, or wavering testimony is ruled out of a court of law. If you, dear reader, had a cause of immense magnitude pending, and a witness from whom you had a right to expect much, should testify falteringly, still your cause is good, and eventually it triumphs gloriously. Do you think, in case you had honors to confer, that you would bestow honor on that one, who so falteringly testified for you?

Now, what is your testimony for Jesus? He declares himself "able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him." Do you come to God by Christ? Then why not, from this moment, stand up among his holy confessors, and to the glory of infinite grace proclaim, the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God. Tell the world that He does perform the mercy promised to our Fathers, and grant unto us "That

we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies," are enabled "to serve Him, without fear, in holiness and righteousness all the days of our life."

For the Guide.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER

OF THE REV. THOS. COLLINS, WRITTEN TO HIS SON
WHILE ENGAGED ON HIS FIRST CIRCUIT.

REV. D. NASH.

My Son, why may you not be the holiest man that ever lived? With a Bible full of promises, and a God full of delight, to see you "Divinely confident and bold" to claim them, what is there to hold you back? God would I see you holy; meet God in his purpose. O, how He rejoices over holy souls to do them good!

Grace has oceans unexplored. Prophets, apostles, and worthies have left a fulness unexhausted and untried. Why should not my Thomas be the man to fathom some new deeps of God?

Perhaps, you will say, "Father, why not do this yourself." Thanks be to God, who, through our Lord Jesus Christ, hath made me, poor worm, partaker of His holiness. I have been wonderfully blest of late. All in my soul is love. That heaven and earth are full of the majesty and glorious influence of my adored Creator and Redeemer has become to me an experience. I believe Him whom my soul loveth to be everywhere, because I find him everywhere. Through faith His Light, and Power, and Purity flow in. It often seems as if the Spirit must break through the flesh. At such times, like a silken vessel filled with gas, I soar above the region of clouds. Why do I ever sink again? I trust the Lord will help even poor me, to spring and rise and still shoot forward through the pure sunlit ether, until at heaven's portal, Jesus stretch that same hand that was nailed to the wood, catch my fluttering soul. I believe He will, and bear it through the blood-washed bands safe and shouting to the throne.

But, Son, while thus by grace I am all for God, yet my measure is very limited, my retrospect differs terribly from yours. Twenty years of life's

prime were by me expended in desperate despairing sin. Through all these gloomy years I floundered in the Slough of Despond. It was dreadfully broad when I came across. If my foot had not found rock just when it did I believe I should never have tried again. Alas! when saved, twenty years more were half improved. I lingered in a low, doubting, unworthy state. I awoke not to the glory. I got not the grasp of holiness. It is better with me now, Hallelujah! I am the Lord's, and he is mine. But oh! those squandered years! The thought of them makes me wither, and weep, and sigh, and cry, and vex. In sight of the spiritual imbecility entailed upon me, I mourn, and humble, and nauseate myself. But neither prayer, nor labor, nor agonizing outstretchings of the soul can undo the damages of those forty years. God hath forgiven me all, for which now and eternally I will praise Him, but that, surely, is no reason why I should forgive myself. These, then, Son, are the reasons why you may surpass me. From all this mercy hath preserved thee.

Dwell ever where the dayspring shall shine direct upon thy heart. Keep a diary, that thou mayest be able to bear true and thankful witness among God's children how clearly thou hast seen the King's face, and how often.

That God may help thee to lead believers to sunnier heights than any ever did before thee is the prayer of
THY FATHER.

SOUTHPORT, Conn.

For the Guide.

HOW JESUS MADE ME WHOLE.

WILLIAM ATKINSON.

What did He do to thee? many will ask, as they did of the blind man of old. If I tell you, will ye be His disciples also? will ye resolve to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth? My earnest prayer to God is, that He may bless these lines to some precious soul.

In February, 1866, I attended a revival meeting, in the village of R—, with some of my companions, to see what might be seen. During the sermon, which was preached by Rev. Peter

Campbell, I felt very uneasy. My conscience was troubled. The Holy Spirit was at work. I became serious. My companions took notice of me, and said, they hoped I was not going to turn Methodist.

I attended the meetings two or three nights. I felt I was a sinner utterly undone. One evening, as the minister was inviting all who were desirous to flee from the wrath to come, to come forward to the altar for prayer, the Holy Spirit whispered to me, "Now, or never." Fearing to stay another moment, lest I should be forever too late, I arose, and ran to the altar, and kneeling down, I laid all my sins before the Lord. I felt for every one I deserved his wrath and curse forever. But I earnestly implored Him to forgive me for Jesus' sake.

I did not receive an answer till the next evening, while the minister was praying for me, then the burden was lifted from my heart, and I was filled with peace. I had no great joy—all I felt was a sweet peace with God. I delighted much in prayer. Many were the happy hours I spent alone in communion with my blessed Saviour. Sometimes I would awake in the night singing,

"My God is reconciled;
 His pardoning voice I hear;
 He owns me for His child;
 I can no longer fear;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

But often my peace was disturbed with doubts and fears. I longed to find rest. I inquired of some Christians if it was so with them. They said, "Yes; for the Christian life was a warfare, and they expected to have their evil hearts to contend with as long as they lived." Thus for two years I was in the wilderness. During the last year I enjoyed much of God, yet I longed for something more.

January, 1868, a friend lent me Wesley's tract on Christian perfection. God blest it to my soul. I found that was the blessing I needed. I commenced to search my Bible, and was encouraged by finding promise after promise of holiness. There were two which put all doubts to

flight: Ezekiel xxxvi., 25, and the 3d verse of the 4th chap. of 1 Thess., "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification." I found, in order to obtain this blessing I must renounce my own will in all things, and seek to do the will of God. The Holy Spirit applied these passages forcibly to my mind, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and spirit, which are God's," "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

I, therefore, resolved to lay aside every weight that might be a hindrance in the way of my receiving the blessing. Here nature rebelled. The flesh shrank, but grace enabled me to bear the sharpness of the two-edged sword. My tobacco and my reading was laid on the altar. Henceforth I resolved, by the grace of God, to read nothing but what tended to make me heavenly-minded. Next my power of speech was given to the Lord. I felt my own weakness to keep this vow, and asked the Lord to help me, and He said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I, therefore, resolved that neither foolish talking nor jesting should ever proceed out of my lips, but that every word should minister grace to the hearers. I had some companions, with whom I had formed a close intimacy, but they did not love God. This command was applied by the Holy Spirit to my mind, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." I found this was, indeed, a right hand to cut off, but the grace of God triumphed, and I resolved to speak to them about their souls, and then quietly withdraw. Now my all was given up to Jesus. Felt crucified to the world and the world to me. This was the language of my bleeding heart now,

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be."

My thirst was now intense for purity of heart. It was earnest prayer every hour. Jesus speak the second time, be clean, take away my inbred sin. So intense was my longing after God, that,

while I slept, my soul was still engaged in earnest prayer. The blessed Spirit drew out my soul in unutterable longings for the blessing. Sometimes I thought my heart would break for the longing that it had for all the fullness of God.

One day I took my blessed Bible, and opened 1 John i., 9, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." I fell on my knees, and said, "O, Lord, is it not Thy will that I should have a pure heart? It is, for Thou hast declared it to be so in this verse. Then, O, when wilt Thou come and speak me clean?" The Spirit then applied these words, "Now is the accepted time." I then replied, "O, Lord, if now is the accepted time, what is there to hinder me from receiving it now?" The Spirit replied, "Believe that you receive, and you shall have." I cried, "Lord, I believe. 'Tis done, Thou dost this moment save." And, glory to God, I was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My heart was overflowing with love. All sin was driven out, and Jesus took up all the room.

One year and a half has passed since then, and not a cloud has intervened between the sun of righteousness and my happy soul. Every hour since I have enjoyed His smile, and I have the testimony that my ways please God. All glory to His name. It is by His grace, I am nothing, but I live in Him, and He in me. I bask in the sunlight of His countenance; I feast on His smiles; He blesses me in sleep; He is with me when I awake; He makes my work-shop a paradise; I ask, and I have the petitions I desire of Him. Glory to God, it's heaven below my Jesus to know. No tongue can describe what I experience every hour of the love of God. O, the depth of infinite love. O, friends, will ye be His disciples? will ye cease to follow the world, and turn, and follow Jesus, and find with me your heaven on earth begun?

GALT, Ontario.

Touching Jesus healed the woman, what must his *living* in us accomplish?

For the Guide.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

L. H. F.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John i., 7.

I praise Thee for "peace like a river,"
Broad, ever-abiding and deep:
I thank Thee for faith, which doth ever
My soul in firm covenant keep;
I bless Thee for hope, whose strong anchor
Lies fast in the depths of Thy love;
And for joys, that like swift-coming angels,
Descend from Thy kingdom above!

Thou hast covered me o'er with Thy shadow—
My refuge, my fortress, my God!
I fear not the swift-flying arrow—
My comfort "Thy staff and Thy rod."
Thine angels, the pure and triumphant,
Do ever keep guard o'er my way,
And I know, oh Creator and Saviour,
Thou wilt give to me strength "as my day."

Because I have loved Thee—lo! ever,
In trouble Thou sure wilt be nigh,
My soul out of grief to deliver,
At last Thou wilt "set me on high!"
Thou hast shown my glad eyes Thy salvation,
Then wherefore should tears ever flow?
At the foot of Thy cross is my station—
Blood-washed I am white as the snow.

NEW YORK, 1869.

For the Guide.

THE REPORT BELIEVED.

A. MILLS.

After years of absence I found myself again amid the scenes and friends of former days. There, by the bed-side of one whom I had known when strength was unabated, I listened to testimony that filled my heart with praise.

For many years she had been considered a worthy member of the Church to which she belonged. But the ever true Spirit had discovered to her the still remaining defilement of her heart, and had prompted the earnest inquiry, "Is freedom from sin to be found this side of the grave?"

To answer this, and similar questions, the inquirer sought light by prayer and the study of God's word. Speaking to a friend of the unrest she felt, she asked, "Can I be holy here?" That friend replied, "Sister A—— says we can." With what readiness we rely on the testimony of human friends, while we hesitate to receive the Word of God?

The humble blood-washed witness had told what Jesus had wrought in her, be-

cause she felt that it was duty thus to bear the Cross. Little did she imagine that her elder Baptist sister was to be profited thereby. But the simple words, "Sister A—— says so," were speaking to her heart, and the Spirit and the Word assured her that her sister was right.

Then came the season of struggling with self, ere she could willingly follow the Crucified wherever He should lead her. But when all subdued the soul sat at the foot of the Cross, what streams of love flowed from thence, filling her entire being, and fitting her for activities unknown before.

Her brethren and sisters listened with wonder to the words uttered by her as she rose in the congregation at the close of the sermon, yet none could rebuke the overflow of love divine.

How she longed now to tell all the world what a Saviour she had found. But disease came, and her voice was no more heard in the courts of the Lord's house.

But there are many who will never forget that sick-room. There her soul conversed with God, and her words instructed those who had thought themselves wise. Seekers of religion sought her counsels and prayers, and she earnestly besought the people of God to put on the whole armor.

Thus many months passed, while amid increasing weakness of body, she did more for her Saviour than many who are in health.

Suddenly, at last, the summons came for her to go up higher. Quietly she folded her robes about her, and crossed the river of death. Many miss her pleasant voice, and, we trust, there are those who will not rest until their thirstings are satisfied, by drinking deep of the same fountain where her soul was filled.

May these pen-words concerning this child of Jesus help those who are asking "Can I be holy here?" to realize that this is the will of God, not only because this dear one, though dead, "says so," but much more because it is the word of One ever living, ever true. Let us from this time henceforth say heartily, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done."

PENUEL;
OR, FACE TO FACE WITH GOD.

Edited by Revs. A. McLean and J. W. Eaton, Official Reporters of Gen. Conference of the M. E. Church. With an Introduction by Bishop Simpson.

This is a beautifully bound 12mo volume of 504 pages, giving an account of the three National Camp Meetings, held at Vineland, N. J., Manheim, Pa., and Round Lake, N. Y.; giving a graphic account of the origin of the National Camp Meetings, Sermons, Testimonies, &c., &c.

The title of the volume is unique, and significantly expressive of its character and teachings. Who that reads it can question whether its grace-inspired tendencies, are not calculated to lead the pious prayerful soul, into the inner Sanctuary of the Divine presence, where he may commune *face to face* with God.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall SEE GOD! Yes, talk with Him face to face as did Jacob, who, through the omnipotent all-conquering power of faith and prayer, prevailing with the Angel of the covenant, *saw God*.

What an epoch in the patriarch's life, when his name was changed from Jacob, the ignoble supplanter, to Israel, the prince, who prevailed with God! It was meet, in view of this eventful era of his life, that he should ever after give to the hallowed place the significant name, "PENUEL, for said he, *"I have seen God face to face."*

So we trust it may be with the pious of various sects, who may read this volume, bearing the significant name PENUEL. Its precious sermons on HOLINESS, and the many corroborative testimonies of the power and excellency of the grace, all point to one grand procuring cause. The BLOOD, the all-cleansing blood, shed for a world of sinners. This is the Alpha and Omega of this remarkable volume. It will be found in the opening chapter, giving the origin of the National Camp Meeting, by our beloved Br. Inskip, and in the first Sermon as preached by our dear Brother Horne, and in the last sermon in the volume by our loved and honored Bishop Simpson.

We regard the book from the first to the last page, a grand Doxology of Salvation to the lamb slain from the foundation of the world. "We raise a monument of praise to the living Jesus." So said the excellent Bishop Simpson, in his closing discourse at the recent National Camp Meeting. God forbid, that the oblation of praise due to the Triune Deity, should ever be marred by any intermixture of creature adulation. And may the reading of PENUEL be an epoch in the heavenward career of thousands, from which they may be enabled to cast anchor deeper within the vail, and from a more comprehensive knowledge of Christ as a Saviour, able to save to the uttermost cry out:

"I see the Lamb in His own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze transported at the sight,
To all eternity." P. P

For the Guide.

OLD TRUSTY.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

A colored man, who was named by his master Trusty, because of his strict integrity and fidelity, presented the beauty of Holiness in such a manner as to be worthy of record, and though for many years the mortal part of old Trusty has been sleeping in the grave, he lives in the memory of all who ever saw his happy face, and listened to his simple story of the love of Jesus, as he felt it in his heart.

It was really a *treat* to hear him relate his experience. "Why bless you, missus, de Lord is with me all the time, makin dis old heart happy. I has to be praisin of Him or a prayin even in the night time. I often gits up in the night to pray, and that drive the devil off, if he anywheres near; and I gain great strength."

"But, Trusty, do you think God requires you to get up, old and feeble as you are, in a cold night to pray? Would He not hear you and bless you just the same if you prayed in bed?"

"Yes, missus, but then you see I gits a greater victory over the devil, for he can't bear me to get out o' bed to pray."

(Trusty's idea of the difference between Justification and Sanctification.)

"When the soul is only justified, de Holy Spirit He fly on and he fly off again; but when de soul is sanctified, de Holy Spirit He come and bide dere; He don't fly off no more."

I thought of the sweet words of the hymn, which are expressive of the same idea, advanced by Trusty.

"O, that thy comforten would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest;
But in my heart take up His home,
And keep possession of my breast:
And make my heart His loved abode,
e temple of indwelling God."

A SAD FALL.

One who had lived in a state of entire sanctification for years, and bore most thrilling testimony to the power of Christ to "save unto the uttermost"—fell from that elevation—and although still professing to be a child of God evinced many departures from the narrow path.

A good sister, who had often been profited by her testimonies, expressed her deep regret that she had lost the power she had once possessed. Her reply was, "Perhaps I am not so far gone as you imagine. There are times when the Lord meets me and blesses me with the 'kindlings of His love:' but He don't stay. I don't feel His *abiding* presence, and the *constant* smiles of His countenance as I once did, day and night, all the time."

"Ah!" said her friend, "no wonder he don't stay!" and then quoted an illustration of J. Caughey, in substance as follows:

A friend, who is deeply interested in you, would occasionally call and see you, but if he should find your house in a state of confusion, and disorder, filthily, and uncomfortable, his visit would be brief. You might press him ever so much to abide with you, but he could not be prevailed upon to do so.

The compassionate and precious Friend, whom you once loved with all your heart, and served in the beauty of holiness, still has a tender regard and deep concern for you. He can't think of giving you up. He knows you still

have some love for Him, and that you sometimes long for His presence, and comes to your heart and gives you tokens of His love, but He can't stay till that heart is re-cleansed, and made pure. A corrupt heart cannot be the abode of the Holy Spirit, nor can the blessed Jesus live in such a heart.

For the Guide.

THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

MARY E. MUNSON.

O, there is a fountain that's opened full wide,
And flows in rich streams from Immanuel's side;
'Twas opened for you and 'twas opened for me;
O come heavy laden, and here be made free.

Together we'll plunge, for our Jesus doth say,
It washes the darkest pollution away.
From all sin it cleanseth, and fits an abode
Within these poor hearts for our Saviour and God.

'Tis a life-giving fount—he who tries its rich store
Will thirst for the pleasures of earth never more;
'Twill sanctify, cleanse; yes, all sin 'twill destroy,
And make the soul meet for the Master's employ.

Come now to this fountain—now Jesus doth call;
There's enough here for each, and enough here for all.
I've tried it, and so can, with confidence, say,
If you come you'll in no wise go empty away.

Ten thousand have tried it, who've since passed away,
And thousands are proving its virtues to-day;
Those virtues are lasting, for Jesus, who bled—
Our Jesus Himself, is the great Fountain Head.

For the Guide.

ALL THE HEART.

REV. W. J. GILL.

READER, have you asked and not obtained? as the Bible informs us, it is because you do not ask according to the will of God. If you have asked in vain for spiritual blessings, there must be something wrong in your own spirit, perhaps a selfish motive and a divided heart. Perhaps you are a double-minded man. "Let not that man think he shall receive anything of God." In the day thou seekest me, with all thy heart, I will be found of thee"—never before.

Some people have their hearts and their convictions divided. They do not ask for *all*, that they see they ought to have. They see that they ought to be entirely holy, to be altogether surrendered to God; and he, their all-sufficient

portion. But they are not ready for the sacrifice which this requires. They only want as much religion as will suffice to make them happy; and they get just enough to make them miserable. They want only sufficient to keep off the fear of hell; and they get just enough to make them taste its "pains." And surely they are not treated with unjust severity. They who want to make religion a sweet-meat with which to swallow the devil's bitter pill, ought to find everything bitter. It is a mercy if they do, as it may lead them to seek a whole-hearted religion.

If we pray acceptably to God, the burden of our petition must express our highest ideal of our moral needs and capacities. If we ask God to cleanse us, to a certain extent, and no further, we declare our wish to continue sinful, beyond that limit; and God will not hear us, for we regard iniquity in our hearts. We must ask for our highest moral and spiritual ideal, to be realized, else we ask to be indulged in known sin, which God will not tolerate, much less facilitate. One man may ask less than another, and yet be heard, because his ideal is less; and a man may acceptably ask less, at one stage than at a subsequent one, for the same reason. The ideal of a sinner generally, if not always, is to obtain the pardon of his sins, and the aid of God's grace, that he may so live as to secure heaven at last. Subsequently, not happiness and heaven but perfect holiness become his ultimate ideal; and from that moment he must pray for it, or he prays not aright; and he will find assurance of divine favor, and of the acceptance of his prayers, only so far as he is honestly and earnestly striving and groaning after this ideal. To ask less than this, with his present light, is to cherish known sin; and if we, wilfully, ask only a stone, we shall not receive a fish. I have no doubt that just here is the beginning of decadence in many a Christian character. They have been driven back to wander, if not to perish, in the wilderness, because they would not go up to possess the land.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF PERFECT LOVE.

LYDIA R. BRADLEY.

In 1859, I united with the Methodist Church, South, and remained in connection with it seven years, before I was fully assured of my conversion, though at times, during that period, I was partially blessed.

In October, 1866, during a protracted meeting, I was enabled, at home, to exercise saving faith in Jesus, and was most happily converted, shouting aloud in the fulness of my joy.

For three months I lived in a rejoicing frame of mind, occasionally tempted by the devil. I then thought, that I should never more see any trouble in this life, but should always rejoice in my precious Saviour.

Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song.

Gradually I permitted the cares of this world to take hold of my mind and thoughts, until I got into a lukewarm frame and worldly spirit, occasionally making efforts to break away from this spiritual state and regain my first love, with partial success. Then, comparing my condition with other Christians around me, I became better satisfied to go on through life, a halting, half-way Christian. With self and pride, if not the world, predominating in my heart.

Last August, Brother John T. James (who had most faithfully served us as Junior Pastor for two years, though a few months before assigned to another field of labor), came among us with his heart filled to overflowing with full salvation, to teach us the old doctrines of Methodism, and show us the old paths, and persuade us to embrace and walk in them, saying, "he believed there were several here would lay hold on this glorious salvation. Though the doctrine was entirely new to me, I fully believed *he* enjoyed it, and that *he felt* every word he said; still I did not think this life was for every one, but for some favored few.

Then a Brother put into my hands a tract, "Be ye holy, for I am holy,"

which rung in my ears for weeks. In September, the same Brother loaned me "Sanctification Practical," which fully convinced me, that the blessing was for all, and even for me, and before I finished reading it, the desire to obtain full salvation was so absorbing, that I felt willing to give up every thing for it. Some time during September and October, while earnestly seeking this grace, I was greatly blessed of my Heavenly Father; but then again strongly tempted to give it up, feeling if I made such a profession, I would become the laughing-stock of the community, but still continued more earnestly to seek it till November. All this time, though I never doubted my conversion, the total depravity of my heart and nature was plainer to me than ever before, and filled me at times with horror.

The first Sunday in November last, Brother James again visited us, and preached several of his heart-searching sermons, glowing with perfect love, which kindled in the hearts of many of God's dear children here, such love, and filled them with such peace as they had never realized before. Monday night, Brother James invited seekers of full salvation to present themselves at the altar, when several went forward, myself among the very first, I determined to go though no one else went.

Tuesday night, I was greatly blessed, and continued in a happy frame of mind till Wednesday noon; after morning service, the thought flashed through my mind, that I had missed a great blessing by not speaking fully my experience and belief in the morning meeting, when suddenly a great darkness of horror enveloped my spirit, which for a few minutes produced the greatest agony of my life. I was then making preparations to devote the whole evening to prayer, determining never to give over the struggle till assured of my acceptance. I felt that I had given up all my idols and laid my whole Being on the Altar; if I had had a thousand worlds, I felt that I would gladly lay them all there. I was then preparing for dinner, after which I was going to struggle in

prayer, when the Blessed Spirit said, "Why not now?" I replied, "My all to Christ I've given;" when instantly the clouds all dispersed and my soul was filled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Again I made my house resound with triumphant shouts.

My overflow of joy continued about forty-eight hours; that night in answer to earnest prayer, I had the assurance that my heart was cleansed from all sin, and that my Heavenly Father accepted me, and Thursday night I made confession before a crowded Church. Brother James left that night, and I did not see him again till May last.

I was terribly tempted during the greater part of Friday to believe that I was deceived, and that my joy, peace and assurance would not return; but I was enabled to hold on by naked faith, amidst the fiery darts of the evil one, and sure enough, Saturday morning dawned upon me fully restored to my peace and joy, and with an increase of faith also.

From that time to this I have passed through many dark hours, severe trials, and fiery temptations; never having known before what sore trials and temptations meant; but with every severe conflict I have had corresponding blessings from my Heavenly Father, and been made to see that they were all for my good, increasing my faith and assurance.

For months I have been able to look above these things to my precious Saviour and with calm confidence urge my onward way.

All this time, this glorious salvation, has occupied my thoughts, employed my tongue, and, even during twelve weeks of severe affliction and pain and want, buoyed me up above all the ills of life, and above the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil.

SALEM, Fauquier Co., Va., 1869.

For the Guide.

FATHER FREEBORN.

R. R. STERLING.

Ineffaceably daguerreotyped upon my memory are the recollections of the per-

sonal appearance—and the religious experience—as given by himself, from time to time, of “Old Father Freeborn,” as he was familiarly called. Father Freeborn was for many years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in my native place. He had his corner in the church, and when *that* was vacant we all knew that Father F. was ill, or out of town.

I was but a child then, and used often to stray into the Methodists Church. I thought they were a live people, and had a live religion, and I loved to hear them *pray* and *sing*; they were so much in earnest about it.

I think it must have been then I learned to love the Methodist, for there has always been a green spot in my heart “sacred to the memory” of those early days.

Father Freeborn professed to enjoy the blessing of sanctification. He talked it, prayed it, and lived it. He was always a witness for Jesus. He could tell us about “Perfect love that casts out fear; of the “Peace of God, which passeth all understanding.” His peace was as a river, &c., and the expressive “wave after wave” was so identified with Father Freeborn that it was as familiar to us as household words.

I doubted not that Father F. was sincere, and his consistency always recommended his religion to me. He used to talk to me about the Saviour, but as these things are “spiritually discerned,” much of Father F’s language was to me in an unknown tongue.

Years sped on; years fraught with the labors and results of Fiske and Maffett, and a host of other now-sainted ones.

Labors are continued in the same old yellow church, without a steeple or a bell. I see it now, with its high pulpit and its *higher* choir of singers, who sung with the spirit and the understanding, having been initiated into the mysteries of music by the old system of “*Fa Sol-La*”—

No stained glass, or memorial windows softened the light. No subterranean heating apparatus, evolving results through dark mysterious holes in the floor, diffused its genial influence

over the worshipers in the high-backed uncushioned pine slips. Slips were free then—I wish they were *now*.

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.” Are we not neglecting one important agency for fulfilling this divine command? “To the poor the Gospel is preached.” Is it as effectually so when the rent of my cushioned slip is an obligation which my poor neighbor cannot meet?

Well, years have come and gone—joys we have had! Tears we have shed! Prosperity has been ours! Adversities we have known! Hopes have been crushed! The cup has been strangely but wisely mingled. With the flight of the years dear ones have left us for their home above. “We a little longer wait!”

And many years since was Father Freeborn called to enter upon the full fruition of his hopes and anticipations. There to-day, doubtless, as he bathes in the sea of God’s love “wave after wave” rolls over his soul. And there to-day, beyond the Throne of God, he is found without fault in the presence of the Lamb, for he has been washed.

For many years subsequent to Father Freeborn’s death, even after I hoped I was a Christian, I was not a member of the M. E. Church. To-day I am, and I think I understand Father F’s language now, for my soul has drank at the same Fountain. I have basked in the same sunshine. I have plunged into the same unfathomable sea of love, and as “wave after wave” has gone over me I have said, “Glory to the Lamb!” My *peace* is as a river, my *hope* as an anchor. I am hanging to the cross, remembering, “that in my hand no price I bring.” The breathings of my soul are “Nearer my God—to Thee, nearer to Thee.”

Friends many, in their heavenly home to-day, beckon me on. They say to me, “We have overcome through the blood of the Lamb,” and as they “sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, “great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are Thy ways,

Thou King of Saints," they urge me onward and upward.

PO'KEEPSIE, 1869.

For the Guide.

"BEULAH."

FANNIE K.

No more this world doth charm me,
My weary heart's at rest;
No longer sin doth bind me,
I lean on Jesus' breast.

He gives me peace and gladness,
And bliss, and love, and joy,
So not a ray of sadness
My comfort can alloy.

Dear Saviour, may I ever
Enjoy the bliss divine,
Of having the assurance
That I am wholly thine.

BROOKLYN.

HOLY PRIESTHOOD.

We extract the following excellent remarks from a sermon delivered at the opening of the Metropolitan Church, by Rev. Wm. Punshon, as taken on the occasion by Mr. W. Anderson, and published in *The Methodist*.

"Brethren, it is limited to no exclusive genealogy. The holiness which is at once its distinctiveness and its glory, comprehends and can sanctify every relationship of life. Let the minister be holy, and love to Christ, his supreme affection, will promote his loathing of sin, will promote his pity for sinners, will fire his thoughts and make his words burn, will drive him to the mercy-seat in order that he may get strength and vigor that he may not labor in vain. Let the merchant or the manufacturer or the man of business be holy, and it need not abate his diligence nor hold him back from riches, but it will smite down his avarice, it will restrain his greed of gold, it will make him abhor the fraud that is gainful, eschew the speculation that is hazardous, shrink from the falsehood that is customary, and check the competition that is selfish; it will utterly destroy the deceptive hand-bill, the "cooked" accounts, the fictitious capital, and will make him look upon the lies of trade as dishonesties. Let the parent be holy, and in his strong and gentle rule he will mould the minds of his children after him, until the united

household in their filial love shall learn to reverence their Father which is in heaven. Let the children be holy, and they will have higher motives to obedience, than they can gather from a sense of duty, or from the promptings of affection. Let the master be holy, and while he upholds authority, he will dispense blessing. Let the servant be holy, and obedience will be rendered not with eye service, as men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God. Let the man be holy, and vigorous health, a lofty intellect, a swaying eloquence, and a changeless zeal will all be offered unto God. Let the woman be holy, and patient prayer will linger by the cross, ardent hope will haunt the sepulchre, pitying tenderness will wait on the way to Calvary, and the heart will lose all selfish solicitations in the absorbing inquiry: 'Where have they laid my Lord?' Let the world be holy, and the millennium must come. God's tabernacle will be with men, and earth's music will rival heaven. Brethren, it is for us to-day, at the dedication of the temple, and at the higher dedication of our own temples—for which, surely, we are gathered this afternoon—to have the baptism of fire come down here at the foot of the altar. Let us wait for the effectual and blessed ordination. It is done, surely it is done. If you are ready, God is ready. Listen! the voice speaks: 'Ye are an holy priesthood to offer spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.'"

For the Guide.

TWO LIFE TEXTS.

J. SMITH.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i., 7.

"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. iv., 13.

Here are two precious promises, made all the stronger by being given in the language of blessed experience. The first relates to inward holiness; the second to outward holiness. The first has respect to the heart; the second to the life. And this is what the religion of Christ does for us: It enables us to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of

the flesh and of the spirit, and to glorify God in our bodies and in our spirits, which are God's.

Christ has a very prominent place in these texts. He is shown to be the Author of both purity of heart and holiness of life in His followers. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." And it is not only when we are heavy laden, on account of our sins, that we need Christ's blood to cleanse us and His Spirit to strengthen us, but all through life, even the pure in heart may say, "Jesus 'cleanseth' and 'strengtheneth' us at this present moment."

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

REV. ALFRED A. MATHEWS.

M. H. S.

Brother Alfred A. Mathews, of Chillicothe, Peoria Circuit, Central Illinois Conference, was called suddenly from his labors of love, August 1, 1869. He left a wife and one child.

During the months of December and January Brother Mathews held a series of meetings here, and worked very hard, and many precious souls were brought from darkness to light.

In February he went on a visit to see his parents at Tiskilwa, Bureau Co., and while there took a very active part in a protracted effort which was in progress.

Since then he has been unwell, and has preached but four or five times. He thought, however, he was improving, and was anticipating soon to be able to preach again. But the good Lord saw fit to call him, suddenly, from his toil and sufferings to his rest in heaven.

On Sabbath morning he looked as well as usual. His countenance was lit up with the same heavenly smile which it seemed ever to bear. When the minister arrived, who was expected to preach, Brother Mathews went out, and, unknown to any one, put up the minister's horse, and while in the act of hanging up the harness was supposed to have ruptured a blood vessel. He bled to death in less than twenty minutes. He could not speak until just before he expired,

when he was heard, indistinctly, to utter a short prayer. His last words, as near as could be heard, were, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

Brother Mathews has been preaching in the Central Illinois Conference about five years, during which time he has had several very successful revivals. He was blessed with more than ordinary talents, and, what is best of all, they were entirely consecrated to the service of his Master.

He preached and enjoyed the blessing of perfect love ever since he has been in the regular work, and a few days before his death he told me, that during that time he had lived an even life and one of perfect trust in God. Holiness seemed uppermost in all his thoughts. He constantly urged it upon the members of his church, and several are now in the enjoyment of this blessing.

He was a great lover of the "Guide," and was waiting, with some anxiety, to receive the next number, that he might see its account of the National Camp-meeting. Though he did not see that, he has had a glorious meeting with prophets, apostles and martyrs around the Throne.

One year ago, when I came home from school, I made an effort to raise a club to take the "Guide," but could only find one subscriber—now it is a welcome visitor in many families. Nearly the whole church seem to be awakened to the necessity of entire sanctification.

Though our beloved pastor is taken from us, I can but believe, that, in his death, great good will be accomplished. Both saint and sinner say, truly, "He was a holy man; his lamp was trimmed and burning." Who could have been better prepared?

Since his death the members of the church are still more desirous to lay all upon the altar, and sinners are giving their hearts to the Saviour, who will, I trust, be stars in His crown of rejoicing. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

My acquaintance with him has been short, but very *precious* and *profitable*. His meek gentle disposition will ever be stamped upon my memory. Never have I met with a man in whom every one placed such entire confidence. I have yet to hear the first person say aught against his character as a citizen or

Christian minister. He could truly say to his flock, "Follow me as I follow Christ." He was a *leader*, and not a follower of his flock. Well might it be said of him, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

We laid the remains of our beloved pastor in a beautiful cemetery at Tiskilwa, Bureau Co., the residence of his wife's parents. There may his body rest in peace until the last trump shall summon the living and dead to the Christian's home in glory, where, once more, people and pastor will strike glad hands, never more to be separated.

The holy life of Brother Mathews was well worthy of imitation by his brethren in the ministry; and, in his death, the Central Illinois Conference loses one of its most useful members.

CHILLICOTHE, 1869.

For the Guide.

LIZZIE M. CLARK.

L. P. B.

Died in Cincinnati, Ohio, on February 18, 1869, Lizzie M., wife of Rev. Lucien Clark, aged 29 years and four months.

A fair, Christian girl, just on the verge of womanhood, comforter of her sorrowing father, a counsellor, sister and mother in one, to the younger sisters and brother, who had just previously been committed to her guardianship by their dying mother. This was the character and position held eleven years ago by Lizzie Morris, of precious memory, one of the purest and loveliest of earth's daughters.

At that time she mourned unceasingly, although submissively, the death of her mother, and missed, beyond all power of expression, her counsel, and the sympathy and forbearance which could be gathered from no other earthly source, yet she took up heroically the labor and care that necessarily devolved upon her as the oldest of a large family, firmly believing that a Father's hand was leading her, and trusting that she should know and understand, in God's time, the mysterious providences, which then seemed so wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

Only those who have had a like experience of anxiety and toil such as passed upon her

at that time, can realize the furnace of trial in which she walked so uncomplainingly. Still she manifestly was not alone. He who walks with His children through all their afflictions walked with our sister in all her fiery trials, making them instrumental in lessening her attachment to earthly things, and wooing her to a nearness to Himself before unknown.

She had from a child been a follower of the Saviour; but a few months subsequent to the loss of her mother she became the subject of the Spirit's influences toward heart purity. This deeper experience of the love of Jesus she earnestly sought, unknown to the circle of Christian friends with whom she met each week for social worship, until during one never-to-be-forgotten evening, while listening in class-meeting to the testimony of one of Jesus' "little ones," whom He had made "perfect in love," the ardor of her desires could no longer be restrained, and suddenly her emotion found expression in tears and in prayers, which ere long were turned to praises, when, by faith, she claimed the all-sufficiency of Christ, and He drew near to His seeking child.

So vivid was her realization of His presence, that, during her homeward walk from that hallowed place, while rehearsing her blissful experience, she exclaimed, "It seemed that I could almost see my Saviour."

Her experience thereafter seemed to be an answer to the petition so often presented by her in one of her favorite hymns:

"O, that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast;
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee,
My everlasting rest."

From that hour of consecration and holy baptism she went out to earnest and successful labors for souls, not only in her own home-circle, but in the community in which she resided.

Many, in the eternal day of God, will rise to life everlasting, who will date their awakening to their need of Christ from the time of her faithful ministrations to them.

Years passed, but our sister never lost the energizing influence of that baptism. One, who knew her most intimately, testifies to the "living power which the saving grace of

God exercised in her heart and life" till God called her to come home. "Although she was placed in a position the most trying to a Christian, yet she finished her course unspotted from the world."

As the guardian of her younger sisters, before, and as the wife of a minister, after, her marriage, she moved in a sphere, where, whatever was wrong in her character, would come out, and provoke criticism. But I never knew a word spoken against her.

The last five years of her life were spent by the side of a watchman on Zion's walls, and, till the time of her departure drew near, in congenial co-laborers for the establishment of Christ's kingdom on the earth.

Her last sickness was protracted and painful. "Early in January of 1867," writes her bereaved companion, "without any previous warning, a severe hemorrhage of the lungs prostrated her. This was the first intimation I had of her failing health, but it at once assured me that I must prepare for the worst, for before long we must be separated. She partially recovered; and during the winter of 1867-8 seemed much stronger and better in every way. * * * But it was only the flattery with which consumption deceives. As the fall of '68 drew near she began to decline.

"We often talked of the prospect of her early death, and often prayed together, that the Lord would spare her life. When she began to decline so rapidly, she said she would like to live a few years, to see her child grow up and to help me work for Jesus; nevertheless, if it was the Lord's will, she was ready to go. Death had no terror and the grave no gloom to her. 'You will all come soon,' she said.

"She suffered much; but grace sustained her. She said to me, 'You ought to be thankful when this poor, weary body is at rest,' 'O what a sweet release I shall have when I shall be called home,' 'O when shall this *tired* body be at rest,' 'The heavenly world is so real to me now that I am so near through with this,' And as the time of her departure drew near, she said, 'I am almost home; I shall soon be at rest.'

"About eighteen hours before her death she said, 'I can cough no more; now I must soon go.' And just then she had a severe

conflict with Satan. O how we prayed for victory. I assured her it was only the last onset of the enemy, and she was sure of victory. She did not want to die without a great blessing, and I assured her she would receive it. Her faith took hold on God, and Satan fled from her, and peace filled her soul.

"She slept a little in the early part of the night; but, after one o'clock, it became evident to her, and us, she was dying. Her hands and arms were cold, but she could see and hear as well as ever. Not a cloud of delirium crossed her intellect, nor of doubt rested on her spirit. I asked her if Jesus was precious. 'Yes; He is with me,' was her reply. I asked if she had obtained the victory and blessing for which she was struggling in the evening. 'O yes,' said she. I then repeated to her the 23d psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' I had only finished three verses of it, when, going before me, she took up the passage, in which during life she had so often expressed her experience, and exclaimed, 'My cup runneth over.'

"It was time to take her medicine, and she asked for it. I told her it mattered little whether she took it or not, for she was nearing a land where the inhabitants are never sick. 'O yes,' said she, 'I must go. Good bye, sweet babe and precious husband,' and then she bade good bye to all in the room, with more composure than if she had been on the eve of an earthly visit, and at six o'clock on the morning of February 18th she went sweetly to her mansion in heaven."

Father, mother, and daughter are now gathered to their heavenly home, to wait for those who, lingering, toiling yet amid earth's shadows, look forward hopefully to an eternal re-union. "We will all come soon."

For the Guide.

ALICE MAY TUTTLE.

J. T. GASKILL.

Alice May, daughter of John and Mary Tuttle, departed this life July 15th, in the 11th year of her age.

Though so young in years she exhibited such knowledge and wisdom in spiritual things that one who heard her talk upon religious subjects felt like saying, "Surely, she is taught of God."

Alice grew up surrounded by religious in-

fluences. She was early taught by a Christian mother the great scheme of salvation, by believing in Christ. Her young mind thus early led to behold the precious truths of the Gospel, she gave her heart to Christ without reserve.

As a Sabbath-school scholar none were more faithful and studious. It was her delight to be in the Sabbath-school, and when deprived of attending on account of her sickness, she said one day to her mother, "Mother, I wonder what Brother G— (the S. S. Supt.) will think of my being absent now two Sundays.

Blessed work is that of the Sabbath-school instructor:

"Delightful work, young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin
To seek redeeming grace."

When it became evident that Alice must go, she trembled not at the sight of the valley. She spoke of death with that sweet assurance which a soul saved by grace can only know, for it was all bright beyond the river.

Those who stood at her bed side during her last moments will ever remember the earnest entreaties she made for all to meet her in heaven, speaking like one already in the portals of eternal bliss.

As the veil was let down between her and earth, not a cloud seemed to dim her vision of celestial glory. Thus Alice May sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

WAUSAU, Wis., 1869.

Editorial.

LETTERS FROM EDITORS.

ILLINOIS STATE CAMP MEETING.

August 18th, 1869.

WE left home last Wednesday evening, at 5 o'clock, and travelled three whole nights and two days without pausing, only as detained on the road by a train off the track, and thus missing R. R. connexions. We reached the encampment on Saturday morning.

An extensive influence seems to have been awakened in regard to this State Illinois Camp Meeting for the promotion of Holiness. On Sabbath, particularly, the multitude was immense. It was estimated that

from ten to twelve thousand persons were present. I mention this that you may form some conception of the interest which the announcement of this meeting of holiness has excited. We talked to as many as our voice would reach on Sabbath afternoon. There was preaching in three different places outside the circle. The Spirit of Holiness was most graciously present, intensifying truth, and girding us with strength, both physically and spiritually, for the work.

Thus far I wrote two or three days after our arrival at the encampment, when I was called away and unable to resume till the present. The meeting has since closed, and we are now sitting at a hotel on our way to another Camp Meeting in Iowa.

MARENGO, Iowa, August 20th, 1869.

The Illinois Camp Meeting was a glorious success. It seems to have exceeded the anticipations of the most sanguine friends of the cause in these parts. As at our National Camp Meetings, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," was not only written in large letters over the stand, but was the grand ultimatum of the pulpit ministrations, and the altar and tent exercises. Many who had before received the sanctifying seal, were as never before encouraged and energized for holy, well concerted action, in the great mission of spreading Scriptural Holiness over this extensive Western world. Would that my pen were equal to the work of describing the hallowing inspirations of this blessed occasion.

A National Camp Meeting, on the subject of Holiness, is indeed a glorious conception. The results prove that the conception was divinely originated. And now the results of the Illinois State Camp Meeting for Holiness, abundantly prove, that the Spirit of Holiness would have it honorably perpetuated as an occasion for a great yearly gathering of the lovers of holiness in these parts.

The subject of holiness has received a great impulse in these regions. No means were used to ascertain the number sanctified wholly, but I was conversing with Prof. J— of the Wesleyan Illinois University, yesterday, and he said he thought he had seen nearly two hundred who had experienced the blessing of purity. Many seekers of pardon also mingled with seekers of holiness, and the meeting was graciously fruitful of re-

sults in the awakening and conversion of sinners.

Would it not, indeed, be glorious if every state in the Union should have a State Camp Meeting, for the promotion of this, the great crowning doctrine, of this, the crowning dispensation.

About three months ago we held four "Home Camp Meetings," ten days each, in four of the most important cities in these regions. We have found the fruit of these meetings remarkably abiding. And these, by the blessing of the Lord, have prepared the way for this State Camp Meeting.

Many who experienced this grace, when we were here before, are now strong in the Lord, and the power of His might, and able to help others into the cleansing fountain. We sometimes witness marked illustrations of the text, "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Prof. J—who received the blessing when we were at Bloomington, less than three months since, is a host. He is ever filled to overflowing, and will exert an extensive influence over the good people in this region. He has been noted for his oratory, now he is noted for his loving, burning, all-controlling zeal. Glory to God in the highest!

ASSOCIATION OF LAYMEN.

Methodism can boast some noble-minded deeply-devoted laymen in these regions, to whom the Giver of every good gift has given largeness of heart. Though all the financial interests of this meeting have been most generously sustained, yet there has been no collections, the expenses having been met by an association of laymen, who have banded together for the sustainment of the cause of holiness. Deeming no expenditures too great, if the Banner inscribed HOLINESS TO THE LORD may only be kept fairly before the people. They have nobly pledged themselves before God and each other, that they will ever rally around it.

What an aid to the *Ministry* of a Church, whose distinguishing doctrine is, *holiness to the Lord*, must such a noble, self-sacrificing band of brethren be! A number of excellent ministers were present, whose heaven-inspired sermons and blessed activities were delightfully subservient to the cause, among whom were Rev. Dr. Akers, P. E., Jacksonville

District, Rev. W. S. Prentice, P. E., Springfield District; Rev. Hardin Wallace, Rev. Prof. Jaques, Rev. G. W. Bates, and others, who might be honorably named, but space forbids.

There were many interesting particulars in connection with the Illinois State Camp Meeting which we would love to give, but we are hoping to receive the account from another hand, which may supercede further recordings from us. We were very agreeably entertained a short distance from the encampment, at the house of our friends, Brother and Sister Catrell. May we meet them, and all other of our dear friends beloved, with whom we so delightfully labored, and took sweet counsel in our Father's house above. Who that was present can forget the parting scenes of this eventful Camp Meeting!

KOSTA, IOWA.

Having accepted an invitation to attend a Union Camp Meeting, for the Newton District, Iowa Conference, and Vinton District of the Upper Iowa Conference, to be held in Kosta, August 19th, our next scene of labor was there. We dare not think otherwise, than that the disappointments of men, are often God's appointments. But to human observation the weather was unpropitious. Heavy showers succeeded each other, and drenched the encampment. This, with the exception of Sabbath, kept the mere gazing multitude away. But He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was gloriously in our midst.

MINISTERS LEADING THE WAY.

The meeting continued to rise in interest with every passing day. We were delighted with the beloved ministers. The Presiding Elders of both Districts, were deeply interested on the precious theme of holiness, and one of them clearly testified to the definite experience of entire sanctification, and several ministers, of the various surrounding charges were, during the meeting, numbered with the witnesses of present and full salvation. As ever under such circumstances, the flame of holiness spread among the people. It was only to extend the invitation to those who were hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and all the available room at the forms, set for seekers, was filled. Seek-

ers of pardon also mingled with seekers of entire sanctification, and were saved. Believers were built up in their most holy faith, and the cause of holiness received an impulse which we trust will be as abiding as eternity.

PLEDGED TO PLANT THE BANNER.

Many ministers and people from both districts, including a region of many miles distant, promised at the closing meeting to plant the standard "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," in all the various localities represented, and to keep it uplifted before the people. Most inspiring did the newly-baptized brethren and sisters encourage each other's hearts in the Lord, promising to hold up the hands of their dear pastors, by *daily* devoting at least one-half hour in specific efforts to bring the unsaved to Jesus.

LETTER FROM A PRESIDING ELDER.

A letter since received from one of the excellent Presiding Elders dated Belle Plaine, August 27th, says: "I write in haste, before leaving for my quarterly meeting at Le Grand Circuit. I was called away to preach a funeral discourse, and could not say as much as I would in person.

"I wanted to testify strongly against tobacco, to all on the Camp Ground, at the last meeting you conducted, and for holiness to the Lord, but your mind seemed otherwise inclined, and I believe the Lord overruled and postponed my testimony. I already see some reasons why. You recollect we inscribed on our banners "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," and took for our motto, "IOWA FOR JESUS." The Belle Plaine people brought home the Missionary Spirit—the *Spirit of Holiness*, and had a good prayer meeting last night. The heaven is working.

"But oh! what a terrible conflict I and wife had last night. It seemed that Satan came with all his forces against us, if so, he must have left Maquoketa Camp Meeting alone; in that case you had the victory. In our sore trial we were in Gethsemane and amid the darkness of Calvary, there seemed no way of light, but we had to hold on to Jesus by faith alone. It seemed *presumptuous* to do so, but we had said, we would not doubt his word, believing he would deliver us, and he did. This morning we are exult-

ing in the glorious light of spiritual resurrection.

"Our blessed Jesus has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and LEARN OF ME, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls,' Matt. xi. 28. We have proved the foregoing promises, and our Father has most remarkably verified them. Indeed, both Mrs. H. and myself say that we have learned more, grown in grace more since last Sabbath (August 21st,) than in all our lives before.

"Mrs. H. has never felt it a duty before to make personal effort, but since God has made her free, she has her fruit unto holiness, *i. e.*, success in winning souls for Jesus, and I doubt not she will be a 'help meet indeed.'"

JOURNEYINGS.

After very interesting closing exercises, we parted with our many loved new made friends at Kosta Camp Ground, about noon, and in company with a dear Brother and Sister whom we love to remember, rode a few miles over a rough road to Belle Plaine. We reached the Rail Road Station about five o'clock in the evening, where we were met by a dear Sister C., who insisted that we should sup at her home. We did so, and were refreshed. And thus it is, all along our pilgrim way, our gracious heavenly Father reminds us, that the very hairs of our head are numbered. On our return to the Station, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers and other friends awaited us to say adieu! We left in the train for Dewitt, Iowa, soon after six o'clock, and arrived between 12 and 1 o'clock at night. In the morning we started in a stage coach for a ride of twenty miles to the Maquoketa Camp Meeting. When within about three or four miles of the town, we met two dear ministers, Rev. H. H. Fairall, and Rev. B. Isbell, with a delightful conveyance, intending to have met us at the Dewitt Rail Road Station.

MAQUOKETA.

We spent the night within half a mile of the encampment, being unable, from excessive fatigue, to enter upon labors. We took the eight o'clock service the next morning. It was a season of remarkable power.

Many during the process of this, and succeeding meetings, received the promised gift of power. Witnesses were raised up, both among the dear ministers and people, whose testimony we doubt not will, either directly or indirectly, influence the minds of thousands. We were gloriously repaid for all our tiresome journey, in reaching these far-off regions, if it were only in beholding the all-powerful, soul-hallowing baptism of fire, that fell upon the sons of Levi. One who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost was most manifestly in our midst, and not a few of heaven's divinely-appointed legates, as ensamples to the flock, were seen low down in the *valley of decision*. There they bowed with the multitude of their loving people, kneeling with and around them pleading

"For that flame of living fire,
That shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold.

We cannot doubt that in all the future of their experience they may prove in every emergency, that the Baptism of the Spirit makes men,—

* * * * * "as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power;
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour.

That Spirit, which from age to age,
Proclaimed God's love, and taught His ways,
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page,
And breathed in David's hallowed lays."

The Spirit that the Saints inspired
The holy Pentecostal flame,
That Paul and all the martyrs fired,
Now and forever more the same."

We were particularly interested with the Presiding Elder, who by faith, we have reason to believe, was enabled to cast anchor deeper within the veil.

"Where guilt, and fear, and sin expire,
Cast out by perfect love."

GRAND ULTIMATUM.

May every beloved minister in his District, and all the people of the various charges under their care, so follow the faith of those whom the Head of the Church has placed over them in the Lord, that every man may be presented perfect in Christ Jesus. Surely this is the one grand ultimatum of all Christian ministrations. "Whom we preach"

says Paul, "warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

One dear honored servant of Christ, President of the Upper Iowa University, came about one hundred miles to the Camp Meeting. He was gloriously repaid. A rich baptism fell upon him. He now contemplates throwing himself out into the broad field of the itinerancy. We bespeak for him the prayers of the thousands who read the Guide, that he may be mighty through the Spirit in pulling down the strong holds of Satan, and greatly successful in raising the standard "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," in all these beautiful prairie lands.

PARTING SERVICE.

Our parting service was precious. Doubtless we shall remember, when the congregated victorious hosts of Emanuel's army shall stand on Zion's hill, the solemn obligations, the inspiring hopes, and the blessed consolations of that farewell service. Many pledged themselves in the presence of the all-conquering King of Saints and one another to plant the banner "*Holiness to the Lord*," and to keep it uplifted in all the regions represented. O for the united prayers of the hosts of Israel in every region, that these high resolves may ever be kept in the strength of Omnipotence.

Bidding the dear Brethren and Sisters beloved adieu, we were again on our pilgrim way toward Dewitt. It is a blessing we prize when we are permitted to be in any way helpful in dispensing spiritual gifts to those who with loving hand dispense the cup of cold water. Dear Brother Northrop, who after a night of sorrow, was so suddenly ushered into the glorious light and liberty of full salvation, that he exclaimed in almost a bewilderment of joy, "Is this heaven!" was the one who in his easy conveyance took us our twenty miles' journey to the Rail Road. On our way we dined at his comfortable home. His devoted wife is a sharer with himself of the great salvation.

DEWITT.

In the evening we accepted an invitation of the beloved minister and people of the *Dewitt charge* to labor at their neat commodious church. We asked a message from the Head of the Church, and believing that

he that asketh *receiveth*, we opened our lips and the ever faithful blessed Holy Spirit gave the word. May the fruit abide! The next morning we were again on our way. Rev. J. B. Taylor accompanied us. Arriving at Clinton about noon, we paused at a hotel on the banks of the Mississippi till evening, and took a steamer for

ROCK ISLAND,

Where we met beloved ones, with whom we were constrained to tarry three days. Here the standard of Holiness has been uplifted. A dear Aunt, who several years ago, while on a visit to New York attended the Tuesday afternoon meeting caught the fire of inward Holiness, went home to testify of the grace. The Lord put it into her heart to establish a

TUESDAY AFTERNOON MEETING

at her own house. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! Ever since the flame has been spreading.

In our attendance on the monthly general class meeting several witnesses testified to the enjoyment of entire sanctification, who referred to the Rock Island Tuesday afternoon meeting, as a means by which they had been brought into the King's highway. The beloved minister of the M. E. Church, Rev. Richard Haney, attends the meeting and gives the influence of his personal presence and testimony, to the subject of practical, experimental holiness. "Faint, yet pursuing," we were induced to yield to the importunities of the people, and took the morning and evening Sabbath services. Ever have we occasion to testify to the faithfulness of our covenant keeping Lord. Never does he require us to go a warfare at our own charge. We trusted and were helped. Blessing, honor and glory to his matchless name.

PARTING INCIDENT.

On Monday morning we bade adieu to dear ones, and again set our face homeward, being over a thousand miles away from home. After we had taken our seat in the carriage, we said, to an unsaved member of the household circle, "Do you intend to give your heart to God?"

"Yes!"

Well, your heart already belongs to him, and he says, NOW,—TO-DAY,—that does not mean *to-morrow*,—if God says NOW, he

means NOW! Tell me *when* you will resolve to give yourself to Him, who has bought you with his blood?

"*To-day*," was her emphatic reply.

The time for our departure in the train was upon us, and we were compelled to hasten. Our parting words were,

I will tell Jesus what you say, and will pray that you may come to your Saviour *to-day*. Will you promise to pray also?

"I will."

Thus we parted. On arriving at the Station we found a telegram had just been received, that the train would be delayed two hours beyond time. We returned to the house of our dear Uncle and Aunt H., and while engaged in prayer, surrounded by the little family circle, one for whose entire sanctification we had greatly longed, received the promised grace, and the one who had said, "I will give my heart to Jesus *to-day*" was enabled to testify that Jesus had received her. How richly were we rewarded for our two hours' detention! Our Lord loves to show us, that our disappointments are his appointments. Two days and a half and two nights' travel, bring us again to our own dear home. Surely the servant is above his master. He was a *homeless* wanderer.

"But lo! a place He hath prepared
For me whom watchful angels keep,
Yea He himself becomes my guard,
He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.
I rest beneath the Almighty shade,
My cares expire, my troubles cease;
Thou Lord on whom my soul is stayed
Shall keep thine own in perfect peace."

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

GOD'S ORDER.

THE MOUNDVILLE CAMP-MEETING.

REV. F. BALL.

This meeting commenced at Moundville, West Virginia, August 18th. The attendance was larger than last year, and the general arrangements better. The congregations were large and attentive, yet the people tenting on the ground were not so prompt and regular in collecting for worship in the congregation as last year.

I think this was because of the absence of distinguished strangers who were with us

last year. It was feared in view of this that the subject of holiness would not have that prominence which the glory of God required. This led to much secret prayer and solicitude. And although there was a disposition to keep holiness in the back-ground, *God's Order* soon became manifest.

With a single exception every effort to get sinners to the altar to seek pardon failed, until church members were invited to come and seek purity of heart. As to the disposition "to keep holiness in the back-ground," I must say, it was not because the doctrine was disbelieved, for our entire ministry are individually committed to that in their ordination vows. And Rev. C. D. Battelle, who labored very efficiently and boldly in promoting holiness, in a sermon on the subject truly and justly said, "If they have *changed their faith*, they had better *change their Church relations also*."

Some, who are deeply pious and truly devoted to God and the Church, had honest misgivings and perplexities as to making holiness a *specialty*, lest the unconverted should feel as though they were debarred from *altar privileges*. But a day or two was sufficient to develop the *Divine Order*. Unlike former times the forces could not be brought into action on any line except "HOLINESS TO THE LORD." When this theme was presented hundreds of struggling and panting hearts responded, for they had come from all points of the compass on this express business.

Want of space will not allow conjecture as to God's design in the revival of holiness, yet it is clear to my mind that holiness is the burden which the Captain of our salvation now rolls upon the great heart of the Church, and especially upon the hearts and consciences of His ambassadors, and the question is, Shall we accept *God's Order*? If not, we "fight against God." Where ministers ignore this doctrine, there are, nevertheless, forces and influences and mighty impulses gathering about them, which, like the tide swelling out from the ocean, bears them up to this point, so that they are almost unconsciously lifted and pressed and held up to the ancient motto, "Holiness to the Lord." With these convictions of heart, how calmly and confidently can we trust this matter into the hands of God, working and waiting His time.

Lest I weary your readers I will stop for the present at least. I must add, however, that there were twenty or twenty-five conversions at the Moundsville Camp-meeting, and fifty-two obtained the blessing of holiness, among whom were five of our brethren in the ministry, while other ministers in high positions, fully and publicly committed themselves to the great work. The heaven is working, praise the Lord!

For the Guide.

A GLORIOUS CONQUEST.

ILLINOIS STATE CAMP MEETING.

An excellent letter, from Rev. E. Jones, the devoted and self-sacrificing President of the Illinois State Camp Meeting Association for the Promotion of Holiness, lies before us. After the statement of conflicts, arising from various sources, reminding us of the annoyances to which the heroic self-sacrificing Nehemiah was subjected in his endeavors to build the walls of Jerusalem, he says:

To all these things we made no reply, but trusting in God, we moved steadily onward. Soon the Lord made bare His arm, and His enemies began to retreat. The Holy Ghost came upon those who expounded the word. The Spirit applied the truth to the hearts and consciences of the hearers. Sinners trembled and cried for mercy; believers were sanctified, and it was most clearly seen that victory was the Lord's.

Very early in the morning of the third day, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer arrived; and, although we have often heard them with pleasure, and have seen the power of God attend their labors; yet we never saw our dear Sister P. used in so remarkable a manner, as on the first day after their arrival, to drag to light the inmost recesses of men's hearts and minds, and to depict sin in its hideous forms. We alternately shouted and laughed and wept, and wept and laughed again. Soon every device of the enemy was overthrown; he was foiled in all his machinations. Truth most gloriously triumphed; its enemies were silenced; Holiness to the Lord became the general watchword. Many of its opposers threw down their weapons, sought and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and were filled with love and praise.

Never did truth appear so lovely; never have we seen its flashes startle, awaken and hold the mind so enchained and enraptured. Never did faith in God seem so reasonable, and a faith based on signs and wonders so unreasonable. Men saw the simplicity of salvation as they never saw it before. Truth seemed at times to burst at once upon many minds with the suddenness of the lightning's flash. On one occasion a dozen or more, sprang up almost in the same moment of time, some shouting glory, some exclaiming: "I have it!" "I have it!" "I can see it now," and by a simple act of faith in God's immutable word, entered into the most glorious liberty of the Gospel of Christ.

During the intervals between the meetings, a spirit of solemnity and awe rested upon every one. Tendencies to carelessness disappeared. Discord and strife was hushed, and love reigned supreme.

Our Dear Brother, Prof. Jacques, of the Wesleyan University at Bloomington, was called upon to address the Association before separating.

We shall not soon forget with what tenderness he asked to be excused for his imperfect preparation for the duty devolving upon him; on the ground that his heart had been so filled with praise and thanksgiving to God that he was carried away in heavenly transport, and seemed for a time lost to all things earthly.

Truly heaven was opened and glory shone around. The lips of our brother were touched as with a coal from the heavenly altar, and as he spoke of the object of our organization; the promotion of holiness; also the means for its accomplishment, and the glorious results, it may truly be said, "We sat together in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus."

On one occasion, perhaps on Tuesday afternoon, as Dr. P. stood in the midst of a large number of seekers, pointing them to the Lamb of God that *taketh* away the sins of the world, one pressed to me exclaiming: "Look! look at Dr. Palmer's face! it shines with glory." Truly the Dr. seemed overwhelmed with the presence of God, and every feature beamed with a divine effulgence. We were baptised with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

The good done cannot be easily estimated.

Mountains of prejudice were swept away by the mighty power of God. Gross darkness was dispelled and vanished away before the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. It is supposed that from three hundred and fifty to five hundred received justifying or sanctifying grace.

The First M. E. Church of Bloomington was well represented at the meeting, and with perhaps one exception every one was fully saved before returning home. Glory to the Lamb.

It is estimated that the number of persons present exceeded ten thousand.

The Lord willing, we hope to accommodate twice that number next year. This is the third camp meeting we have held, and every year the interest and numbers increase.

To our dear brethren of the ministry we wish to say, assign us any place in the great army of God and we will be obedient, only lead us over into the Canaan of "Perfect Love" and rest. God laid the obligation upon us, to catch up the banner of holiness that was trailing in the dust. In the name of our God we have set it up, and under it we expect to triumph. To any who can carry it steadier, we will yield it up, and will ourselves occupy any post.

We ask only that our banner may be displayed, and that with you, we may follow it to certain and glorious victory. Which may God grant for His name sake.

E. JONES.

For the Guide.

CAMP MEETING REPORTS.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

It was my unspeakable privilege to attend the Round Lake Camp Meeting, and there I met Jehovah face to face. That Sacred Friday night in that large tent, when thousands were bowed before God, and hundreds of voices were raised to heaven at the same time. It was a Pentecost indeed. The very place where I knelt was made holy ground, and it seemed an intrusion for any one to come within a certain radius, or even to break the communion with God by talking with me at the close of the meeting. I sat down overwhelmed by the Divine Majesty. God spoke to my inmost soul in a voice both sweet and heavenly.

My sacrifice was all upon the altar, and the fire came down from heaven and my soul and

body have been more completely the Lord's ever since. Glory to God.

KENNEBUNK CAMP MEETING, ME.

It became my duty and privilege to attend this meeting, and although no opportunity offered for preaching, yet I was enabled to preach this fullness in the tents and public prayer meetings, and there was a deep feeling on this subject, and some of the ministers and many of the members were panting for purity, and thank God they found it. I did not hear a single sermon on the subject, although there was a minister there from Round Lake who was ready to preach this glorious theme, and it was evident that Thursday afternoon this subject ought to have been presented, for there was a deep feeling on it, and the sermon to sinners seemed like beating a ship against the wind. Much good was done. Many souls saved or entirely sanctified.

POLAND CAMP.

A few hours ride from Kennebunk brought me to this favored spot, where I found Brother Fairbanks preaching a glorious Gospel sermon, including his past experience of this full salvation. I was requested to exhort at the close and God gave me a special baptism while doing so, and about thirty arose to express their desire for entire holiness, and thank God many of them found it. Brother Cyrus King preached a glorious sermon on the subject the next afternoon, and I followed in exhortation, holding up Brother Inskip's experience for imitation. During the whole meeting precious souls were saved and believers sanctified. The order was perfect even on the Sabbath.

E. LIVERMORE CAMP MEETING.

This has been established for many years and has been gloriously visited by marvellous manifestations of divine power. Brother Josiah Fletcher preached an excellent opening sermon from, "They that are wise shall shine," &c. The writer was requested to preach on Tuesday morning and did so, from 2 Cor. vi. 1. Having these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. God gave his blessing, and at the close Dr. Stephen Allen arose and declared they had heard the Gospel as clearly believed by our Church, and with tears in his eyes he declared that he would be henceforth and for ever wholly the Lord's; this was deemed a great victory. Brother Waterhouse preached

in the afternoon from "Mighty to Save." Brother Cole, in the evening, from "Him that serveth Me I will honor." I had to leave the next morning, but the meeting was a grand success.

KENNEBEC VALLEY CAMP MEETING.

This was Round Lake on a smaller scale, for I believe there were as many souls saved and sanctified as at Round Lake in proportion to the number present. Brother Munger opened the public exercises with some just remarks to the Church, which brought many forward to seek for holiness. The writer preached in the afternoon, showing that as Methodists we were bound to contend for entire sanctification after a clear conversion, for the discipline requires the bishop to ask candidates for conference: "Have you faith in Christ? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it? Showing that a man may be a minister, have faith in Christ, and yet not be perfect in love. That this was a definite thing to be sought after, even with groanings. Our hymn book teaches the same truth. The experience of the Church and the word of God, all point to this higher state to be attained to after conversion. God was graciously present and we trust good was done.

Brother Cyrus King preached on the Pentecost on Sabbath afternoon, and it was a pentecostal season. The whole meeting from Wednesday night till Thursday of the next week was a meeting for holiness. Some good sermons were preached to sinners, and thank God not without effect. A number of ministers entered the valley of blessing and became flaming heralds of full salvation; would that all the ministers had found this pearl of great price. How can a Methodist minister rest without it, when he has solemnly declared that he expected to be made perfect in love in this life and was groaning after it. When shall all these groans be turned to shouts? Special meetings were held daily for the young people and for children. Brother Wm. McDonald rendered excellent service toward the close by preaching on entire holiness.

WINDSOR CAMP MEETING.

This meeting was powerful till the hurricane on Wednesday night blew down some of the tents; still God was there and souls found Christ and some found the fullness. The ground was leased for five years more. I

heard good sermons from C. Plumer, C. Bray, E. B. Fletcher, W. L. Brown and C. L. Haskell. C. B. Dunn presided in his well known and effective manner. Camp Meeting John gave a number of interesting exhortations with pleasure and profit.

TIMES OF REFRESHING.

The reports in our exchanges from the camp meetings are greatly inspiring. From all over our land the work of holiness has been made prominent at nearly all the feasts of tabernacles, and the Head of the Church has poured out His Spirit in the entire sanctification of many believers and the conversion of sinners in a glorious manner. For want of space we can give but a few recordings:

BARNSBORO, N. J., C. M.—There were over 440 tents on the ground by actual count. The meeting was a grand success. About 100 conversions occurred, and large numbers realized the blessed fact that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

UNION CAMP MEETING, held near Easton, Md., was very successful. On the last night of the meeting over 150 penitents knelt at the altar for prayers. At 8 o'clock each morning meetings were held for the distinct object of the sanctification of believers, and at nearly every service many presented themselves as subjects of prayer, who were seeking heart purity or the forgiveness of sins.

THE ROMEO DISTRICT C. M., Michigan, was a glorious success. Sinners were converted, and many believers entirely sanctified, and God's people returned to their homes endued with power to work in the Master's vineyard.

THE BUFFALO DISTRICT C. M., N. Y., has been fitly characterized as one of the best ever held. The results were grand. Half a hundred souls saved, believers sanctified, the churches quickened, a healthful camp-meeting spirit diffused over the entire district.

OSWEGO DISTRICT C. M., N. Y., was one of great interest, especially the last few days. Many precious souls were converted and a large number received the witness of the sanctifying power of God.

AT HAMILTON C. M., near Boston, Mass., it was estimated that over 200 persons simultaneously sought a deeper work of grace, or to be made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Correspondence.

SYRACUSE LETTER.

REV. G. M. P.

I was once a journalist, hence the eye with which I view every periodical is, in some measure, the eye of a journalist. It has occurred to myself and also to others about me, that in one respect the interest and the power of the "Guide" might be increased. Let a limited space be allotted monthly to "Letters" from various centers of our land. Let there be a "Boston Letter," "Philadelphia Letter," "Wilmington Letter," and from such other places as are recognized representatives of the various parts of our country, and in which the services of suitable correspondents can be secured. Certainly in these various localities such correspondents could be secured—for if as with Fletcher, our pen as well as our lips, are given to God, we shall be *glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity* to magnify the Saviour who has washed us in his own precious blood.

Let these letters be limited to not more than about a page each of the Guide. Let the central idea of every one be holiness. Let everything of a general character be omitted. Space would not admit any wider range than this. By this course, in one short letter there might be given what on this grand theme of a local development and working, items, brevities as we call them, of facts, of experience, etc., would seem by its publication, most to the glory of God. These letters, in the information they convey, might take in as wide a range of territory around the centre whence they hail, as the means of intelligence of the writer would permit.

In this way the whole country could be mapped out, and a "chain of posts" be established, by which intelligence on this important subject could be secured, and presented constantly and reliably, and thus each company of the army, and each individual member of the same, might always have a clear view of the state of the work *all along the lines*. These Letters, we might say, would not of course shut out individual correspondence of individual experience, which now greets us from time to time.

We believe at the present time no department of our papers is more warmly greeted

than the "Letter Department." The very publication of these adds much to the circulation of the papers themselves. While people are interested in other matters, still there is a hungering on the part of our people now-a-days, like the ancient Athenians, for *news*. The politician wants political news; the farmer agricultural news; and certainly nothing could be more gladsome to hearts of the lovers of holiness, than news of the awakening of the church to a higher life, to fit it to win souls to Jesus. Your own letters of your work for Jesus, are among us, read with more avidity than any other part of the Guide. People want to know what is *being done*.

There seems just now in the wonderful Providential awakening on the subject of holiness, which is becoming so general, to be an imperative demand for something of this kind. In our ordinary religious journals there is much revival intelligence, and this is well, and for the glory of God. Yet here there is a lack. For, from various reasons, whatever is said about holiness, is usually introduced incidentally, and not as the great theme to be kept before the ministry and the church. But if this were not so, publication even here would not answer our purpose. All of our papers are more or less local in their circulation and influence. What is needed is a medium of general circulation among the friends of holiness, to inform, encourage, and inspire them with the items of intelligence of the workings of God's sanctifying spirit.

What a blessed work might result from a successful carrying out of this scheme, we may learn somewhat from the great revival a few years ago. The revival flame appeared to burst forth almost spontaneously in New York. The secular metropolitan papers abounded in notices of the same. The news thus published, was borne by rail car, and flashed by God's own lightning to the remotest extremities of the nation. The talk of the people everywhere was the work of God in the city or town far away. The Holy Spirit flashed conviction to slumbering churches, saying, "Awake, thou that sleepest." The work of God among them in its turn, started others from "their long repose," and the work became general.

We have presented to us monthly, instruction, experiences, and other good food, but a more general report of the campaign would

help the work. Military treatises and military experience narrated, are good and essential for the soldier, but nothing electrifies an army faint, yet pursuing, like tidings of victory from other points along the lines. If the suggestion here presented by your unworthy brother is approved, you may, in the carrying out of this design, hear occasionally from Central New York.

NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

The East Genesee Conference unanimously passed the following—

Resolved, That the Committee of the National Camp Meeting be, and they are cordially and earnestly invited to hold their meeting for the Summer of 1870, within the bounds of the East Genesee Conference, and that we would suggest the month of June as the time, and the Camp Ground at Oak's Corners, as the place at which it might be advisable to hold the said meeting. Signed, I. H. Kellogg, K. P. Jervis, F. G. Hibbard, W. H. Goodwin. By Resolution, Rev. Bishop Janes was invited to attend.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. P. read Col. iv., 1, 14 verses. The precious hymn "Ye faithful souls that Jesus know" was sung, after which a note was read from a Christian sister in Indiana, requesting the prayers of the meeting, that she might know the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, and her unconverted fatherless children be constrained to seek speedily an interest in Christ, and be prepared to meet their father in heaven. Prayer, and surely it was such *prayer* as "opens heaven," was offered by a Congregational minister. In the mighty arms of faith he gathered in, not only the more immediate objects of the meeting, but asked, with a marked unction, that the grace of HOLINESS might be communicated to all the Churches here represented.

Rev. Brother B. said his soul was kept in perfect peace. Since he had received the blessing of full sanctification he thought he

could say, he had enjoyed perfect peace. He had had severe trials and conflicts, but he had been kept through grace, and was enabled to triumph over them.

A brother suggested, that we were here to do business for God, and as in meetings for business, reports were among the first things called for, he wished to say, that he had not been unmindful of a request that those present would pray daily for the special blessing of the Almighty on Dr. and Sister P. during their anticipated absence, that they might be greatly blest in their own souls and in their labors. And now seeing they had returned he wished to report, that in being answerable to his pledge to pray daily, rich blessings had been returned to his own soul, and sustaining grace, in the hour of affliction, on his sick-bed.

"Oh, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee, I will praise Thee,
Where shall I Thy praise begin,"

was then sung.

Dr. P. said, the language of the verse just sung was the language of his heart—"I will praise Thee." But the language of earth is too poor to express the homage of a full heart. He felt like raising a monument of praise to Jesus. This is the object of the Tuesday Meeting, to raise a monument of praise to Jesus. The Lord has graciously sustained us in our journeyings and greatly prospered us in our labors during our tour in Illinois, Iowa, and Rock Island.

Numbers of the dear ministers and people with whom we have labored have raised the banner with "Holiness to the Lord" inscribed upon it as never before, with a determination to keep it ever floating in the breeze; and at the camp-meetings in Iowa they had taken as their motto, "Iowa for Jesus." Numbers had engaged to set apart one half-hour or more each day to work specifically for the salvation of souls. In Rock Island, Ill., we visited an Aunt, who had many years been a resident of that State. Several years since (perhaps 12 or 15) she visited this city, and, through her attendance on this meeting, obtained the blessing of a clean heart. She went to her distant home with her heart filled with the blessedness of the subject. A Tuesday Meeting was established at her own house, which had ever since been sustained, and with most gracious results.

Several spoke in a general class-meeting on the Sabbath, who, through the Rock Island Tuesday Meeting, had been raised up to testify to the power of God to sanctify wholly.

Sister P. testified, that she had, to an extraordinary degree, felt the blessing of the Lord resting upon her. She had, before leaving for the West, asked the daily prayers of the lovers of the Saviour here assembled, and she felt it a duty to say, "That, through the thanksgivings of many, praise may redound to God," that the Lord had not only blest their united labors in endeavoring to raise the standard of holiness, and in bringing the unsaved to the Lamb of God, but had blessed her, to an unusual degree, in her own soul. Particularly at the early morning hour. She had awakened repeatedly with a special sense of the nearness of the presence of God, and consciously filled with faith and the Holy Ghost.

One morning she was awakened with these words, "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." She could not describe how peculiarly the words were intensified to her mind. She felt that she was growing more and more out of self, and apprehending more fully the deep meaning of the words, "Your life is hid with Christ." We have been singing,

"Your real life with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies,
And glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet Him in the skies."

The poet here gives the secret of the life of every real Christian. My own experience for years past has often reminded me of what John's feelings must have been when the messengers sent asked, "Who art Thou?" John, actuated by a desire not to be recognized in name or person, answered, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Often have I asked, that, to the degree, it could consist with the will of God, the instrumentality might be hidden and unthought of, and the voice of Jesus speaking through my lips alone be heard. The Lord is leading me forth by a right way.

Rev. Brother W. spoke, with much earnestness, of the necessity of the crucifixion of self, of the great importance of being "dead indeed unto sin," of having self not only dead, but buried so deep, that it could not be resurrected, and he felt keenly the great responsibilities of life, its influence on others. But he dared not look back, he had to fly to the atonement

as his only safety. He fully purposed that the future should be more marked for God and precious souls. He spoke, with much feeling, of the anniversary of the birth of his first-born, and only remaining, son, the other children all having gone before to the heavenly world.

Sister L. had been to four camp-meetings, where the power of the Lord had been eminently present to sanctify His people and to comfort those that mourn.

Sister W. said, she could remember when this blessed cause of holiness was not embraced as it is now, and it reminded her of what Kane, the Northern explorer, said, in regard to what he witnessed in those Polar seas, when a large iceberg was seen to be moving rapidly against a very strong wind and tide. On examination he found that there was a strong under-current, so strong that the wind and the upper-current had no effect upon it. So it had been with the blessed theme of heart purity. God had been moving it on against all opposition, and now it gloriously triumphed, and would continue to triumph until the kingdoms of this world should become the kingdom of our God and His Christ.

Rev. Mr. D., from Florida, spoke of his great interest in the blessed cause of holiness, and that for over thirty years he had been preaching it from a heart realization of its blessed truths. For fifteen years of that time he had been a missionary to the Indians, but it sustained and comforted him there, while others would get tired, and leave in a few months, he had continued among them for years, and God blessed his labors.

A sister said, on coming to this meeting she was arrested by seeing a great number of flags of different nations and our own beautiful star spangled banner displayed all over the city, and, wondering at the cause, she remembered that her husband had said in the morning that a statue was to be unveiled in the Central Park to-day, and then the thought came, with great joy to her heart, that Jesus had been unveiled to her vision many years, and He appeared so gloriously to her ever since, that everything of earth was eclipsed thereby. Since that time he had kept her in perfect peace. She wondered that all were not anxious to have the Lamb of God unveiled to them.

Much more was said by different individuals. It was difficult to close the meeting. It might truly be said, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God,

in Zion." A sister had spoken of her ardent desire for the blessing of a clean heart, and then a dear minister told of his longing for full salvation, and requested the united prayers of the meeting in his behalf. It was then asked, that all those seeking the blessing would rise, and come forward to the center of the room. Many accepted the invitation, and a season of gracious and successful pleading followed. Several were enabled to plunge beneath the purple flood, and testify that they had overcome through the blood of the Lamb. The minister who first requested prayer was one of the number.

Book Notices.

MINISTERIAL LIFE PICTURES. Portraying a Pastor's Struggles and Triumphs. By Rev. GEORGE HUGHES, of the New Jersey Annual Conference, with an Introduction by Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN.

This is a little book of fifty pages, very neatly printed on tinted paper, and cloth cover. We very heartily commend this small work. It is full of large ideas on the great theme of Gospel Holiness as a preparation for the Christian Ministry. Had we the power we would put this book into the study of every Evangelical Pastor in the land. It would bring before the vision a vivid life picture of their own heart wants, and reveal to them the remedy as found in the Gift of Power with which the Head of the Church wants to endue all His ministering servants.

Our Dear Brother HUGHES has done the Church an excellent service in presenting these Life Pictures in book form. An unction from the Holy One rests upon its pages, and we trust that multitudes of ministers and people will rise up and call the Author of these portrayings of spiritual life Blessed in the great day when ministers and people will be called to give an account of their stewardship.

In the day of final adjustment it will be found that the grand ultimatum of all ministerial work is "to present every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus." Will not the Great Shepherd of the sheep, require this at the hand of the under shepherds to whom the pastorship of souls is committed. How solemn the responsibilities of the ministry. These Life Sketches will be helpful toward a realization of these solemn trusts, and also encourage those who are struggling through grace to be answerable to them. It can be had at 14 Bible House. Price 30 cents.

SANCTIFICATION PRACTICAL. A book for the Times. By Rev. J. BOYNTON, with an Introduction and an Appendix by Mrs. PALMER.

This excellent work has not had the attention that its merits demand. We are pleased to know that where it is put into the hands of seekers of purity, it seldom fails to lead them into the blessing of full salvation.

We judge of the merits of such publications, by the number that refer to them, as the means that led them to see the way of faith, and were induced to make this notice by observing that one in the last number of the "Guide," and another in this, ascribe their entering into the rest of faith by following the teachings of this excellent work.

Home of the Soul.

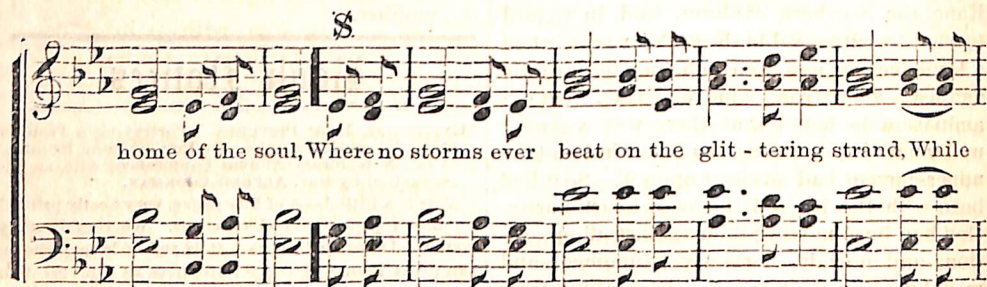
From Singing Pilgrim.

By permission PHILIP PHILIPS.

Moderato e affetuoso



1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far away



home of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glit-tering strand, While



the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll,

While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

2. O, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3. There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

TESTIMONY.

REV. WILLIAM DAY.

My seventeenth birthday was to me the period of religious resolve. The decision was full and earnest. Being previously much devoted to sinful society and worldly amusements, I now renounced them all and gave myself up to work for Jesus, looking to the Church to direct my efforts, and resolving to be obedient to each indication of duty. I was at once employed as Tract distributor, Sunday-school teacher and exhorter, and spent much time in visiting the sick and dying. Being "slow to believe," my experience for some months was quite indistinct, but improving by gradual development, rather than marked by any sudden transition from darkness to light. Indeed, religion appeared to me as a work to be performed, rather than as an experience to be enjoyed. That beautiful promise from the Proverbs was especially impressed upon my youthful mind, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths!"

Clearly, as the result of this divine guidance, I found myself, in the year 1850, in the ministry of the M. E. Church. Between the doctrines of the Church and my own views there was entire harmony. I was especially delighted with the Wesleyan theory of Christian perfection, and in theory heartily embraced it.

In preaching on the subject, one Sabbath morning, I was met at the steps of the pulpit by a stranger, with the interrogations, "Please sir, permit me to inquire, does your experience accord with your preaching? Do you en-

joy the grace you have offered to us this morning?" It was with painful confusion I was compelled to confess a discrepancy which ought not to have existed.

Soon after this it was my great privilege to be pastor of the family of one of our beloved Bishops. The clear exemplification of holiness which I witnessed in that Christian household gave intensity to my desires for full salvation, and led me to seek it as the great want of my soul, and the highest necessity in my ministry. In much prayer and self denial I waited for the heavenly baptism. And, one day, while going from Morristown, N. J., to Bernardsville, alone, at mid-day, I felt a peculiar nearness to Jesus, and looking up into the bright heavens I said, "Blessed Saviour, I do want to be *entirely Thine*; I cannot make this heart of mine any better; *I now give it to Thee to be made pure, it is Thine now*—mould it according to Thine own will!"

The offering was accepted, and my soul filled in a wonderful manner with peace, light, love and power!

The Christian life now, to my mind, assumed the high and inspiring aspect of communion, walking with God. And with new lustre did such passages as the following shine, "But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Holiness, as an attainable blessing, appeared as the grand central truth of the Bible, around which all the precepts and promises revolved in beautiful harmony.

But I had not yet learned the necessity of a distinct profession of this grace.

Occupying new positions of still greater responsibility, having committed to my charge several hundreds of members annually, some of whom panting for the light and encouragement on this subject, it was my duty, as a Methodist pastor to give, the question, "How can I meet my obligation in this particular?" became one of profound interest. Nor was it free from embarrassments. I could not—I dared not be silent, and yet reasons, such as occur to almost every brother in our ministry, strongly discouraged the profession of it. So I resolved to try to diffuse the *spirit* of holiness, in a general way—but not to encourage the profession. To meet more fully these obligations I also held a meeting on each Saturday evening for the promotion of holiness. In these meetings I read, talked, sang and prayed about entire sanctification *as a blessing which might be obtained*, and encouraged aspirations for it.

And, sometimes impelled by the holy power which came upon me, rising superior to my prejudices against professing, I would say to those assembled, "I do feel all given up to God, and am filled with His Spirit!" etc.

These meetings were signally accompanied with the presence and blessing of Christ. Hallowed seasons! never to be forgotten!

But the reaping was according to the sowing, though continued for some five or six years in the city of Newark and Jersey City, not one person that I am aware of was led into the clear light of "perfect love!"

All this time I believe I had some experience of the blessing—at least was near enough to it to feel its power, and to be attracted and inspired by its glory. And often did I wish that God would raise up more Fletchers and Bramwells who would boldly declare this great salvation, and in the light of whose examples might be seen the living "beauty of holiness." Being deeply sensible of my own mental and physical weaknesses, and not knowing but that these were

still more perceptible to others, and less understood, I feared that my testimony, if given, would hinder rather than advance the great cause of holiness.

During the past year, from various causes, I had been less active in promoting this blessed experience. Doubts of the expediency of professing such a state of grace increased even to expressed opposition, in more than one instance. Severely criticising the spirit and life of some, making such profession, I feared that the sacred standard of entire sanctification was being lowered—and decided that the best and wisest course for earnest Christians was, to make the consecration to God, be obedient to the revealings of the Divine Will, and thus look for the gradual development of sanctification in the heart and life.

But I was not at rest. These reasonings were outside of my proper sphere, and within the chilly regions of speculation.

Several months since I was profoundly convinced that if I would fulfill my Heaven-appointed mission, *I must become more definite in this matter—I must become a witness for full salvation*—then the power for which I sighed should be mine. And laying aside all prejudices, ceasing all criticisms on the lives of professors (deeply regretting that they had ever been indulged in), I vowed before Christ in solemn covenant, that if He would bestow His mighty grace on one so unworthy, and help me to keep it, I would be a witness of it at all times when His praise or the good of souls required it. *Then* did He uncover to me a glory I had not seen, and fill me with a peace deeper and sweeter than I had ever conceived.

I could no longer doubt the propriety, or even the necessity of giving testimony. The difficulty was to avoid making this blessing my constant theme. My poor heart seemed thrilled and melted with the hallowing flames of perfect love. Salvation in glorious floods rolled through my adoring wondering soul. I felt a tender sweetness of spirit toward every living being, and wanted to tell every

friend I had ever known, "how great things the Lord had done for me." Intensely did I desire to draw my people into the same light and liberty. Blessed be God, some of them were soon with me rejoicing in the same grace, among them my own precious wife. Glory be to the Holy Trinity!

The rapture of emotion has of necessity, in some measure, subsided, returning at intervals, (generally when testimony is given); faith, too, has had to be tried—but it abides firm in the all-cleansing blood—and its blessed peace and strength remain, and I trust will ever remain.

Entire sanctification now appears in my mind a distinct work of the Holy Spirit, standing out most prominently as a pillar of living light, diffusing its heavenly influences through every chamber of my soul. The witness is also as clear, and far more powerful than was the witness of pardon or regeneration. "The Spirit" is imparted that I might "known the things that are freely given to us of God."

And with it is the deep conviction, that if this blessing be retained in all its light and power, there must be distinct and unwavering testimony.

In writing these deep and most sacred exercises of my nature for publication, I almost tremble at the serious responsibility involved, from which I would constitutionally shrink—but if they will, in the least, minister to the praise of redeeming grace, excite the aspiration, or strengthen the confidence of others—the result will more than justify the responsibility assumed in the name of Jesus.

Henceforth be it my highest ambition to be a faithful, consistent witness, to full salvation through the blood of the Lamb!

For the Guide.

FAITH AS A MOTIVE POWER.

REV. B. W. GORHAM.

All faith has power. There is a faith of *credence*; the act of the mind by which it accepts as truth a proposition made to it. This is historic faith; the faith by which all history is received.

Its peculiar power is to *inform and enlighten*.

There is a faith of *trust* or *reliance*. This is the act by which we put ourselves into the hand of another, and surrender our interests to his keeping. The man that trusts Jesus, yields himself up into the arms of Jesus, to be borne to such duties and such fortunes as may please Jesus. He takes Jesus in the place of himself; and throws himself on the counsels of Jesus, the fidelity of Jesus, and the power of Jesus, just as he used to rely on his own counsels, his own fidelity, and his own power.

Trust unites the truster with the Trusted One, and makes available to the former all there is in the latter. The helpless vine that clings to a tree, resists the wind by all the power of the tree it clings to. So, grasping and clinging to Jesus, we make His strength our own.

The little child that threads the streets of a strange city, simply holding mother's finger, with no knowledge of the way, or power or wisdom to protect herself, is just as safe as mother's power and wisdom can make her. So the soul that, with unquestioning confidence, abandons itself to the care and guidance of the Saviour, does, by that fact, secure to itself all there is in Him, to guide, and keep, and save. Thus it is that trust is a *helping* power, just as credence is an *enlightening* power. It binds the soul to Jesus, and so makes the power of Jesus available to the soul, as if it were its own.

But there is a faith that *apprehends* and *realizes* spiritual things. We have natural powers, called senses, by which we realize the facts of the physical world around us. Thus, you look out upon the street and say, "A carriage is passing;" up into the sky and note the clouds—their size, their colors and their motions. You hear the prattle of voices, and know your children are in the room: and so, there is a sort of telegraphic communication by which the outer world continually reports itself to your apprehension.

But there is *another world*, equally real with this, and of infinitely greater mo-

ment. It is that world suggested to the mind by the words God, angel, death, eternity, the judgment, heaven, hell. Now we have no senses by which to apprehend any facts of this other world; and until we do apprehend them, they must remain, to a great extent, matters of opinion and theory with us; never exerting their due control over our sensibilities or our lives. Not that of which we merely hear affects us as that which we see. A description of the transfiguration had excited the marvel of Peter, James and John; the *sight* of it brought them prone on the ground, even as dead men. "I have heard of Thee," says Job, "by the hearing of the ear; but now *mine eye seeth Thee*: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Look, now, at the provisions God has made for endowing His people with this *realizing faith*. Jesus said, a little before His departure, "The Spirit of truth shall come, he shall receive of mine, and *shall show it unto you*." This coming of the Holy Ghost to the church, in a mighty baptism of revealing light, was the event to which the Saviour taught the disciple to look forward with intensest longing. "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." "But ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, not many days hence." These clauses from the lips of Jesus, indicate the aspirations He would cultivate in His followers; and they all point to the consummation of Pentecost. Pentecost came, and the Holy Ghost came, and the church received power from on high, and entered at once on conquest.

But what was it in the ministration of the Holy Spirit that gave power to the church that day? Doubtless, it was just what Jesus intimated in the beginning. "He shall take of mine, and *shall show it unto you*." He shall *show you* things to come. The Holy Ghost, at Pentecost, disclosed the spiritual world to those men; and so set their tongues

on fire with the eloquence that weighs eternity against time. Here lies the strength of the church and of the ministry, in the presence of the Holy Ghost, by which eternal things are laid bare to the vision and made palpable to the soul. The man that *sees the glory* can talk the glory—he and none other.

This is the faith of realization; the vision of the soul that sweeps the eternal fields. Here alone,

"Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

Note the allusions to this soul-vision which abound in the New Testament. "A little while and the world seeth me no more; but *ye see me*." "Even the spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: *but ye know him*; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath *revealed them unto us by His Spirit*." "A little while and ye shall not see me; and again a little while, and *ye shall see me*; because I go to the Father." "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are *spiritually discerned*." "Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and *he saw it*, and was glad." Moses "endured as *seeing Him that is invisible*."

In these Scriptures and their like, we have the fact disclosed and set forth: namely, that eminent believers, in the old dispensation, as well as those in the new, that have "received the Holy Ghost since they believed," are so brought into contact and communication with eternal things, that their faith takes the character, and assumes the names of those apprehensions of sight and touch, by which *we know*. In this, mainly, lies the power, as we believe, which the baptism of the Holy Ghost gives to a man. True, the purification of the affections, and their disengagement from

unworthy objects, the quickening of conscience, the enthronement of the will, and the subduing of the passions, go directly to give steadiness of aim and purity of life: but it is the light that streams over the soul when the cloven tongues come down, giving visions of God, uncovering heaven and hell, and bringing the city of the throne within its horizon, that has power to arouse and move the man beyond all else; for, to the man himself, new worlds have heaved in view. Here, then, mainly, lies the motive power of faith.

This was the faith in Abraham, that brought Isaac to the altar. This was the faith in Moses, that rejected the throne and took the wilderness route to heaven. This was the faith in Paul, aged, poor, alone, in prison and condemned to die, that made him strong in martyrdom, and showed him beforehand a crown of righteousness. This is the faith that gave quiet sleep to Stephen, amidst a shower of stones, with the vision of Jesus on his soul. And this alone, we are persuaded, is the faith by which we shall steadily overcome the world, and walk constantly and closely with God.

"Lord, give us such a faith as this,"

Amen.

For the Guide.

PURE IN THY SIGHT.

MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

PURE in thy sight, O spotless Lamb,
My longing soul cries out to be,
A joy to Thee, whose own I am,
O set me free.

Whiter than snow, Thy words declare,
Must be the soul that walks with Thee,
In robe of righteousness so fair,
Array thou me.

Nor shame, nor fear shall stir my heart
While my poor life is filled with thine.
My restful soul shall dwell apart.
In bliss divine.

Thus in Thy beauteous garments dressed,
More dear to Thee than angels are;
The world shall covet life so blest,
So heavenly fair.

For the Guide.

LOCAL PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

REV. JOHN B. LEWIS.

WHEN I was quite a youth I know that God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins. I was enabled to rejoice in the knowledge of my acceptance with God for a series of years; but never satisfied that Entire Sanctification was a scriptural doctrine, or possible for me to enjoy until death. I was, in this regard a sceptic. I felt a consciousness of it being my privilege and duty to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth. This was as far as my faith would reach.

Recently the subject of Christian Perfection seemed to be more than ever impressed upon my thoughts, and although I believed in the truth of the doctrine, yet with me it was a matter of time. I had concluded that the word Perfection was a point in religious experience beyond which none could advance, and therefore it must be enjoyed and experienced only in the hour of dissolution.

But thanks be to God, a few weeks past, through the instrumentality of my beloved Sister Bean, a little book entitled "Sanctification Practical," was placed in my hands, with a request to read it. And as the perusal of religious books and periodicals has been my pleasure for the space of fifty years, I promised to read it, and now my eyes were fully opened to the subject of Christian perfection, and I resolved, by the help of God, to strive for the mastery. I did not resolve merely to speculate, but to give all into the hands of my blessed Redeemer. I began to pray over the matter, and heard my sympathizing Saviour say, "If you love me keep my commandments." "Cast your burden upon me." O how many are the emergencies in which we feel the need of leaning on one stronger than ourselves. I realized that my strength was weakness, that unless God helped me I should fall, but Christ said, "Come unto me."

As I had often taken him at his word, and had never been disappointed, I resolved to reach out the arms of faith

and embrace the Saviour as my Prophet, Priest, and King. I was enabled to bring my faith, my all, my soul, body, spirit, wife, children, and property; yea, all I have and all I am, and lay it upon the Altar of God, and there leave it, and to say, here Lord I am, with all I ever expect to be. Use me and all I possess as seemeth good in thy sight, and sanctify me, soul body, and spirit. Blessed be God, through strong unwavering faith in Christ, I was enabled to realize the promise, "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Now my will sinks into the will of my Heavenly Father. The world is shut out. I was alone with my Father, bathed in love. I was filled with the spirit. Christ is my full Saviour. God is love. As stars melt away in the light of the rising sun, so melts my soul in Christ; my full sanctification and Redemption,

"And breathes unutterable praise,
In rapturous awe and silent love."

And now, if I should find roots of bitterness springing up, I shall go with it to the Father and order my cause before Him, with this argument, "The Blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." And if I should make further discoveries that meets with the disapproval of my Saviour, I shall fly to the mercy seat and cry, "I the chief of sinners am, but Jesus died for me."

In conclusion, allow me to say, that if the pulpit and the press would labor faithfully to promote the Bible standard of Christian experience, I doubt not we should have a much holier church. O what a blessing it is to know that Christ, who of God is made unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, is eminently near. We need not now say in our hearts, "Who shall ascend into heaven to bring Christ down, or who shall descend into the deep to bring Christ up." But we know that He is near us, even in our hearts, with the eye of faith fixed on the declaration, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." We can enjoy the blessing of perfect love. O that our pulpits would ring out loud and louder on this

vital doctrine of the Bible and of our beloved M. E. Church, so that we might have a holy membership, a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

HANNIBAL, Mo., 1869.

For the Guide.

SANCTIFICATION PRACTICAL.

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES, BY REV. J. BOYNTON.

P. PALMER.

Do you want one, among the very best books aside from the Bible, to guide yourself and your friends into the way of Holiness, get Sanctification Practical. It is indeed just what its title-page suggests, that is, "*A Book for the Times.*" In the introduction to this little volume, we express our conviction of the merits of this excellent work. "We can scarcely say too much in its praise. It is eminently practical, concise, simple, and cogent, and just such a book as is needed by the sincere, earnest inquirer after truth, whose single aim is to secure the pearl of full salvation, irrespective of cost." It abounds in incidents of the most instructive character, calculated to give tangibility and edge to truths of the greatest conceivable importance. We took up the book intending to give some characteristic extracts, but all are so good that we know not where to begin. Take the following:

PERFECT CONSECRATION.

This is essential to *perfect love*. "But I did consecrate all to God when I first sought the Lord in the forgiveness of sins; and what more can I do?" So we are asked,—and here many stumble.

A brother in the ministry once came to me at a camp-meeting and said, "I here you and others say, 'We must consecrate all to God,' unreservedly and unconditionally, if we would obtain the blessing of perfect love; now I confess I do not understand this."

"What is there about it that you do not understand?"

"I consecrated all to God when I first embraced religion; and that is *all I can do.*"

"Well let us see whether you have done all you can. Have you any pride?"

"Yes!"

"Has not that pride its object?"

After a short pause he answered,

"Certainly."

"Have you any selfishness?"

"Yes!"

"Has not that selfishness its object?"

"Yes, I suppose it has."

"You know in what you desire to please self rather than God?"

After a few moments hesitation he answered,

"I think I do."

"Have you any undue love of the world?"

"I have."

"Has it its object?"

The brother replied, "You need say no more. I see the point clearly now. Thank you. Pray for me," and so saying he left for his closet.

This is the point,—the object of our pride, selfishness, undue love of the world, or whatever else, are all to be given up, and the will of the creature must be lost in the will of the Creator. What we mean by the *perfect* consecration, essential to the attainment of perfect love is *just such a consecration and sacrifice as will enable us to sink entirely into the will of God.*

Now dear reader, what that will be in your case I am unable to say, that is, I am unable to say what the little minutiae will be. It is easy to tell in general terms, what all must do; and that is to give up all for Christ. Time, talents, strength, substance, soul, body, will, affections, influence, family, friends, &c., are all to be given to God in an everlasting covenant. To do this we shall need to repent and forsake all inward as well as all outward sin, the "*right eye*" and the "*right hand*" idols are all to be torn from the heart.

In seeking entire sanctification, as in seeking pardon, you will become willing to *do* this or that, to give up this or the other thing; but you will be sure to come to some one thing above everything else, over which the soul will have the great struggle. *What* that will be you may have no idea now; but God who always furnishes the sacrifice, knows what is necessary to bring us into the

sweet rest of perfect love; and you will not seek long, before you discover what it is.

I know of no way better to illustrate this subject than to give you the experience of those who have passed through the struggle and have entered into this sweet and *holy rest*. Then follows several graphic illustrations. Our space will allow but one,

THE DEAREST IDOL.

A lady relating her experience in my hearing said, "I had long prayed,—

'The dearest idol I have known,
What'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.'

But I little knew what I was praying for, until God came and took away my child; and in a short time my husband also sickened and died. When I was left alone, then I was brought to see that I had been loving the creature more than the Creator.

My supreme affections were fixed upon my husband and child, rather than my Saviour. O how my wicked heart rebelled; oh how I murmured against God. It seemed cruel that He should take my loved ones from me. I knew it was wrong for me to feel thus, and I struggled hard and long to sink into the will of God, and feel that the death of these loved ones was all right.

Often before their death, as I would be praying for a clean heart, the thought was suggested, 'You must be willing to give up your family.' But I tried to believe that it was the temptation of Satan in order to destroy my peace. When they died, my eyes were opened. Then I could see what the idols were. O how how I wept! *How* I struggled, none can imagine but those who have had similar experience. At length I was enabled to give up my loved ones and say in reference to their death, 'Lord thou doest all things well!' Then my faith laid hold on Christ, as my present *all sufficient* Saviour. Then O what love, peace, and joy filled my soul!"

Now this lady had been converted and was trying to serve the Lord; but she allowed her husband and child to come between her and the Saviour. The con-

separation on her part, that is, the idols above all others, were her husband and child. These inordinately loved ones must be given up, so that she could love God with all her heart. How sadly she erred in not giving Jesus the supreme affection of her heart, before the loved ones were torn away.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY DECIDED.

A young man came to my room at eleven o'clock at night and requested an interview. It was readily granted. He then asked, "What do you consider the evidences of a call to the ministry?"

After answering the question as well as I could, I called his attention to the views of several authors. He, of course, had many questions to ask, and many things to say, and I desired to satisfy him if possible. We continued our conversation till four o'clock in the morning. The next night he came again, and introduced the same subject, appearing to be in very deep concern of mind. We had not been in conversation long, when he made a remark which led me to discover that this was something new in his experience; that it was not with him as with most young men who are called to the office and work of the ministry. He had not been perplexed with such convictions of duty to preach the Gospel ever since the time of his conversion, as is generally the case. This being a new thing with him, I thought I could read his case exactly, and said to him, "I understand by your last remark that you have not, until quite recently, been impressed that you must preach the Gospel." "Never till very recently," he answered, "Well now," I remarked, "you received that impression under certain circumstances, will you please state what those circumstances were?"

His answer was this: "Three weeks ago last Sabbath, I heard W. C. Comfort preach a soul-stirring sermon on the subject of sanctification. I concluded that the blessing was for me, and I would seek it with all my heart. I had not sought long, when, as I was earnestly praying for a clean heart, I was asked the question, 'Are you willing to devote all your time, talents, and energies, to

the work of the Christian ministry?' I have decided upon another profession, and I feel I cannot preach."

Our reply was this: "That is just what I expected you would say. Now, it is useless for us to talk about the evidences of a call to the ministry. We do not say that you will ever have to preach a sermon; but I do say, that you will have to become willing to give up the legal profession, and be willing to enter the ministry, or you never can receive the blessing you seek! We then exhorted him to seek on, and to make the sacrifice required. I endeavored to show him how to lay hold of the blessing, and he left. I did not see him again until the next day about three o'clock P. M., and a happier man we never saw; he had made the consecration, and was rejoicing in full salvation.

Our view of this case is just this. This young man had been a member of the church over five years; he was a conscientious, devoted Christian: he was determined to serve God, and get to heaven; but there was one thing in which he desired to have his own way,—his heart was set on becoming a lawyer; yet he confessed to me that he had always doubted whether it would be right; he thought, if he did enter the legal profession, he might possibly backslide, and lose his soul; yet he had concluded, *I will* have religion, and *I will* be a lawyer. This controverted ground ought to be avoided. He determined to seek sanctification. In order to attain this everything opposed to God and holiness must be given up. He must be willing to become anything or nothing, for Christ's sake; if he would not, God could see how his love for the legal profession marred his peace, and hindered his usefulness and progress in the divine life. He must be weaned from this, before he could

"Sink beneath the purple flood,
And rise renewed in all the life of God."

What would do this? God knew, and hence the question met him, "Are you willing to devote all your time, talents, and energies to the work of the Christian ministry?" To say this, would be to

give up the law, which he loved, and to enter the ministry, which he did not love. At first, he felt that he could not; yet he could not get around it. He yielded, and was made clean through the "blood of the Lamb." This was in March. He lived this great salvation before his associates, having the testimony all the time that he pleased God, until the August following, when he died in great triumph, and passed away.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF AN AGED BROTHER.

WM. M'CLELLAND.

On the 29th of April, 1828, I gave my heart to God, and soon after united with the M. E. Church, and for some years I enjoyed much of the love of God in my soul. As long as I worked faithfully for God and His cause, so long I enjoyed peace and happiness. But alas! I have to mourn over what I fear is the case with too many. Through cares of the world, and providing for a growing family, and ceasing to labor for the Lord as I had done, and not attending strictly to family and private prayers, although getting rich, I found I was becoming lean and poor in the sight of God, and fast losing the peace of God in my soul. Thank God, His Spirit followed me, and convinced me that riches could not give peace or happiness, nor satisfy the immortal soul.

In the year 1841, I was led by the Spirit of God to see my folly in living in such a poor, dying way. I was led by His Holy Spirit to turn with full purpose of heart unto the Lord, consecrate myself and all I had to God. Ever since I have been striving to serve Him (although in weakness) with a sincere and I trust an honest heart, and I have enjoyed much of the love of God in my soul, and very often I have been able to praise God with a full heart. Yet for many years past I have felt I wanted something that would make me perfectly happy, and give me a complete and full victory over self and all besetting sins, so that I could rejoice and be happy all the time in the love of Jesus.

By reading my Bible I was fully convinced there was a higher life in God for me, and it was the will of God, even my sanctification through the blood of Jesus, my blessed Saviour. At this time the doctrine, of Sanctification or perfect love, was but seldom talked of, either by preachers or members. About three years since, one of our preachers, while attending camp-meeting in Jersey, sought and obtained the blessing of sanctification, and as soon as he returned to his charge, he at once preached a full salvation, with all his heart, telling us that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and that it was our privilege to obtain this blessing, and by faith to be filled with all the fullness of Jesus' love. The preaching of this doctrine of a full salvation caused our people to awake to their privilege. Soon several sought and found the blessing of perfect love—and one of our beloved sisters (who has since gone to her home in heaven), who was the first witness raised up, and often did I listen to the sweet testimony for Jesus that fell from her lips. O how I longed to step into perfect liberty, and oh, how I mourned and prayed for full salvation. Many times I felt as though I was taking hold by faith with both hands on Jesus, and ready to receive the witness of perfect love. But just then my faith would give way, and the thought would come that this was too great a blessing for such an unworthy mortal, and yet I would cling to the promises of Jesus and plead his death on the cross, and search his blessed word for encouragement. Then I found such promises as these, "For it is the will of God, even your sanctification." "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest, take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light, and you shall find rest." These promises and many others came to my mind, and then I would take courage, and press on towards the mark of my high calling in Christ Jesus.

Thanks be to God, last August I attended a camp-meeting with a few

faithful followers of Jesus. I went fully determined to do all the good I could, and get all the good I could. I went to work in good earnest for full salvation. Thanks be unto God I was not disappointed in my expectation, for there I did receive the witness of perfect love, and could say with a full heart, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin. I felt the love of Jesus to overflow. On all occasions since I have confessed Jesus to be a full Saviour, and not only going to confess to the world what Jesus has done for unworthy me, but I intend to preach it to all, as another witness to holiness.

McCLELLANDSVILLE, Del.

For the Guide.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

C. J. GILLINGHAM.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman of my acquaintance, to a friend, which, by request, I copy for your publication if you think best. The writer was for many years a skeptic, and was at the time of his conversion living in a very secluded manner on an island in Saginaw Bay, with his family. His conversion, therefore, is considered by his friends as a direct interposition of Providence in his behalf, and his life since, (for more than a year) has been one of deep devotion and practical piety.

Yours, with much respect,

M. W. EDGAR.

And now trusting the Lord to assist me by His Holy Spirit, I will try to give you a short account of this great transaction of my life. You are acquainted with my early history and with many of the influences brought to bear upon me. Since then my life has been spent in a backslidden state; fighting my way against the love of an all-merciful God, to eternal misery and death. And well may I say all-merciful, for I put away the most precious word of God, the Bible, from my hands as a "cunningly devised fable," broke the Sabbath, and took the name of the Lord my God in vain. Still the seed that was sown many years ago remained, and though choked and smothered by the vanities of earth, the all-pitying eye of my blessed Redeemer watched over it; still he prayed the Father to spare me a little longer, while he poured abundant showers of His grace upon my hard heart,

until it began to soften and I could hold out no longer. Then I began to pray; "still he led me in a way I knew not." He made it necessary for me to go away from home to work, and thus brought me among His own children.

Although by a life of unbelief and sin unfitted to enjoy their society, still He showed me that it was just the society I had long been parted from, and just what I needed. There I heard the Bible read, and bowed at the family altar once more.

The Lord put it into the heart of the good lady of the house to speak to me about the great salvation which He imparts to all who will believe in Him and keep His commandments: and she spake of Jesus as of one whom she saw and knew. She gave me a number of the "Guide to Holiness," and there I found myself surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. I was brought, as it were, into a new world. I had so long walked with my eyes shut, that I thought everybody was blind. I had been so long associated with those whose religion was cold formality and corruption, that I had made up my mind there was nothing but the mockery of Christianity left.

But now the Holy Spirit showed me that I was outside the holy city, among the dogs. I overheard the music within, and made up my mind to go up and take possession. And now I will tell you how I got in. Fire came down from heaven and burned me up. After working and praying with great violence in my own strength to break open the door, the Lord brought me in. He came to me in a vision in the night, in His terror and His beauty, and in His tender mercy took me in. This is the way he first appeared to me in the vision: One night last winter, after spending the evening conversing of what God had done for us, I retired to rest; I soon fell asleep, and thought I heard the sound of a mighty rushing wind, so terrible that I was dreadfully frightened, I thought I arose and looked out of the window, and I saw a dense, black cloud rising from the West, with lightning and thunder, and it arose with such frightful

rapidity, and the lightning and thunder became so terrible, that I felt we must perish, there was no hope left. Then the Spirit of God said, "There is hope, pray to God." So I prayed as well as I could that God would not destroy me; but I had only commenced to pray and the tempest was already upon us. The house parted overhead, and I saw, as it were, the countenance of the "Judge of quick and dead." I would gladly have been sheltered from the sight, so terribly beautiful. But what is earthly language? It is words; but when all language is summed up it is one WORD, and that one Word was now before me.

The lightning seemed to strike me, and all the anguish of an eternal, living death, was mine. My little life of selfishness and sin was laid open to my sight, and I saw plainly that every sin I ever committed was committed openly, in the presence of the Judge of the Universe, and all the purified beings of his love. Our departed friends had been watching with pitying eye, and entreating in our behalf, and Jesus did spare a little longer. And then I saw plainly that I was accountable for all the sin I had ever committed; that it had all been done willfully. How my ingratitude tortured me, as I saw the amazing mercy and love of God to me. I had by doubting His word called God a liar, and was shown plainly that I did not believe, unless I did His will.

And now I saw how justly I was judged, and yet in mercy, by One that loved me with an eternal love. My selfishness vanished, and seemed as an evil spirit cast out, the carnal mind subdued. And then I prayed, and said, "O, my God, Thy will be done, for it is righteous." Soon as I said this prayer, the lightning flashed within me and said, "I am the spirit and will of God," and all was life and peace and glory.

The things of time swept past me, as a shadow past the noon-day sun, and then the Sun of Righteousness appeared in His unbounded glory, and I was lost and blended in the unbounded harmony of the ETERNAL WORD. All was life, joy, harmony and love.

The things of time cannot compare with eternity. Our present bodily life is as death compared to life, as the "blackness of darkness" compared with the intensest light. The present cannot be said to be so much as a shadow of what shall be shown when our spirit shall be let into the life and liberty of God in Christ Jesus.

For the Guide.

CONSECRATION.

J. H. G.

My soul, O Christ! cries out for Thee,
My one supreme desire,
Is that thyself wouldst dwell in me,
And fill my heart entire.

To Thee, who hast the right, I give
My every member now,
And pledge myself for Thee to live;
Lord help me keep the vow.

My feet, that they may still be found,
Where Jesus walked before,
Nor shun the rough and thorny ground
Which made his feet so sore.

My hands, that they to God be given,
In doing deeds of love,
Pointing the souls, 'neath burdens driven,
To yonder rest above.

My tongue, that it may oft engage
In fervent prayer and psalm,
Nor cease to cry to youth and age,
Behold the bleeding Lamb.

My eyes, that they may ever shun
The glittering paths of sin,
To Jesus looking, while I run,
A crown from Him to win.

These, with all else that in me lies,
I consecrate to Thee.
The gift the altar sanctifies,
O Christ, Thou dwell'st in me.

For the Guide.

A HOLY LIFE.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

THE beautiful principles of religion are all shown in a holy life. As the soft sunlight gleams upon the earth, bathing tree, grass and flower with

brightness, so does the light of true Christianity radiate the pathway of the child of God. A holy life will ever prove the great truths of religion, and convince the skeptic that there is a reality in its sacred teachings.

The world always respects the true Christian, for it cannot fail to admire the spirit of love and meekness that he betrays. They who would oppose him know too well that it would be a vain attempt. They know that a holy life is a sure safeguard against all assaults.

The one who ever seeks to obey Divine commands, and walk in humbleness in Christ's footsteps, is far richer than he who dwells in marble halls of splendor. His life is bright and beautiful, for he ever dwells in the sunlight of a loving Father's smiles. Rich and holy blessings fall thickly upon him, and the soft dews of love and peace descend upon his happy soul. The storms that beat so fiercely upon others, never rage around his pathway, for an infinite arm is ever stretched out over him.

Every professed follower of Christ should earnestly seek to live a holy life, and thus advance the great truths of Christianity. Then would all the Christian graces be twined in a snow-white garland, and the lowly child of God would be crowned with their unfading brightness. A happy day it will be when the Disciples of our Lord and Master put on the spotless robe of holiness, and go forth upon errands of mercy and love. Then will the strongholds of sin be shaken, and the enemies of Christ's kingdom conquered. "Then will the kingdoms of the earth become the kingdoms of our Lord."

It is a beautiful fact that all *may* live a holy life. It is a beautiful feature in our holy religion that such a degree of Christian excellency may be obtained upon earth. We may sit at our Master's feet, and learn of Him until our hearts are filled with deep abiding peace. We may journey so closely by His side that the white wing of love may continually overshadow us, and we may feel the soft heavenly breezes wafted to our souls. We may hear the low angel

whispers, if we listen intently, and sometimes catch the symbol note that ring along the streets of the eternal city.

Heaven may in truth begin below, if we yield up *all* into the hands of our loving Saviour. We may begin to learn the great lessons that shall be continued in eternity, and so comprehend mysteries that the ages of the future life will unfold to us. Our heavenly Father reveals himself very plainly to those who seek to behold Him, and He will work in power through the weak arm, that will be guided by Him, and all the powers of darkness cannot stand before the humble child of God.

Christian friend, strive anew to live a holy life. Do not dream any longer by the wayside with folded arms, while deathless souls are passing into eternity without a hope in God. Throw off the spell that has bound you down in the mire of earth, and soar up into the bright beautiful sky of holiness. Then will God work through your weak arm; you can lead the weary sinner to the feet of Jesus. Unless you strive to live for God your life will prove an empty blank—an entire failure—and you will stand in the presence of God in sadness, for there will be no starry crown for you in the eternal world. Kneel reverently at the feet of God, lay all upon His altar, and then strive, with His assisting grace, to live a holy life.

SOUTH EDMESTON, N. Y.

For the Guide.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP HAMLINE.

REV. WM. M. OSBORNE, A.M.

Man was made with a degree of intelligence far above all other forms of sentient life. Some possess an attractive power, distinguishing them from the great mass of humanity, and one only need be brought into their society to be drawn as naturally and imperceptibly toward them as the needle is attracted towards the pole. Such a power had many of the fathers of the Christian Church, and such a power possessed our beloved and deeply lamented Leonidas L. Ham-

line. The thought of associating with ministers so good, so noble, so philanthropic, has often acted as an incentive to the young, to pursue such a course of life as finally to bring them to the higher plane of Christian experience and development. With *me*, the name of Bishop Hamline had more than talismanic charms; and the idea of associating with *such* a man, in my introduction to an Annual Conference, inspired my heart with an indescribable *something*, altogether surpassing finite comprehension. Such were the visions of my youthful mind, August 10th, 1846, as I rolled along over Illinois' grand prairies, in company with Revs. S. H. Stocking, R. A. Blanchard, and John Hodges, on our route to the second session of the Rock River Conference, to meet the following day in Bench St. Church, Galena, and to be presided over by *my ideal* of ministerial dignity and perfected human character.

Young as was that ecclesiastical convocation, it had its full share of master spirits in the persons of James and John T. Mitchell, Richard Haney, John Chandler, Washington Wilcox, A. E. Phelps and John Summers, besides a score not much less conspicuous, with a long list of juniors, destined in their subsequent ministry to shine with peculiar brilliancy in the ministerial galaxy. It will be considered no disrespect to any member of that Conference—living or dead, to say, it was composed of somewhat discordant elements, the *subject of slavery*, two years before, rending the Church in twain, producing an honest *difference of opinion*, after manifesting itself unpleasantly, even among those who were bound to each other by the strong ties of Conference fellowship and love. Bishop Hamline had but recently passed through the fire, kindled by the General Conference of 1844; and anticipating gathering storms, had not only fortified himself with Divine grace for any emergency, but in an eminent degree was prepared to inculcate charity and forbearance in every department of Christ's visible body on earth.

I shall never forget the benignity of

the Bishop's countenance, nor the vein of deep and fervid piety which distinguished his conduct as a presiding officer, how in the midst of heated debate, the speaker was often interrupted with an inimitable homily on brotherly kindness; his words falling like 'gentle dew, and always producing throughout the large audience, a sweet and sanctified influence, the very counterpart of heaven. No *harshness* characterized his decisions concerning human conduct or disciplinary law; in fact, he seemed to be the *embodiment* of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. When his decisions were announced to the public, the question appeared settled beyond the probability of appeal.

His power and eloquence as a pulpit orator probably never appeared more enchanting than on Sabbath morning of the Conference, when he carried away his vast audience into Beulah's land, and the Jacob of old brought glory down to earth.

His theme was Christian Holiness, and his text: "Ye are witnesses and the Holy Ghost also, &c.," was well calculated to develop the characteristics of his great mind, somewhat of a legal cast, as well, the marvelous power diffused through all his pulpit efforts, enabling him to bear aloft the people, not with the hurricane of classic declamation, but with the deep and overpowering current of resistless tides. There was a peculiar mildness, with marvelous power withal, in Bishop Hamline's manner, which I have never beheld in any other minister living or departed. Evidently he had no model but Christ, his elocution was faultless, because nature was his great study, and with a comprehensiveness of thought, embracing all worlds, he adapted his discourses to the most illiterate, and left impressions on the public heart as lasting as immortality. Torn and distracted as the Church then was, his amiable and loving Spirit was calculated to allay ministerial controversies, and change the roily and bitter channels of strife into the pure and placid fountain of perfect love.

Such an example failed not to exert a most salutary influence on the public

miud, and especially were his discreet suggestions in the stationing of preachers, overruled of God, to the good of both pastors and people. To Bishop Hamline the writer owes his first appointment as a Methodist preacher, and while reason is enthroned, and the impress of God's spirit remains on the tablet of the soul, his mind will ever turn to the associations of that hour, when under the instructions of such a leader, he went forth to preach deliverance to the captives, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

For the Guide.

LETTER FROM DR. RICHEY.

[Will ministers who read their sermons do themselves and their people the favor of reading this letter from an honored veteran minister, whose praise is in all the churches.—EDS.]

PORTLAND, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MY DEAR MRS. PALMER:—Your highly appreciated letter, prompted, I am quite sure, by motives the most benevolent and hallowed, was received by me with equal surprise and pleasure. From it I learned for the first time, that you were among my hearers on the Sunday morning to which you refer. The message, which I then delivered, and of which you are pleased to express so kind an estimate, was preached without any other preparation than meditation upon the import and practical suggestions of the text on which it was based, and prayer to the Father of lights for illuminating unction. Not a syllable of it was previously written: and, indeed, of late years, I rarely commit any thing to paper of what I utter in the congregation, being satisfied, that in the ordinary course of pulpit duty, I shall feel less trammelled by not depending on memory, and by keeping my mind open to the promised aids of the Holy Spirit, in not simply stating, but TESTIFYING, the Gospel of the grace of God, than by verbal preparation. I covet more the suggestions of the heavenly inspiration, which the anointed ambassador of Christ has a right to expect, than all the elaborated embellishments of eloquence, often falsely so called.

Your references to Mr. Wesley's *progressive*

conviction of the vital importance of bearing explicit and constant testimony to the perfect work of the Holy Ghost, in the entire sanctification of matured believers, as essential to the full exhibition of the counsel of God, and the powerful efficiency of the Christian ministry, command my entire sympathy, the *unreserved* acquiescence of my mind and heart. And your citations from his Journal on this topic, afford ample illustrative evidence, practical *demonstration* indeed, of the rectitude of his judgment, with respect to the prominence that ought ever to be given to the doctrine of Christian perfection, as an essential condition of the highest prosperity of the cause of God. That doctrine I regard as the *central* and *crowning* glory of THE MINISTRATION OF THE SPIRIT, whose transcendent lustre throws into the shade the glory that radiated from the face of Moses, when he came forth from the scene of his memorable interview with God, bearing in his hand the Tables on which the Law was graven by the finger of God. Did not the inconceivably great salvation of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, make adequate provision for the complete eradication of *every root of bitterness* from the human soul, in the present life, it would lack, notwithstanding every other excellence, that which really constitutes its highest claim to the homage of the believing heart—without that element of efficiency, it would not be salvation to the *uttermost*. It would, I conceive dishonor alike the blood of the Cross, and the Omnipotent energy of the Eternal Spirit, and throw the Christian on the unauthorized, antisciptural resource of a death purgatory.

My heart is, therefore, with you in every effort to vindicate and enforce the characteristic testimony on this subject, of original, genuine, and, I trust, imperishable Methodism. May my own spirit be more richly replenished with all the fruits of the Spirit, and my ministry and that of my brethren, hold forth more effectively than ever the word of life!

I am, with great esteem and holy love,
Yours faithfully,

MATTHEW RICHEY.

N. B.—Consider yourself *quite at liberty* to make any use of this note that you may deem proper; for I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.

HOLINESS THE SPECIALTY, AND POWER OF METHODISM.

It will interest the reader, and we trust be subservient to diffusion of truths vital in importance to the cause of Christianity that we append the letter to which the preceding excellent letter from our esteemed Dr. Richie is in reply.

ATLANTIC OCEAN,
On Board Steamer N. E., July 30th, 1869.)

REV. DR. RICHIE:

Dear Brother in Jesus.

Ever since I gazed upon your benevolent countenance, and listened to your precious message from the Head of the Church on Sabbath morning in the Centenary Church, St. John, N. B., I have felt it would be a privilege to have a few moments' converse with you in regard to the interests and prospects of Methodism in the British Provinces.

Aware that the Lord has given you a leading influence over the Wesleyan body in these parts, I have longed to unburden my mind on a subject which the day of eternity will reveal to be of unparalleled importance to the interests of Methodism. And now, unadvised by any one, and unknown to all but the great Head of the Church, I have concluded to unburden my mind to you on paper, under the solemn conviction that I am doing what the God of Wesley would have me do.

In reading the "Provincial Wesleyan" of a week or two since, giving an account of the prospects of Methodism, want of ministers, &c.,—connected with Conference statistics, I was reminded of a similar state of things in the career of our own beloved Methodism, in and around New York several years ago. Inquiry was made why Methodism was not gaining in numerical and spiritual power. The "Christian Advocate," and other denominational papers took up the subject. Many and various were the reasons given, none of which were regarded as quite satisfactory, till an article was written giving Mr. Wesley's views of what occasionally caused a decline in Methodism in his day.

A few statements, as then given from Mr. Wesley's Journal, is still fresh in my memory. Speaking of Launceston, he says, "Here I found the work of God had gained no ground on this circuit all the year. The preachers had given up the Methodist testimony. Either they did not speak of *perfection* at all (the *peculiar doctrine committed to our trust*)

or they spoke of it only in general terms, without urging the believers to go on unto Perfection, and to *expect it every moment*. And when this is not earnestly done, the work of God *does not prosper*." Vol. iv. pp 459. Again, "perceiving that the people had suffered much by not having the doctrine of Christian Perfection clearly explained, and strongly enforced, I preached expressly on that subject." Vol. iv. p. 557, (American edition). Of another place Mr. Wesley says, "I examined the society and was surprised to find fifty members fewer in it than I left last October. One reason is, Christian Perfection has been little insisted on, and when this is not done, be the preachers ever so eloquent, there is little increase either in the number or grace of the hearers." Vol. iv, p. 220. I might give several similar passages, but your familiarity with Wesley's works and views on this subject make it unnecessary.

Our excellent Pioneer Bishop Asbury, to whose efficient labors American Methodism is so much indebted, writes in his Journal thus, "I am *Divinely impressed* to preach sanctification in every sermon." On another occasion, when he was quite ill and seemed to see in the light of the other world, the infinite importance of holiness, as the one great prerequisite for the true advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth, and the ultimate salvation of all the redeemed family, inasmuch as "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," Mr. Asbury writes, "I have not preached sanctification as I should have done; if I am restored to health this shall be my theme more pointedly than ever, God being my helper." You are aware that Mr. Wesley's later and more mature views on the importance of explicit testimony and preaching on this subject, were increasingly strong and imperative. After the great revival of holiness in 1764, he says, "All our preachers should make a point of preaching Perfection to believers. *constantly, strongly, EXPLICITLY*." But I must hasten to a close, yet allow me to add that on the occasion when the inquiry was being made several years ago, why Methodism was not more prosperous in New York and vicinity, and Mr. Wesley's reasons for a decline in his day, was given as stated in the above for our great official (the *Christian Advocate*) Dr. N. Bangs, Dr. Bond, and

other of our leading men, were solemnly, and affectingly convinced of the truth, and frankly declared, that the writer who had prepared for the *Christian Advocate*, Mr. Wesley's views of what would cause a want of prosperity in Methodism, "had taken a right view of the subject."

Now may not this be suggestive of what may be the want of Methodism in the British Provinces. Holiness *experimentally* apprehended is what makes ministers. A Revival of Holiness is what brings out men of power in every Church community, such as, Fletcher, Bramwell, John Smith, &c. Holiness not only *makes* ministers, but where its principles are an experimental verity in Church communities it supports the ministry, and sustains all Christian enterprises and appliances, for the true spread of the gospel.

May I say, we were grieved to find less definite interest, both among preachers and people on the subject of holiness, now in 1869 than in 1857. Possibly you may have some recollection of our visit at that time. Much interest on the precious theme then prevailed. Many ministers professed to receive the grace and testified of it before the people. The result was, that the standard being thus uplifted, the people followed the faith of their pastors, and the prophetic anticipations of Isaiah lxii. 2., were a blessed realization.

The head of the Church always owns us in our labors to just the degree we honor this, the great crowning doctrine, of this the crowning dispensation. To just the degree we succeed in inducing the ministry and people to make HOLINESS TO THE LORD a present and *experimental verity*, to just that degree do we see the unsaved flock to the standard of the cross. Pardon my long letter, we are nearing the port of Boston, and I must close. Praying that the banner we as a people have adopted, HOLINESS TO THE LORD, may ever be kept nobly waving to the breezes of heaven in all the British Provinces and the world over, till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and his Christ, I subscribe myself your humble laborer in the kingdom and patience of Jesus.

PHOEBE PALMER.

NOTE.

I ought to append a note to the preceding page and say, that a remarkable revival of holiness has succeeded the time referred to. Not long after this Dr. Bangs, who early in his ministry received the blessing of heart purity, in power, and was instrumental in Canada and elsewhere, received a renewal of the witness of purity. He had for years said little on the subject of *experimental* holiness, but had preached the doctrine in a general way. The Dr. when in the midst of an endeared circle, was very social and unreserved. One day, a dear friend, who loved holiness as a matter of experience, took pains to bring the Doctor out, and an expression of earnest appreciation on the part of Dr. B. was the result. The lady questioner then said, "You enjoy this blessing Doctor, do you not?"

Referring to this interview Dr. B. said to the writer, "I scarcely knew what to say. That I had once enjoyed the witness of the blessing I knew. But it had been a long time since I had made a *specialty* of the experience. My mind had been so much occupied in the controversies and secularities of the church and preaching, that I had ceased to be absorbed as formerly in holiness as a matter of *experience*. Now when the question was asked, Doctor, you enjoy the blessing do you not? I hesitated answering the question for a moment,—and then retiring into my own heart before God, I threw myself afresh on Jesus as a Saviour able to save to the uttermost, and then as in the more immediate presence of God, solemnly answered the lady who had questioned me thus,—'Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I believe I can say, I do.'" Having thus believed in his heart, and confessed with his mouth, the Doctor said, "Sudden as a flash of lightning from the upper world, he again experienced the full salvation of the Gospel." From that hour Dr. Bangs was a flaming witness of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, all who come to God by Him.

It was from this point that holiness became a matter of experience and testimony in the States as never before. With the rise of holiness we have risen in prosperity. Never were there so many ministers enjoying the blessing of holiness, as during the past few years. At a meeting which has convened at

our own favored home every Tuesday afternoon over thirty years past, ministers of our own Church, and other evangelical denominations to the number of from twenty to thirty are often present and deeply interested, many of whom testified of their great interest in this the great salvation of the Gospel. That it is a power that will raise fallen, worldly churches, and empower them for holy activities, we see everywhere demonstrated. It is to this rise in holiness that may be attributed the wonderful revival influences with which our people have been favored.

P. P.

For the Guide.

XVII.

NO SEPARATION.

T. C. U.

Oh can I leave Thee! Can I go
Back to the world that once was nigh?
And so debase me, as to know
The joys, that only bloom to die?

Oh can I quit celestial good,
The growth of life's immortal tree,
And feed, instead of Angel's food,
On earth's poor dust and vanity?

I sought Thee, that my soul might stay
In endless unity of mind;
And dare not, cannot rend away
The golden links, my heart that bind.

If others blindly choose to roam,
And find the path of tears and gloom;
Be MINE, in God's great heart, the home,
Where peace, and joy, and glory bloom.

XVIII.

SOUGHT AND FOUND.

T. C. U.

Oh Christ! I used to say,
Hie! me to come to Thee;
But can I say it now,
When Christ hath come to me?

Dear presence in my soul,
Where thou dost find thy rest!
Why seek Thee in the skies,
When dwelling in my breast?

The mother seeks her child,
When wayward it doth roam;
But seeking hath no place,
When it is safe at home.

His voice is on my lips;
His tear bedews mine eye;
His home is in my soul;
He cannot be more nigh.

Oh no! He is not now,
A Christ that dwells apart;
But, near as life with life,
He dwells within my heart.

10

VISIT TO PARADISE.

REV. J. B. FINLEY.

We were well acquainted with "Rev. Father Finley," as he was familiarly called. Fourteen years after he had the visit to Paradise so graphically portrayed by his own pen, in the accompanying sketch, he visited us at our New York residence, when together we talked of this remarkable vision and restoration to health. The healing of the man at the gate of the temple called Beautiful, was not to our mind more miraculous, than the supernatural restoration of Father Finley from what to human observation was a bed of death, to immediate health.—EDS.

It was in the summer of 1842. Worn down with fatigue, I was completing my last round of quarterly meetings, and winding up the labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work, till I was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and it was with great difficulty I reached home. The disease had taken so violent a hold on my system, that I sank rapidly under its power. Everything that kind attention and medical skill could impart was resorted to, to arrest its ravages; but all was in vain, and my life was despaired of.

On the seventh night, in a state of entire insensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around my couch waiting to see me breath my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and, in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said, "I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence." In an instant I seemed to rise, and, gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us, on every side, were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought.

At length we reached the gates of paradise; and O, the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then, in its fullest extent, did I realize the invocation of the poet:

"Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian."

Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unvailed eyes, I saw.

The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, not a single ripple on its surface, and its purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of this lake, or river, rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river.

While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and, although they went with the greatest rapidity, yet their wings were folded close by their side. While I gazed, I asked my guide who they were, and what their mission? To this he responded, "They are angels, dispatched to the world from whence you came on an errand of mercy." I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable but my guide.

At length I said, "Will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?" Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, with the exception that they had crowns upon their heads of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

There was nothing with which the blessed babe or child could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high. Its wings, which were long and most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child.

At length I said, "If I have to return to earth, from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the weeping mothers of earth. Methinks, when they see it, they will never shed another tear

over their children when they die." So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms, but it eluded my grasp, and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the waters, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strains, "To Him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, to him be glory both now and forever. Amen."

At that moment the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout, and, clapping my hands, I sprang from my bed, and was healed as instantly as the lame man in the beautiful porch of the temple, who "went walking, and leaping, and praising God." Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God.

The next Sabbath I went to camp-meeting filled with the love and power of God. There I told the listening thousands what I saw and felt, and what God had done for me, and loud were the shouts of glory that reverberated through the forest.

Though years have rolled away since that bright, happy hour, yet the same holy flame is burning in my heart, and I retain the same glorious victory. "Halleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Editorial.

ATTENTION.

We wish to arrest the attention of our friends from near and remote points of our Lord's dominions to an article in our last issue by the Rev. S. M. Pierce.

Lovers of Holiness, do you reside in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Australia, Africa, India, China, Sandwich Islands, or in any part of America, either North or South, whether in the Dominion of Canada or the United States, if you have consecrated your intellect and the use of your pen to the service of the Lord of a redeemed world, we

would now in the name of Him, whose name is HOLY, demand your prayerful attention.

We have *reason* to believe, that among our thousands of subscribers, in all the places mentioned, there are some few who either regularly or occasionally read the "Guide to Holiness," and rejoicingly stand enlisted under the banner, "*Holiness to the Lord.*"

The call of our correspondent, G. M. P., is for news from all along the line of the blood besprinkled bands. News concisely written of battles fought and victories won, from consecrated, racy pens, that may raise the shout of praise from thousands of God's sanctified hosts all over this redeemed world. Our Lord loves to be praised. Give to God the glory *due* to His name. This is a *command*. Can it be neglected without incurring the displeasure of our precious Lord and Master? David says, "I will abundantly utter the memory of God's great goodness." "This shall be written for generations to come." Paul also must have felt divinely constrained to "send the news all along the line," when he says, "That through the thanksgiving of many praise may redound to God."

WORKS AND WAYS FOR JESUS.

BALTIMORE, Md., October 7, 1869.

We left New York on Saturday, October 2, for this city. The day was as choice a specimen of calm, delightful, yet fading, Autumn, as we remember to have witnessed. On our arrival at Elizabeth City we were joined by our pleasant, long-cherished friend, Rev. Dr. Newman, Pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D. C., with whom we enjoyed soul-refreshing converse. How graciously inspiring to meet with those who abide under the shadow of the Almighty, and are ever sweetly at home in talking of the Altogether Lovely and the blessed inner life.

TALK ABOUT JESUS.

It is over twenty years since that we heard the late Dr. Keneday, in Philadelphia, discourse on the theme of converse about Jesus. He said, "Never since the time that those two disciples were walking on the way to Emmaus, talking about Jesus, and were met on the way by the risen Son of God, had two disciples met, and began to talk about Jesus, but Jesus Himself had come, and made one of the com-

pany." O, that the dear disciples of the Saviour would oftener talk about Him, then would He oftener manifest Himself, and we should hear the exclamation, "Did not our hearts burn within us!"

On our arrival at Baltimore we were met by the Rev. J. R. Wheeler, Pastor of the Caroline St. Church, with whose people we had come to labor, and D. Banks, Esq., at whose pleasant residence we were to abide during our pilgrim sojourn. Sabbath was a day to be remembered. The heavens poured out copious and unceasing rain. The streets were flooded, houses and bridges damaged. But the God of all grace brought a larger number of His flock together than we could, under the circumstances, have anticipated. Both morning and evening our heavenly Joshua was present, and manifested the Almightyness of His power in bringing souls into the rest of faith.

During the morning service, as we were telling the people how the rest of faith might at once be entered, we had scarcely taken our seat, when a dear brother arose, and speaking most manifestly from the Holy Spirit's constrainings, exclaimed, "I can withhold no longer; I *do* believe, praise the Lord, &c.," Others testified to the reception of like precious faith before the close of the meeting.

Monday brought us beautiful weather. The tribes of God's Israel gathered, both afternoon and evening, largely from various points in the city. And thus it continued during the week. At every service Jesus manifested His glory in converting and sanctifying power, the interest of the work increasing, and still larger numbers crowding to the meetings. We could refer to some very interesting particulars of new witnesses being raised up, whose testimony, we trust, will be influential in inducing many to enter the promised land, but, at present, we forbear.

The beloved Pastor of the Caroline Street Charge is one who stands up nobly before his people, witnessing to small and great of the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin. By the blood of the Lamb and the word of his testimony he is ever enabled to overcome. As a worker in Immanuel's army he blows the Gospel-trumpet—full and free salvation, and with him the trumpet gives

NO UNCERTAIN SOUND.

May all his people, not only be willing listeners, but *doers*. Surely it is not enough to know the Master's will. The servant that knew His Master's will, and did it not, was to be beaten with many stripes. The day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will discover to the eye of angels and men, that Church communities, of all evangelical sects, in their individual and collective capacity, have been favored with seasons of visitation, when the necessity of heart purity has been urged upon their attention as an imperative duty. But, alas! how few take time to be holy.

Among the penitent seekers surrounding the altar one evening was an elderly lady, who had passed four score years, and her two daughters, one over sixty years of age, and a younger daughter, perhaps about forty years. Mother and daughters heard the peace-speaking voice of the heavenly Comforter ere the close of the service.

HEART REFRESHINGS.

It has, indeed, been heart refreshing to meet with so many of the noble band of holy confessors, some of whom have for a long time walked with Christ in white, following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Through good and evil report have they maintained a steady, unflinching testimony. When truth might have fallen in the streets, they have caught the trailing banner, and kept it displayed before the people. Prominent among these is our dear

DR. G. M. ROBERTS.

Many will rise up and call him blessed in the great day when God makes up His jewels. "They that honor me, I will honor." So says the great Master, who waits to give to every man according as his work shall be. Dr. R. has done a glorious work for the sustainment of the precious doctrine and experience of holiness here, and precious, indeed, will be his reward. For many months has the outer man been failing, but the freshness of eternal youth rests on his spirit, and the happy buoyancy of his religious experience reminds us of the significant words of the prophet, "Your heart shall live forever."

BROTHER AND SISTER INSKIP.

Our beloved Brother and Sister Inskip are doing a most blessed work here. Many of

the friends of holiness in New York and the regions round about felt that it was difficult to spare them, but we cannot refrain from acknowledging that the Master hath need of them here. It will be cause of devout and most hearty gratitude with many to hear that prayer has been answered, in the restoration of our dear Sister Inskip's health. We mention this, that through the thanksgivings of many, praise may redound to God. The church with which our beloved Brother and Sister I. has been laboring since last May, has been blessed with a steady rise in the tide of Divine influence ever since they came here, and they are expecting that the flood-gates will ere long be uplifted, and the mighty waves of salvation flow over the people.

A Tuesday afternoon meeting has been established, which is very largely attended, and through the influence of which many have been ushered into the highway of holiness. But as we are expecting "news from along the line" from our Brother Inskip, we will wait for, with interest, speedy reportings along the Baltimore line.

Saturday, October 9.

Last night we had our parting service with our Baltimore friends. During both afternoon and evening meetings we were favored with manifest tokens of the presence of the High and Holy One. Through the all-pervading Spirit of Him who brought together the multitude, and then ministered to them, the house was thronged. The power of the Lord was present to heal the spiritually diseased, and some of the leading brethren, for whose entire sanctification we had been groaning in spirit, ever since we came to this place, told us that they were now enabled to rest in Christ as a Saviour able to save to the uttermost.

RESPONSIBILITY OF LEADERS

O, how important that leaders of the armies of Israel present well defined *foot prints*. Yes, *foot-prints*, in which the people who are looking up to them, as spiritual advisers may *safely* tread—foot-prints which may *surely* lead all who are committed to their care into the HIGHWAY OF HOLINESS. Thus, and thus only, may the leaders of Emmanuel's forces lead the individual membership of their little flocks to certain conquest over the world, the flesh, and Satan, and enabled at the solemn

hour, when called before the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls to give an account of their great trust to "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

We arrived in this pleasant, quiet city on the evening of October 9. Passing *en route* through Washington, D. C., the great Metropolitan City of the United States. What a monument of chaste beauty and costly magnificence is the Capitol of the United States! In visiting other lands we have looked upon costly national structures of large dimensions and great magnificence, but do not remember to have beheld any, that for combination of chaste magnificence and real beauty, equals this elegant, pure white marble structure, covering about an acre of ground. Yet what is this compared with the mansions that Jesus has prepared for those that love Him. Taking the steamer, we enjoyed a beautiful sail of eight or ten miles on the Potomac River. Reaching Alexandria we were courteously met by the Rev. T. H. Haynes, Minister of the M. E. Church.

We commenced our work for Jesus in this place on Sabbath, holding three services—morning, afternoon, and evening. The Lord was in His holy temple, and the Spirit of holiness, diffused abroad among the people in convicting and sanctifying influences. Two meetings are being held daily, and the Lord is sending out the people in yet greater numbers. Souls are being sanctified and sinners converted. Five or six were born into the kingdom of grace last evening, and many more with whom we conversed were convicted. The precious work of holiness is also going on most graciously, and several have entered into the rest of faith. But three days have passed since we commenced our work here, and we are expecting much greater things.

"Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love."

We are staying during our little sojourn at the hospitable home of our beloved Brother and Sister Heflebower. We are expecting to remain one week with this dear people. May we witness the mighty things of our Almighty Lord.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

LYNDON, VERMONT. CAMP MEETING.

The strongest guarantee for the future success of the Church, is not so much in the fact of her multiplied and beautiful church building, and increased number and efficiency of her schools and colleges, as in the fact that her ministers, and many of them the more prominent men, are preaching with increasing fidelity and power the doctrine and experience of Christian holiness. This preaching was especially prominent at the Lyndon Camp-Meeting this year, and to it, under God, we believe is due the wonderful success of the meeting.

We had hoped for the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to assist in promoting this work; but in their absence, the servants of God girded themselves for the battle, and did noble service.

The Rev. I. Luce, P. E. of the District, ordered "Holiness unto the Lord," to be inscribed on our banner. The words were painted in large letters, and put on the front of the preachers' stand; and they indicate what was the prevailing sentiment of the meeting. From such texts as, "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" "Come, let us build up the wall of Jerusalem," "As a prince thou hast power with God and with men, and hast prevailed," "Let us go on unto perfection," "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up," "Daniel was preferred before all presidents and princes, because an excellent Spirit was in him," &c. The doctrine of Christian holiness, and the necessity of its present experience, were urged "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power;" and hundreds, we believe, were enabled to realize by faith, the efficacy of Jesus' blood to cleanse from all sin. As an inevitable result, scores were pricked to the heart, and for the first time cried out, "What must we do to be saved?" Sinners all the way from seventy to ten years of age, were able to testify that God "hath power on earth to forgive sins." The meeting continued to increase in interest until the Love Feast, Friday morning, when the power of God came down upon the encampment, exceeding in glory anything

most of them present had ever witnessed. Towards the close, minutes would sometimes pass when no person spoke, but exclamations of "Glory," "Hallelujah," "Praise the Lord," "Glory be to Jesus," "This is the way God works," &c., were heard through the whole congregation.

It was not the shout of nervous excitability, but of the deepest emotions of the soul, as when the earth trembles with the convulsions of the mighty earthquake, or waters are driven where contrary winds meet—so every one of the hundreds present seemed moved to subdued exclamations of joy by the Awful Presence. We doubt if many such scenes have occurred since Peter, standing up with the eleven, exclaimed, "Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell in Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken unto my words; for these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing that it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, 'And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy.'" The awful glory of that hour, will be remembered on earth and in heaven, by hundreds who were there baptized with "the Holy Ghost and with fire." It was a wonderful vindication of the propriety of making personal holiness a definite work.

I send this brief report to the "Guide," because I know its readers will all rejoice and praise God for this manifestation of His power.

H. A. SPENCER, *Secretary.*

INDIAN CAMP-MEETINGS.

A great Indian Methodist Episcopal camp-meeting was held recently on Yakima Reservation, sixty-five miles from the Dalles, Oregon. Another, under the supervision of Rev. J. H. Wilbur, Presiding Elder, was held at the same time near Fort Simcoe, Washington Territory. There was a very large attendance of Indians at both of these meetings. At the latter, twenty-one Indians and eight whites united with the Church. The Indians exhibited great simplicity, promptness, and earnestness in their worship. The melody and great power of their singing were especially noteworthy. The *Pacific Advocate*, of

June 26, reports some of the experiences of the Indian converts. We quote:

Joe Squires said: When I was a small boy I heard Mr. Lee and Mr. Perkins preach, and I got a good heart. For a few years I kept that heart, but got in with bad white men and Indians, and lost the good out of my heart, and became *very* bad. My mind was dark as night, and my heart hard like a stone. Nine years ago I came on this Reservation, and heard about Jesus dying for sinners, and began to pray that my stony heart might be taken away, and a new, soft heart be given me. God heard my prayer, and made me happy, and now I am happy every day in God. I want all the people to come to Jesus and be made good. This happiness is not like the happiness I have in money. If I have ten dollars in my hand it does not make my heart happy, but the love of Jesus does.

George Watters said: My heart to-day is light and warm with the love of God. I mean never to take a step back. I got in through the straight gate into the narrow way, behind Jesus, and I mean to keep up close to Jesus until he shall receive me up to heaven.

Thomas Pearne said: When Brother Wilbur came here I was a small boy, and my mind was dark. I was like a man having no eyes and no heart. I went to school six months before I learned to pray. In a short time God heard my prayer and forgave my sins. Now I am very anxious that all my people shall come and taste how good the Lord is. I am trying to teach the good and the right way, and God blesses me in His work.

For the Guide.

BLESSINGS FOR INDIA.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. AND MRS. HOSKINS' LETTERS.

BIRMINGHAM, July 23, 1869.

It is slow work to bring these poor people up out of their low notions and ideas. Sometimes it seems as if they have no ideas—but they are constantly hearing the truth explained in the most simple way, and we can see that it is affecting the outward life of some of our people—while others, to our great joy, are feeling its effects upon their

inner self. Last Sabbath, R. gave them a very clear sermon on holiness. I thought it was the most impressive one that I had ever heard him preach.

Afterward, in talking with the head master of our school on the subject, R. urged him to seek to know *all* the fullness of Christ, as a present abiding Saviour. He said he would look at the subject seriously and prayerfully, and R. gave him "Fletcher's Christian Perfection" to read. Yesterday morning he came in just as we were at prayers, and he was quite affected by the earnest petitions, that the power of the Holy Ghost may be poured out upon the helpers and teachers. For some minutes after we rose from our knees, he remained silently weeping, and he told us that he is earnestly seeking to be filled with all the fullness of God. The second master, too, one of the most earnest students of the Bible I ever met with, is thinking on the subject, yet his desires do not seem to be as deep as the other's.

We are praying earnestly that our native preacher, Umed Sing, may be filled with sanctifying grace, for he appears to be a man destined to do a good work among this people. This is what we need for our native helpers, that they may show by a devoted life the power of the Gospel, which they teach. Some have developed wonderfully since the meetings in the cold season. One who was far from a hopeful case, is so "completely made over," that he promises to be one of the first among the brethren. So you see there are many encouragements to us poor, weak laborers. We sow in tears but we expect to reap an abundant harvest. I have been translating some hymns, am now engaged with "Precious Bible." The natives delight in singing.

FROM REV. R. HOSKINS.

How I have longed to have a pure heart, filled with Jesus' burning love! How I have yearned for the Baptism of the Holy Ghost! How gloriously He has come into my heart! I begin to know the meaning of the tongue of fire! And my local preacher here, who is also head master, is agonizing for this same blessing, and I mean to bring all my helpers in here soon, and see if the Lord will not, in answer to prayer, pour out such a

blessing as will set on fire the whole District. Ask the dear brethren of South Second Street Church and the Tuesday Meeting, to especially remember India, during the months of October, November and December—yes, until March.

My first year of missionary and ministerial life has been crowded full of blessings—and now I have the crowning piece of Gospel-armor on, by which Peter slew his thousands in one day. Why should not I go forth to victory? Praise the Lord for the fullness of His love.

RAPID PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR.

The annual report of the London Missionary Society says, respecting the great work in Madagascar: "In the Island of Madagascar the religious progress made during the past year is not only the most rapid that has occurred within a similar period in any field of the Society's labors, but it finds no parallel among any people in modern days. The report of the mission speaks of 20,000 hearers added to the congregations during last year; and returns the converts at 37,000 persons, including 7,000 members.

News Along the Line.

For the Guide.

SYRACUSE LETTER.

DEAR EDITORS:—In view of your favorable notice of the central idea of a former communication, I propose, in this epistle for the Saviour, to give to your readers a prospective of the status of the cause we all so dearly love, in and about this commercial centre of Central New York.

"Holiness unto the Lord" is the motto of our ministry here, and also of our laity to a very encouraging degree. Truly we are witnessing a revival of the work of holiness in our midst that is exceedingly gratifying. This, too, in a city that has been filled with prejudice against this noble theme, from the influence of a variety of causes which we will not specify, is all the more encouraging to lovers of truth and the advancement of the church to a higher life. Now, our Presiding Elder and the five resident pastors, are a unit in preaching, and exhorting, and

also in trying to *live* holiness, and our people are beginning largely to say, *Amen!* We are not ashamed of the name, we are not afraid of the power; and we are willing and glad to confess this wonderful salvation to all, as we march forward under the banner of the Cross to the work to which we are called as the ordained of God. Truly, "what hath God wrought!" And the "end is not yet."

CAMP MEETING.

In reporting for Central New York, in the calling of the roll at Round Lake, our beloved Presiding Elder, Rev. J. B. Foote, announced, "Syracuse District Camp Meeting—a camp meeting for holiness." Faithfully was this carried out. We were never present at a camp meeting, save the National ones, where Christian holiness was a more prominent, cherished and popular theme, than here. It was preached from the stand in several well-prepared sermons on the subject; while, in a measure, in most of the sermons it was dwelt upon. It was urged home in the exhortations from the beginning to the end of the meeting, upon the membership. One meeting was appointed each day, alternately in the chapel tent of the Geddes and Centenary Church, for its special consideration—but overflowing this, like an irresistible tide, it swept through nearly all of the meetings, and made its presence felt as a thing of power—so that while sinners were being saved, believers were entering the pool, and being made every whit whole. In the daily preachers' meeting on the camp ground, it became the theme of thought, burden, desire, prayer and experience. A number of our brethren in the ministry came out brighter and clearer than ever in their religious experience. Doubtless scores of believers received the blessing of perfect love on the camp ground, while as many more unsaved, were gathered into the fold of Christ. God set the seal of His approbation among us on this great doctrine of our Church, at this camp meeting. Many, ministers and laymen, who came to this camp meeting prejudiced against "holiness meetings," were borne by the Spirit, way out from among the shallows, into the deep waters; and in their passage out, lost all their old whims and prejudices. These stand to-day clear, and strong and

straight, in the strength of Christ, for holiness, now, in the heart, by faith in Jesus.

CITY MEETING FOR HOLINESS.

We have here, in Syracuse and Geddes, forty-five thousand inhabitants, with five Methodist Episcopal Churches, embracing a membership of over eleven hundred, besides other churches of the Wesleyan family. About three months since, Rev. James Erwin, Rev. J. B. Foote, with the writer and a number of laymen, conceived the idea of a union meeting of our five churches for the promotion of the experience of Christian Holiness. A good Sister, Durston, 62 James St., near the heart of the city, cordially opened her pleasant home for this purpose, and bade us welcome in the name of Jesus. Thirteen persons were present. The meeting has been wonderfully prospered and used of God. It has been conducted at different times by the ministers named above. It has proceeded thus far without a jar. Owing to the large and increasing numbers that now attend from city and surrounding country, the meeting has been removed to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. Over sixty, at the present time, is our average attendance. These rooms are very accessible to travelers sojourning for a few hours in the city. All such, interested in the subject of holiness, are cordially invited to call in upon us at any time. We may from time to time cull some choice experiences of the meeting for the benefit of your readers. This meeting is held every Tuesday at 2 P. M. on Salina Street, one block south N. Y. C. R. R. Depot.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

We have just said that our ministers here are a unit on the subject of holiness. We could not have said so truthfully up to the time of our recent District camp meeting. God used this meeting to bring about some marked changes in this respect among us. One of peculiar interest we will recite. The brother whose case is before us, is one with but few peers in the pulpit in our Conference. We will let him tell his own story. The following is an extract from his experience, as given by himself at our Tuesday Meeting succeeding our camp meeting.

"Two weeks ago, I thought not a Christian could be found in this city who would

be less likely than myself to attend this meeting. I had felt in my heart a spirit of opposition to the meeting, fearing that it might result in a spirit of caste in the Church. To day, I am led by the Spirit to be present, and share the blessings of the gathering, as I cast in my lot among you. I have been led to this point through the wonderful change, not by any reproof, or argument, or discussion; but, most of all, by the work of Jesus, through the Spirit, upon my heart, revealing Himself fully to me. I have doubtless also felt the influence of the recent experience of this same fullness by one who is the companion of my life. I have cast away my pet notions and theories, simply to take Jesus in His fullness. You may call this blessing what you please—purity, perfect love, or holiness; I call it *precious Jesus*."

CITY PREACHERS' MEETING.

We have an organization here composed of the ministers of our church from city and surrounding country. Our average attendance is about fifteen. It has become a very interesting meeting. Its object is to consider questions of practical interest and importance among us, as well as to hear reports from the various churches of the work of God among them. The meeting of Sept. 20 took on a peculiarly interesting type. We refer to it as indicating the power, even here, of the revival of the work of holiness among us. At the meeting of the above date, while the various pastors were giving in their reports of the state of the work among them, they were led to give in their own experience, especially with reference to the question of holiness. While the most of those present shared in its rich experience, all others spoke of a hungering and thirsting after the great baptism. And while with one mind we were thus in one place, telling of the work of God, and looking for greater blessings, the Spirit gently descended, and sweetly filled all hearts.

ROUND LAKE ECHOES.

Our conference, ministers and laymen are feeling the influence of this great meeting. Our camp meetings hereabouts took their tone very much from this meeting, while churches—both pastors and people—are awakened to an interest in the subject of

holiness unprecedented in the past few years.

A "STRAW."

East Genesee Conference, at its recent session in Phelps, passed a resolution unanimously, requesting the Executive Committee of the National Camp Meeting Association, to hold their next meeting within its bounds, at the well known Oaks' Corners Camp Ground, near Geneva. This would be an excellent place for the National Camp Meeting, and we hope that for the sake of the cause of our Church in Central and Western New York, it may be there located.

LOSS AND GAIN.

Rev. James Erwin, who has been the leader of our Tuesday meeting here, as well as chairman of our preachers' meeting, is about to remove to Cleveland, Ohio, as pastor of the First M. E. Church, in that city. For many years no man has left us who has been missed more than will be Bro. Erwin. Bro. Erwin is an acquisition of the very best type to any pulpit and any city. His removal is a loss that our city and Conference can poorly afford. But Cleveland gains.

G. M. PEIRCE.

For the Guide.

REPORTINGS FROM IOWA.

At the recent Session of the Upper Iowa Conference, held at Independence, daily prayer-meetings at 5½ o'clock in the morning were held, and a deep interest on the subject of holiness was manifested by all that were present. There were in attendance persons who were at the last National Camp-meeting at Round Lake, also some from the Kosta and Maquoketa Camp-meetings in Iowa, who had received full salvation, through Jesus, at these meetings, or had enjoyed the blessing of perfect love for a long time, and by common consent the theme of prayer, song, and conversation was holiness. Those who already had obtained entire sanctification were strengthened and greatly encouraged; and some who had long been convinced that it was both their privilege and duty to seek and obtain the blessed fullness of this great salvation, were enabled to make the entire consecration, and believe with all their hearts, and enter into the rest that remains for the people of God.

The special attention given to the subject of

entire sanctification at the recent camp-meetings above spoken of, at Kosta and Maquoketa, and at the Conference, must result in spreading this work throughout the State.

O, for a holy Church, ministry, and laity. We are working for and expecting great things this Conference year. *Amen.*

REV. S. H. HENDERSON,
P. E. Vinton Dist., Upper Iowa Conf.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

ECHO FROM THE PRISON.

"I was in prison and ye visited me."—JESUS.

HERE we meet the murderer on one hand, the thief on the other, the counterfeiter by his side, with all the grades of crime, from the highest to the lowest, and while it is undoubtedly true, that some innocent persons are incarcerated here, yet in the majority of instances we hear nothing but the ribald song, the vile oath, and the criminal's boast of deeds committed, and crime contemplated. But to our work, well supplied with tracts and papers, we go from cell to cell, casting the good seed as we go, beside all waters, some receiving them with pleasure, undoubtedly read them, others we hear of who tear them up as soon as you are out of sight, yet the command is none the less imperative, for we know not which may prosper, either this or that, and we have the glorious assurance, from time to time, that some of the seed falls into good ground; but here we see a man who seems to have the confidence of his keepers, as he is allowed the liberty of the prison, without being confined to his cell at all. Let us sit down by his side for a moment, and enter into conversation with him.

"Well, my good friend, how are you getting along here?"

"Not very well, the confinement is telling on my health. I caught cold when I first came here, and I have never got over it."

"How long have you been here?"

After answering our questions, and giving a history of the cause of his being here, he inquires, where is that gentleman who used to visit us so often, (mentioning a dear friend of ours with whom we often labored in the volunteer cause.) He is sick, and unable to leave his room.

"Well, I am sorry for that, for he did me more good than any man I ever had talk to me before; why he made me weep, and such a curious feeling came over me. I never felt so before in my life."

"Are you trying to live up to the instructions he gave you?"

"Yes, I am trying, but I don't succeed very well."

"Do you read your Bible and pray daily?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel that your prayers do you any good?"

"Yes; but I don't feel as I want to feel."

"Well, how do you want to feel?"

He then went on to describe how he had seen others get religion, and it did not seem to him as if he felt as they did.

The above is the substance of a part of the conversation, as near word for word as I can recollect, during my first visit to the prison-house of this city. Afterwards I visited it weekly, distributing tracts, conversing and praying with the prisoners, and particularly with this one, as my time would permit, until he became bright and clear in his experience, once, especially, do I remember when in his cell, I was praying with him, I mentioned in my prayer another prisoner, a murderer, who happened at that moment to be enjoying the liberty of the prison floor, and after prayers I found the murderer at the cell-door, listening and weeping. My friend was afterwards brought to trial, and cleared; but he did not live long to enjoy his liberty, for his cough had culminated in quick consumption, and he died, just as he was about to be released, in the triumph of faith, having given good evidence, for some five or six months, of the truth of his conversion.

For the Guide.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

SEBASTOPOL, Sonoma Co., California,
GREEN VALLEY, 1869.

DEAR EDITORS:

During two years of trial and sickness, the Guide has been my faithful friend. In the perusal of its pages, I have found brothers, sisters, father, mother and preacher. They have come by turns, and in company, to make my sick room a cheerful and profitable place to me.

I know there are more who can conceive or comprehend the illimitable goodness of our Redeemer, but that He is pleased when we

aspire to imitate or even *sing* of His sweetness and love, I know by a happy experience, so I send a poor verse, hoping to have added a glimmer to the "glorious blaze of gospel light." Whether accepted or rejected, I shall ever remain a well wisher for the welfare of my friend, the "Guide."

Very Respectfully,

MARY A. B. WHEELER.

JESUS.

MARY A. B. WHEELER.

And He said unto her, "Thy sins are forgiven."

Loving, pitying Jesus,
Source of purity;
Art Thou all forgiveness,
When I cry to Thee?

Oh, my precious Jesus,
Dying so for me;
I can ne'er forget Thee,
Or Thy agony.

Holy, suffering Jesus,
Bearing woe for me;
From Thy lowly cradle
Up to Calvary.

Open, hearts, thy fountains;
Weep, thy sins forgiven!
Jesus, dear Redeemer,
Loves thee up to heaven.

Naught but sin, my Saviour,
And unrighteousness
Can I give Thy mercy,
And Thy blessedness.

Naught but tears, my Saviour,
For Thy human woe—
Sorrow that my trespass
Ever pained Thee so.

Soon the gates of glory
Will be opened wide;
I shall enter, pardoned,
Through the crucified.

I shall praise Thee, Jesus,
On that happy shore—
I will love Thee, Jesus,
Now, and evermore.

For the Guide.

A SWEET SOUVENIR.

W. J. G.

In a letter from W. C. Palmer, Jr., some time since, I received a small card which read upon the face "Look to Jesus," and upon the reverse, "When tempted, when afflicted, when troubled, when sick, when in health, when rich, when poor, when opposed, when forsaken, when dying; under all circumstances,

ALWAYS." A very appropriate "R. R. Check," the stations all defined. These tickets should be generally distributed; there is a whole sermon in a few words.

What tender memories this little card aroused in my soul. This is our family motto. Twenty-four years ago, in a lonely log cabin, in the newly-settled West, my dear father bade good-bye to earth. Deep was the sorrow of the stricken family, now to be left among strangers in a strange land. But not alone. King Emanuel was there; the wealth of heaven was there. The departing parent left the rich heritage of a holy life and the Saint's blessing. The time of his departure is at hand; the messenger angel stands waiting; our father is ready. Calling the loved ones to his bedside he gives his fond farewell—the *last*. There standing on the very portals of glory, and in the arms of the blest Redeemer, he uttered his parting words, "*Look to Jesus, and prepare to meet me in heaven.*"

The form that weloved was placed in a quiet cemetery upon the banks of the beautiful Mississippi; his spirit is singing "with the saints at the river that flows by the Throne of God."

The whole family are now followers of Christ, the only son a missionary.

Sacred to the Memory of
RILEY WARD GLADWIN,
Born Oct. 1811.

He walked with God: and he was not,
for God took him
Oct. 4th, 1845.

His last words were:
"Look to Jesus, and prepare to meet me in heaven."

We're looking to Jesus,
Preparing for heaven,
A little while here we shall roam;
Our Saviour now sees us,
Salvation is given,
Dear father we're all coming home.

For the Guide.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

Rev. J. S., of Norwalk, Ct., writes:

DEAR SISTER:—I received your letter of Sept. 29. I have also received my October "Guide," and have read Brother Pierce's letter. I shall be happy to aid the good cause of holiness by giving you a monthly letter, or once in two months, concerning the working of this experience within the range of my observation. I will send you a letter for the next "Guide." I think I will give you my experience in an article by and by.

I have read the tract you sent me, and pre-

sented the subject matter to my people in prayer-meeting. The work goes sweetly on with us, as you will see by the letter I shall send for the next "Guide." As for myself, I write, think, walk, live under the shadow (which is brighter than the sun) of the Cross—you see I date from the "Land of Beulah." I cannot express to you my *joy, peace, and glory*.

May I not have a small place in your prayers that God may give me a holy ministry every moment and everywhere! This is all my theme; and, oh! how it cheers my soul, and makes me glad, for Jesus' sake, to hear my church-members crying for full salvation in their prayers. Hallelujah! Oh, I hope God will spare your life, and the life of dear Dr. P., to labor many years more in this work. What has God wrought since, as a student, I read of your standing almost alone on this great duty of the Church; now how the ministers come in whole conferences, led, as at Round Lake, by a beloved bishop. Bless the Lord, oh, my soul!

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Sister Annesley gave some extracts from letters of Brother and Sister Hoskins, Missionaries in Bijnoir, India, stating what great things the Lord was doing among the native converts and helpers, and also of the work of holiness in their own hearts, which were read by Dr. P., and the doxology was sung in praise to God for the progress of the work in India. The word of the Lord as recorded Heb. x. was then read and the 437th hymn was sung. Prayer by Rev. Br. Horne.

Rev. Bro. McA., said he could not better express his feelings than by relating an incident of a benevolent gentleman who went South several years ago and purchased a slave. When he returned to the North, he said to the man, "You are now free, you can go where you please," but he said, "I will stay with you," supposing he was not understood, he again said, "You are now free to go wherever you please." The man replied, "I will

stay with you, you bought me, and paid the price with your money, and I shall stay and serve you, I do not wish to go anywhere else." So it is with me, I have been bought at a great price, and I do not wish to serve any one but Jesus. His service is perfect freedom.

Sister A. remarked that she was continually proving the truth of the declaration, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and spoke of the great privilege of coming to God with particular requests, bringing our friends to Jesus, knowing that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer.

Rev. Brother H. spoke of the sweetness and fullness of this blessing of perfect love, how it made him exult in his manhood for Jesus. During the past week he had been in the country. Walking by the side of a lake, seeing the starry heavens in their beauty reflected in it, and the beautiful trees mirrored there, he could not help adoring and admiring the God of nature, who had made everything so beautiful, and this purity of heart, added new glories and made every thing appear so pure, so lovely, it added new charms to all creation. It also added loveliness to all the duties of life. It was so much easier to prepare his sermons, and so much easier to preach. It was now a delight to make his pastoral visitations, and talk of the loveliness of Jesus, and of this wonderful salvation.

A Congregational minister said, he had asked the friends to pray that the work of God might revive on his charge, and God was answering prayer. One of his members came to him and said, that a minister from a distant city would be in the place on Sabbath, and wished him to invite the stranger to preach. Brother B. had prepared a sermon expressly for the Sabbath, on the subject of Holiness, but he invited the visiting brother to preach. He stated his health was such, he could only preach once, and took the morning service, and gave us an excellent discourse. Brother B. preached in the evening, and all through the service he felt that his message was to that dear minister who sat behind him. At the close he found his friend much affected, and he thanked him for his discourse.

He also spoke of his first entering into the blessing of perfect love. How he had been panting and longing after it. Brother Hill had received the blessing the day before in Rivington street, though he had not been

seeking it as long as he had, he had entered in before him. At a meeting of Presbyterian friends in Newark, N. J., on the subject of Holiness, he sat in the seat behind Brother Hill, and he leaned over the seat, while Brother Hill told him all about how he had received the blessing of perfect love. That afternoon Brother B. entered into the blessing of Entire Sanctification. Since that time, twenty-seven years ago, he had been attending the meetings in this place, and wondered that any could stay away, as he always found that he obtained something new each time he came, to further him on in the way of holiness.

Another minister said Brother W. last week spoke of having self-crucified and buried so deep, as never to be resurrected. He had been going through the crucifying process, and found it very hard to have self entirely dead, but he believed he was further on in the divine life than ever before.

He once heard an old sea captain lecture on catching whales. In his remarks, he took a harpoon, and showed it to the audience, remarking, this is the instrument with which we take them, we get as near as we can, and then throw it, so as to fasten to the whale, and then some one stands at the bow of the boat to pour water on, where the line is paying out, or it would set fire to the boat, and thus we let him carry us at a rapid rate, till he becomes exhausted, but we do not kill him with the harpoon—this is the instrument with which we kill him—showing a lance. When we can get near enough, we send this where his life lives, and this does the work. Now we want the lance to go in where the life of self lives, that it may die effectually.

Rev. Brother S. said, I was a poor insignificant infidel, when God in great mercy awakened and converted me. The first time I went to church Rev. George Cookman preached, and the truths of the Gospel so overwhelmed me that it was like the splendors of a new universe opening to my vision. It was so new and dazzling that I lost my strength. The wonderful truth that I might have God in me, (I did not know or think of sanctification then), so filled my mind that on going home, I thought, have I wings or am I walking. I very soon after obtained the blessing of entire sanctification, and my tongue became so slippery, that my words flowed down on the people with amazing power, almost without

effort. Some of my friends in the church said Brother S. you are getting crazy. St. Paul said, "O wretched man that I am," &c. I replied yes, but he was under the law then, I was once there myself, but I have learned to say, "thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Perfect love casteth out all fear. If all our ministers should be fully baptized with the Holy Ghost, the world would soon be brought to Christ.

A Sister expressed her thanks that in the opening prayer it was asked that all denominations represented at this meeting, might share richly in the great salvation. Belonging as she did to a people who do not believe holiness attainable in the present life, she sometimes found her way seemingly hedged up in regard to definite testimony.

Was occasionally pressed up to points where she needed much wisdom, but found in relying upon Jesus as her wisdom, she had been Divinely aided, and not without marked success. She had recently returned from a place that she visited months ago. During her former visit she found that no female prayer-meeting had been held. She prayerfully resolved, that one should be established, yet not sure but her known views of entire sanctification, might be a barrier to success, she succeeded in getting another person to be mainly prominent, in convening the meeting.

Before the close she felt it her duty to testify of her Saviour, able to save to the uttermost, all that come unto God by Him. One of the ladies present quickly protested against the doctrine as fanatical, and dangerous heresy. In view of the hasty spirit of the one that had spoken, she concluded it were better by the gentleness of the Master to say nothing in reply, but soon after knelt in prayer, imploring the blessing of the Lord on all assembled. No apology was made. About a year had intervened, and now, on again visiting that town, she found the female prayer meeting still prosperously in progress. With grateful emotion was she met in the prayer meeting by the one who during her former visit had so ungraciously opposed the truth. Said the opposing lady, when you prayed, I observed that it was so unlike other prayers offered. *You seemed to TALK with God.* This was made the means of a latent conviction for the same grace, to which the testimony of months pre-

vious had been given, and now she was herself a seeker of like precious faith.

Rev. A. McL. said, Last week at the close of the meeting I got down very low before God and then gave myself anew to him, the best I knew how, and then believed to the best of my ability. I am not like some others who take hold with mighty faith, but mine seems to be a little faith, just sufficient to get hold of the promise, and then to hold on, and so it was last Tuesday. I was just holding on because God had said it, and my faith became stronger and stronger. Faith will grow.

Thus it has been with me all along my Christian course. I don't seem to take hold like others with mighty faith, but because the WORD of the LORD declared it to be so, I have trusted, and my faith has grown and become stronger, until I have felt its power gloriously. Thus may all in the room do, at this present moment. Take hold with little faith, just as little as you have, and it will grow, and God will own it, and the blessing is yours.

Brother B. I am in the ocean of God's love. My faith takes hold on the immutable promises of Jehovah and my soul is in perfect peace. God does hear and answer prayer, but we have need of patience, as well as faith. The poor woman that went to Jesus had to ask a number of times before her request was granted, but the blessed Jesus heard her the first time that she called, and intended to grant her request, but he saw fit to test her faith, and no doubt her joy was increased on receiving the answer, by her having to wait for it, and so it may be with us.

Miscellaneous Gatherings

THE POWER OF THREE CYPHERS.

In the early days of the Theological Seminary at Alleghany it was often in great need of money. The churches were not fully awake to the importance of the institution. The country was then comparatively poor, and its warmest friends were sometimes bowed down with trouble and fear. It is an instructive legend of that day, that once, in a time of extremity, the Rev. Dr. Francis Herron, President of the Board of Directors, the Rev. Dr. Elisha P. Swift, also a Director, and the pious Rev. Joseph Patterson, met to devise some way of

relief. With all their faith the first-mentioned brethren were greatly dejected.

"We have no one to help us," said one of them.

"No one?" replied Mr. Patterson, warmly; "why, I know of a *thousand* here."

The two looked astonished.

He continued: "Is not Dr. Herron a cipher? and is not Dr. Swift a cipher? and am not I a cipher? But Jesus Christ is surely *One*. And if we put one *before* three ciphers, does it not make a thousand?"

They took new courage, went to that One who is able to help, and did not pray in vain.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.

A note-worthy Jewish Reform movement has been in progress for several weeks. The "reformers" have invited a conference of reforming Israelites, to be held during the coming Autumn. Among the questions suggested for discussion are the following: Are the Jews to wait still longer the coming of the Messiah? Is the ceremonial law still binding? Shall the chants and prayers of public worship be continued in the Hebrew tongue? Is it not best to change the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day? May not good Hebrews remove the present restrictions as to food? It will be seen that these questions are fundamental. The discussions will create intense interest among the Jewish population.

NAPOLÉON.

The use of tobacco and other bad habits have so damaged the constitution of Napoleon that there is little prospect of his full recovery. He has become so alarmed that he has reduced his daily allowance of cigars from sixteen to six. But it is too late. His constitution is thoroughly undermined. There are rumors that he will abdicate in favor of his son.

Children's Corner.

LITTLE MARY.

We propose giving in a series of numbers the account of little Mary L****. It is a narrative of facts, wonderful indeed, when we remember that the little angel Mary was but three years and five months old when she passed away to her home in the heavens. We have long been well acquainted with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. L., the devoted parents of the now sainted little Mary.—Eds.

Mary L. was born on Long Island. At a

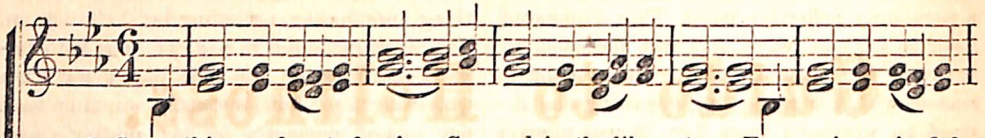
very early period of her life she was remarkable for her capacity and disposition to receive instruction, and perhaps still more for a peculiarly reflective mind. This discovered itself in various ways, and was observed by many of her friends. If her ma wished to reason with her respecting anything she desired to withhold from her, it was always found that she understood what was said; for although she could not yet talk, she would nod assent at the end of every sentence, and manifest her perfect acquiescence by acting accordingly, even when in direct opposition to her previous feelings. She was uniformly obedient and attentive to the wishes of her parents; to win their approving smile was the extent of her ambition, and their displeasure the only punishment she feared. Toward her little brother, fifteen months younger than herself, she manifested her affection by the most tender attention to his comfort and amusement. She was never known to deny him anything she possessed, if he desired it: indeed, her own wishes appeared to be forgotten in consulting those of her little brother. They were frequently put to bed at night together. At such times they would clasp their arms around each other's necks, and Mary would sing till both dropped asleep. At other times, when put in his cradle, she would immediately claim her place by his side, and rock him, and sing her little song, till he could hear no longer, her infant voice not unfrequently soothing him to sleep when no other could; for he repaid her kindness by the fondest affection. But this little brother—her "little Johnny," as she used to call him, was soon to be taken from her. He had been unwell for a long time, but Mary had never thought of death, and knew not that he could die. One summer's morning the infant Johnny's pa and ma drew him out in his little carriage to take the air, vainly hoping to see him better; but in the evening, when they looked at his sweet face, it was very pale, and his hands and feet were cold. His ma took him to the fire and rubbed him with flannel, but could not make them warm, so she laid him in his cradle. Soon he breathed short and faint, and then his mother saw that he must die, which he did during that night. In the morning Mary was carried to the side of her

little brother. She gazed upon him in silent wonder for some time: there was evidently a new set of thoughts or feeling, or a something indefinable, agitating her little bosom. The tears gathered in her eye; she bent forward and touched his pale cheek with her quivering lips, but instantly starting back she looked earnestly in her mother's face, and exclaimed, "O, my little Johnny is very cold! very cold! do wake him up." Her ma told her that she could not. She then asked if he were not asleep? She was told that he was not asleep—that he was dead, and her little brother would never wake again. She immediately replied, "Then, ma, do make him warm; put a coat on him, and make him warm." Her ma told her that she could not warm him, and that he never would be warm again. She looked on him with increased astonishment, and was taken from the room soon after without any definite idea of the sad change which had passed over him. On the day of the funeral she watched all that was done, and listened to the address delivered with the most earnest, solemn attention. She then begged to look at her little brother. She saw him for the last time, shook her head, and whispered, "Poor little boy! poor little boy!" Her heart filled, and the tears dropped from her eyes and fell upon his brow. When she saw him borne away, she wished to be taken with him, but was told that she could not go with him, neither could he return to her. But the grave, the last narrow house, she thought not of; and as this was the case, it was thought best to avoid naming the subject in her presence, supposing that as she was so young, (being then about two years and a half old,) she would soon forget her little brother. But it proved far otherwise with her; for as soon as he was taken from her sight, her solicitude increased. She wished to know where he was, and what had become of him. She was repeatedly told that he had gone to heaven, where he was very happy, and did not wish to return. But nothing appeared to satisfy her mind; for she could form no idea of a place where she could not visit him when she wished, or he return at pleasure. Each succeeding day added to her anxiety to see him.

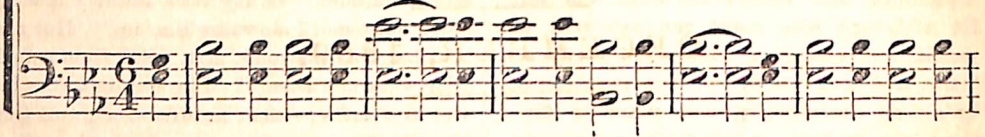
(To be continued.)

Entire Devotion.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH



1. Come, this poor heart of mine; Come, claim the liber - ty, From ev'-ry i - dol



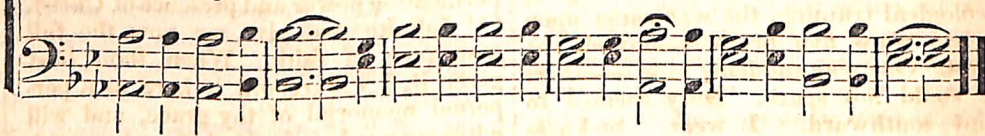
CHORUS.



part thou must, If thou would'st e'er be free. To Je - sus all I give—Gift



poor enough I know,—But Jesus died that I might live, To Him my all I owe.



2. Down, down my being all,
Down low at Jesus' feet,
At every cost go, go my soul,
Where Christ and thou canst meet.
To Jesus all I give, &c.

3. Begone all earth-born hopes,
Break, break the ties that bind
My heart—my sin sick heart to earth,
So I but Jesus find.
To Jesus all I give, &c.

4. Die every friendship, die,
Though falls the burning tear,
Till I within the bliss may know,
Of Jesus reigning here.
To Jesus all I give, &c.

5. Depart, depart from me,
All that may lead astray;
Though passions die, and heart strings break
Till Jesus brings the day.
To Jesus all I give, &c.

6. Thus, thus I cling to Christ,
In Him alone I'll trust,
Till He shall claim me, all His own,
And lift me from the dust.
To Jesus all I give, &c.

7. He comes! He comes! He comes!
My Faith claims Jesus mine;
I do believe—I now believe—
Lord cleanse and seal me Thine.
He comes! He comes! &c.

Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1869.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY FOR JESUS.

REV. L. H. CARHART.

I WAS converted at a camp meeting in central New York, and united with the church at the age of fifteen.

My parents being of genuine Methodist descent, and our home, the regular resting place of the preacher; and living apart from vicious influence, my early Christian life was blessed with many facilities of growth, (even then the future, seemed laden with duties yet indistinctly defined.) In 1854, I went westward. In 1859 was licensed to preach. Duty was made plain. While struggling for means, with which to obtain a more complete theological training, the war came upon us, we were five brothers—myself the eldest. One was suddenly killed—others we could not spare. Duty seemed to point southward. I went. Sickness came. Death stood at the door. I renewed my vow, promising as soon as discharged, to hasten to duty. Was soon restored—promoted—prospered. I continued to preach occasionally. The last year regularly, under appointment, at Little Rock, Arkansas. After a little more than four years of service, was discharged in September, 1866. Soon after returning northward, I attended a quarterly meeting on the Galesville charge, N. W. Wis. Conf. At lovefeast, while a Bro. D. was speaking with great unction and power of the necessity of purity of heart, I was mightily shaken by the Spirit. Saw I was yet in the wilderness, was filled with fear; saw my love was not yet perfect. While at home that night, before I slept, I entered into

solemn covenant with God, and entered the following in my journal, leaving a blank page for results.

ACT OF CONSECRATION.

"On this unblemished page, I now, in the presence of God, record my determination to seek a higher state of Christian perfection. On this 29th day of December, 1866, I have consecrated myself, and all I possess, anew to the service of God. I shall never, God helping me, remove the sacrifice from the altar. I must know the "breadth and length and depth and hight" of God's love. I am persuaded this is my privilege and duty. I cannot preach the gospel without this all-permeating power and presence of Christ. O! Infinite one, give me now the full assurance of faith. When thou hast given it, I will record it here as a perpetual memorial of thy grace, and will witness a good confession before the world. Amen."

The succeeding blank page was afterward filled as follows:—

ACT OF FAITH.

GARRETT BIBLICAL INST., EVANSTON.
March 26th, 1867.

"This night, at eight o'clock, by the grace of God, I am enabled to believe unto full salvation. I am standing with Peter upon the waters, and *he saves me*. Like the ten lepers, I simply take the word of Jesus for a cure, and herewith 'return to give glory to God.' I have been nearly three months learning simply to *trust in the word of Christ*, the very author of truth. I wanted first the cleansing, then I would believe and profess. I see now, as in justification, so in every step of progress, it is *believe* and receive.

'My all to Christ I've given,' and I hear him say, 'I will receive you.' *With all my heart, I do now believe he does receive and cleanse.* I will ask no other evidence save his own word, which shall be to me above the testimony of angels, and the end of all controversy. Now strengthen me, Almighty One, upon whom I rest, to keep my vow, and witness a good profession."

A few moments before penning the foregoing, I stood in one of the halls of the Institute, near my own door,—trembling. A brother B. said, "You are conscious that all is unconditionally given to Christ are you?" I replied, "I am." Then said he, "It is both your *privilege and duty* to believe, and declare yourself accepted, according to his word, for he now says, 'I will receive you.' I was strengthened with might by His Spirit to say, '*I do believe with all my heart,*' and bidding my friend good night, entered my room hastily, saying to my chum, "Brother M. it is done; I am standing upon the promise, (strange I had not seen that this was the firmest rock in the universe;) my bridges are gone. I have lifted my hand to the Lord and cannot go back." We prayed for strength. The devil suggested, "Better try the '*fleece*' at least *one night,*" but seizing my pen, began to profess my faith to friends at home, who were anxiously waiting results, for I had presented myself for prayer for many days together. I knew their faith would kindle at any advance on my part. I retired at a late hour that night, "reckoning myself dead indeed unto sin, and alive to God, through Jesus Christ." So intent was I upon *believing*, that I had not yet thought of results. Indeed, I was quite sure results belonged to him who had said, "Faithful is he that hath promised, *who also will do it.*" I knew it was for me to place the prescribed sacrifice upon the altar, and His to let fall the fire:—mine to set the temple in order, his to fill it with his presence. My first recognition was that of restful peace. The sea was calm, and I knew the master must have spoken. I closed my eyes with this scripture vividly im-

pressed. "They that believe, *do enter into rest.*" "He giveth his beloved sleep."

The next morning I saw a new meaning in the words. "As ye have received the Lord Jesus so walk ye in him;" and so I began to "walk" and to "reckon" and profess, and then came to "*witness*" and the "*fruit,*" "Love, joy and peace," not as formerly, but now abiding and abundant. "He hath done great things for me." "I will praise him with my whole heart." "Who of God, is made unto us (me) wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

I am enabled to see now that the most unshaken faith or trust in the *word* of God must steadily precede all else in the work of salvation. I must first honor his *word* fully, asking no corroborative testimony, then he will speedily honor my *faith* with the "*witness of the Spirit.*" And yet again, that *agonizing* to believe is not *believing*. Believing unto salvation, is simply taking God at his word, believing that he *doeth* it.

Moreover, I had not the sense of *guilt* during these months of weariness, but a feeling of depravity not yet reached by the cleansing blood, my renewed consecration was made in reference to this, and my faith grasped the entire cleansing of my nature, firmly and steadily, as it had not previously done. Has He not said "According to your faith be it unto you?" To God, through Christ, be the glory forever.

"What the strings are to the lute,
What the breath is to the flute,
What the spring is to the watch,
What the nerve is to the touch,
What the breeze is to the sea,
That, is Jesus Christ to me.

"What the light is to the eye,
What the sun is to the sky,
What the sea is to the river,
What the hand is to the giver,
What a friend is to the plea,
That, is Jesus Christ to me.

"What culture is unto the waste,
What honey is unto the taste,
What fragrance is unto the smell,
Or springs of water to a well,
What *beauty* is in all I see,
All this, and more, is Christ to me."

CASCADE, Iowa, October, 1869.

THE PLUNGE.

CHISLON.

For the Guide.

No steps in the divine life are more difficult than to cast ourselves perfectly upon Jesus, and to believe that we are accepted. Yet to be happy, to be satisfied, these two advances—consecration and belief,—must be made. Souls that have wept, and prayed, and longed for full salvation, are finally obliged to quit depending on weeping, praying, longing, and anything and everything else, and just to do these two simple things, and keep doing them moment by moment till the assurance comes,—yea, continue them till death.

When we see souls brought to the place where they are convinced that only this will bring them into the light, we are reminded of an incident of boyhood.

An old mill stood on the bank of the river at Ipswich. Its foundation stones extended beyond the building, and made a fine and secluded place for boys to disrobe themselves for a bath. The rocks were so laid that there was no gaining the water but by a precipitous plunge. The stream was deep; the rocks high for boys to jump from; the waters looked cold. We wished for the bath, but dreaded the first plunge. We would stand shuddering on the brink, till finally the leap was taken, and then instantly every dread vanished, and the waters were such a luxury!

The great immensity of Jesus' love stretches itself before us. We are invited to plunge ourselves in—body, soul, spirit—and have every stain utterly cleansed, and be actually lost in Him.

"And sinners plunge beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

But it seems such an uncertain step. So many questions arise: "How shall I know that I have given up everything?" "Can Jesus accept me?" "Have I conviction enough, emotion enough?" "I don't doubt His ability to save, I don't doubt His love, but Oh, does it reach me? can I have the assurance that it does?" Oh! Satan, Satan! Bewildering and devouring souls with these end-

less thoughts, and suggesting queries that thou never answerest. How hard it seems. A severe taskmaster is Satan. But while he perplexes with queries, the spirit breathes, "Only believe!"

"Can I be *fully* saved?"

"Only believe."

"Can I be saved with such a sinful heart?"

"Only believe."

Like a guide-board to glory, these words are printed on heart and brain,—only believe; and at last the resolution comes "I will believe." The whole being is plunged into this great and precious ocean, and the salvation full, complete, is ours.

To bring the soul to this is like casting ourselves into the stream; but the wide spread arms of Jesus receive us. "I will receive you." 2 Cor. vi. 17. "I went and washed, and I received sight." John ix. 17. Cast thy burden (i. e. fears, troubles, crosses) upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Psalm lv. 22.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

HOW RECEIVED—AND RETAINED.

MRS. P. PALMER.

Entire sanctification is a work in which we must most emphatically be workers together with God; for though he saith, "I am the Lord that doth sanctify you (Exod. xxxi. 13,) he also says, "Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy." Lev. xx. 7. Though the blessing is received through faith, and not by the works of the law, yet it is impossible to exercise that faith which brings the blessing, until we are willing to bring the sacrifice of the body, soul and spirit, and leave it there. Then shall we find that "God is the Lord that showeth us light, when we bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar." Psalm cxviii. 27.

Then it is that *this* highway, cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in, becomes plain—so plain that the way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. In obedience to the requirement Rom. xii. 1, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present

your bodies a living sacrifice." The offering is presented. And will not that God who hath required it at your hand accept it, when in sincerity of heart, it is brought and laid upon the altar? Dare not to charge your faithful, promise-keeping God with such an inconsistency, as for a moment to doubt that he will be true. He cannot deny himself.

Under the Levitical dispensation, which consisted mainly of outward rites and observances, the comers unto the altar were required to bring such sacrifices as were prescribed by the law, and originally specified by God, such as the firstlings of their flocks, first-fruits, etc. And when, according to the best of their ability, and their knowledge of the nature of the requirement, they brought it, to be presented through their officiating priest to God, have we reason to believe they ever doubted that God, who required, would accept, and not only *would*, but *did accept*, at the time it was presented? What unwarrantable incredulity, and how dishonoring to God would it have been, had they indulged in heart the thought, and even with their lips have said to those around, "According to the ability which God hath given, have I brought this oblation, yet I know not whether it will be accepted." Would not this have been thinking and speaking of God as a hard master?

O how unlike the conduct induced by the faith of Abraham! God was about to make a covenant with him. A sacrifice is required. Abraham brings it, yet the fire does not at once descend from heaven and consume it. But does he with impatience remove the sacrifice off the hallowed altar? No! he judges him faithful who hath called him to it. With eager, prayerful intensity, he keeps his gaze heavenward, expecting doubtless *momentarily* that the *token* will be given, that will establish him forever in the knowledge, that the covenant is ratified in heaven. The fowls watch to pollute. This he knows would mar the sacrifice, and render it unworthy the acceptance of his God. He watches their approach and drives them away. The day passes, and the shades of evening begin to

lower, yet still he waits! Imagine for a moment that at this juncture Abraham had become disheartened, and had begun to conclude he had mistaken the nature of the requirement in some way; or that the morrow or some future period, might do as well—would that covenant which secured such important consequences to his posterity have been ratified?

What you want is to enter into,

"The land of rest from imbred sin,
The land of perfect holiness."

It is your Father's good pleasure to give it you. He will not permit one more pang or struggle in the attainment of it, than will be for *your good*, for "he does not afflict the children of men willingly." You will not be called to make *one* sacrifice, but what will be for your souls permanent welfare, and such as you will praise God to all eternity that you were permitted to make. You may be called to some peculiar sacrifice, of which you may not know the wherefore now, like as Abraham with his beloved Isaac. But the Lord may see some idol in your heart that you have scarcely been apprized of, till thus searched, and proved; or he may have a special work in his vineyard, that he intends to fit you for, and your only safety is in leaving it all to him, and with perfect submission to say,—"*Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay.*" Make no provision for future emergencies; give up *all*, whether known or unknown. Resolve that as duty shall be made plain you will follow on, in obedience to the command, though death may await you.

If you are thus resolved to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus your Lord," there is no reason why you may not enter into the enjoyment of this state *this* hour. Jesus, your intercessor, stands at the right hand of the majesty on high, pleading your cause. He

"Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that you are graven there."

Do you feel a fearful shrinking, which you would fain overcome? Look away *from earth, from self*, and fix your eye upon your compassionate Jesus. Obey

constantly the admonition, "looking unto Jesus." "And we have known and *believed* the love that God hath to us.

. . . Herein is our love made perfect." Observe it is not enough to *know*, but we must also *believe* this love. Satan will with all his forces oppose you. Make up your mind to expect this. "A door great and effectual is opened before you, but there are many adversaries." "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by *force*." Think of the many evidences your Saviour has given, of his infinite willingness and ability to impart this full salvation to your soul. When he bowed his head upon the cross and said, "It is finished," then a complete salvation, a *redemption from all iniquity*, was made possible for every soul of man. And what shall hinder your now receiving it, if by faith you now lay hold on the *terms* of the covenant, as in the hallowed presence, and through the Almighty strength, and in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, you let *this* be the solemn hour *when you enter into the bonds of an everlasting covenant to be wholly the Lord's, for time and for eternity*.

Perhaps you never felt a more piercing sense of your helplessness; but you are now to lay hold on Almighty strength. He giveth power to the faint and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Some desponding, longing one, who may read this communication, may up to this time, have been an unfaithful, cold-hearted professor, so that coming out to profess this state of grace may cause many, whose companionship has before been courted, to say, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" But you are now giving yourself wholly away to Christ, and in his great love he is now saying unto you, "Ye are not of the world; I have chosen you out of the world," and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth much *fruit*; and that your fruit should remain, "that whatsoever ye may ask the Father in my name, he may give it you." O, is not this enough? Mr. Wesley says, by this *token* you may know whether you seek the blessing by faith or by works.

If by works, you want something to be done first before you are made holy. You think I must first be, or do, thus or thus, before I am sanctified. If you seek it by faith, seek it as *you are*; and if as you *are*, then expect it now!

It is of great importance that you look at this great salvation as a present salvation, received momentarily from above. The blood of Jesus *cleanseth*—not that it can or will cleanse at some *future* period, but it *cleanseth now*, while you lay your all upon that "altar that sanctifieth the gift." You keep your offering there, even all your redeemed powers—body, soul, and spirit—mind, memory and will, time, talents and influence. And as the devotion of all these redeemed powers return ceaselessly to God, *through* Christ, it is your *duty to believe*. Do not imagine that you have something indefinite—you know not what to believe. No! there is that here that you are called implicitly to believe, and if you do not believe, you dishonor God, and grieve the Spirit of love.

The inconsistency of your unbelief is here: in obedience to the requirement of God, you, through the assistance of his grace, have been enabled to come out and be separate, resolved to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. If you had enabled *yourself* to do this, then there might be a shadow of consistency in your unbelief; but now that you have done it through the *power of God*, assured that apart from his grace there dwelleth no good thing in you—how unreasonable the thought that he will not fulfill his part of the engagement! "*I will receive you*" is his own declaration. "*I will sprinkle you with clean water; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols will I cleanse you.*" "Now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation." Then venture upon the truth of his word, you cannot believe God in vain. The *faith shall bring the power*; but do not expect to *feel* the power *before* you have exercised the faith. This would be expecting the fruit, before the tree is planted; the power to *live and dwell* in God *comes through believing*.

Holiness is a state of soul in which all the powers of the body and mind are consciously given up to God, and the witness of holiness, is that testimony which the Holy Spirit bears with our spirit that the offering is accepted through Christ. The work is accomplished, the moment we lay our all upon the altar. Under the old covenant dispensation, it was ordained by God, that whatsoever touched the altar should be holy; *Exod. xxix. 37.* "Seven days thou shalt make an atonement for the altar, and sanctify it; and it shall be an altar most holy; whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy." And in allusion to this, our Saviour says, *Matt. xxiii. 19,* "The altar sanctifieth the gift." As explanatory of this subject, Dr. Clark says: "This may be understood as implying that *whatsoever was laid on the altar became the Lord's property, and must be wholly devoted to sacred purposes.*" Under the new covenant dispensation, the apostle to the Hebrews says: "*We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle.*" *Heb. xiii. 10.* Dr. Clark again says: "*The Christian altar is the Christian sacrifice, which is CHRIST JESUS, with all the benefits of his passion and death.*" *Hallelujah!* Glory be to God in the highest!

Will you come, dear disciple of Jesus, and venture even now to lay your all upon this blessed Altar? He will not spurn you away; No! "His side an open fountain is"—"his nature and his name is love." Surely you will now begin to say,—

"O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Cover'd in my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me:
While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries."

Rest here. Remember, "The just shall live by faith," not *ecstasies*. *Holiness is the mark; that state of soul in which all the powers of soul and body are consciously given up to God.* And here you have it. "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward;" for we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold fast the

beginning of our confidence, steadfast unto the end." Neither former unfaithfulness, nor present unworthiness, need hinder your coming *just as you are.* The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

"If all the sins which men have done,
In thought, in will, in word, or deed,
Since worlds were made or time begun,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,
The stream of Jesus' precious blood,
Would wash away the dreadful load."

Then rest confidently. "Resolve that you will not make your *feelings* (as they may vary by the manner in which God sees most for your good to try your faith) a standard for your faith; true faith will produce *feeling*, but it may at first be little other than solid satisfaction arising from an implicit reliance on God. As with Abraham so the most glorious examples, attesting by their lives the excellency of the way of faith, are those whose faith has been most severely tried. A holy unyielding violence is *necessary* in order to retain the ground. Let that described by the poet be yours.

"Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love."

Rest now and forever here, and you are now, and shall eternally be the SAVED of the Lord.

For the Guide.

HEAVEN IN THE SOUL.

MRS. J. SANDFORD.

Nearly four years ago, after I received the blessing of a clean heart, I was impressed with the duty of testifying through the "Guide," the God-honored instrument of leading me into a closer walk with God, thinking perchance it might edify and encourage some one of its dear readers to hear how the Lord has led me along, from grace to grace, and strength to strength, in the nineteen years of my Christian experience. I was converted to God at the age of ten, and knew the blessedness of pardoned sin; but being surrounded

with unfavorable circumstances, I soon lost the evidence of my acceptance. But the Lord, not willing that I should perish, brought me to see my position by permitting my prostration with one of the most direful of diseases.

My physician said there was no hope of my recovery. Remorse seized my conscience, and already I virtually felt the pangs of the second death. Just here I promised the Lord, if he would spare my life, it should all be devoted to His service. After three months of intense agony of soul and body, I recovered, and started anew to seek my soul's salvation. In prayers and tears I wrestled, until the joys of His salvation were restored unto me. The work was thorough; I was made a new creature in Christ Jesus. And now for the first time I made a public profession of my faith, and united with the church. I enjoyed much of the presence of the Master in the fifteen years of my Christian experience, and for weeks together my soul held sweet communion with my Saviour, and then the remains of the carnal mind and roots of bitterness would spring up and trouble, distract and interrupt my enjoyment. There seemed to be two contrary principles existing, and a conflict between the law of my members and my mind, and from the depth of my soul I cried unto the Lord for a clean heart and a right spirit, though I never expected to live when sin in me was all destroyed. *Glory to the Lamb*, his name shall be called Jesus. Still there was a consciousness of something wanting to satisfy the demands of my inmost soul.

I resolved again and again to live a more devoted life, to pray more, and discharge every known duty. Found it much more easy to resolve than practice. My desires for purity were intense, and while panting for light and yearning for knowledge, a "Guide" was put in my hand; I read it over and over again. Oh! how divine did the spirit of the testimonies seem; I knew that our God is no respecter of persons, and if others were saved completely through the blood of Jesus, *I too might*

be. I was constrained to search the Scriptures, which I found to testify of the same blessed doctrine. The very thought of such a salvation captivated and entranced my inmost being; I was entirely ignorant of the way to obtain this great salvation, having never heard it preached, and knew of no one that enjoyed it. But I soon became acquainted with *some that had* experienced the baptism of power, which increased my desires for the same.

In looking back I see that more than once I was on the very threshold of the *inner door*. I went to camp-meeting, in the summer of 1864, believing that I should be wholly sanctified before I returned to my home. There were a large number of unconverted persons on the encampment; and oh! how my heart yearned for them, when I saw them unsaved, when Christ shed his precious blood for them. I felt it my duty to do what little I could towards bringing them to the Saviour; but when I spoke to them, the Spirit's echo resounded in my own heart. I was earnestly seeking for a clean heart, and would have knelt at the altar as a penitent, but I wanted to be alone with God. As yet I had not unfolded my mind to any one; the agony of my soul was overwhelming; food became tasteless; sleep departed from my eyes; I wept and prayed, but found no relief. I knew not what to do, my burden was intolerable. I feared lest the meeting would close and I be compelled to return unblest. While in this state of mind I attended for the first time a meeting for the promotion of holiness, held in Brother A's tent, which seemed to my soul to be in the very suburbs of heaven. I resolved, while there, never to rest until the *desired haven* was obtained.

On leaving the tent I retired to a secluded part of the grove to pray and wrestle with God; determined not to leave the place unblest. For two long hours I struggled with increasing agony to give up every earthly pleasure and affection, but oh! how tenaciously did my affections cling to loved ones of earth. At length, through the aid of the

Divine Spirit, I was enabled to say, "Give joy or grief, give ease or pain, take life or friends away," only fill me with all thy fullness Lord, and I shall be satisfied. I was trying to exercise the requisite faith, when all at once Jesus appeared in my heart, quelled the storm, and a peace that passeth all understanding was mine. I arose from my knees, praising the Lord in my heart, while everything around seemed to be praising God.

It was a sacred spot, I could have tarried all night; but duty said, To His glory; tell what the Lord has done for you. I left the place and hastened to the prayer tent; the people were gathering for the closing meeting of the day. When an opportunity was given, I opened my mouth and he filled it, and led me into the clear light of life and fullness of God. *Glory to Jesus!* a current of heavenly love streamed through my whole being; permeated soul and body. At the close of the meeting I went to my tent; retired but not to sleep; my raptures were inexpressible, a weight of glory settled down upon me, entirely prostrating my physical powers; and while in this state, I evidently experienced the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and for several hours remained in a silent heaven of divine love, and then burst from the depths of my soul ecstatic shouts of joy and praise, to Him who loved us, and washed us in his own precious blood.

The camp-meeting closed, and I returned home to tell all around of the power in Jesus' blood to cleanse from all unrighteousness. My whole soul was so filled with love; love to God and His people; love toward everybody, whether friend or foe, that no room was left for earthly passions. Oh praise his name. I could not have believed that such an experience would be mine. But I realize that all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution, and with this in view, I give myself to God as clay in the hands of the potter. I also realize that there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which

are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. God sent His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh; condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in them who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. Oh how I feast on the precious Word of Life; especially passages like these (which I did not understand until after the baptism of the Holy Ghost), "Blessed are the pure in heart." "Sanctify them through thy truth." "Be ye holy as I am holy." "And now being made free from sin." Glory to Jesus I am saved, not through any works of righteousness that I have done, but according to his mercy, he saves by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Oh, praise the Lord for a home-heaven in the soul.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.

High heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.

"TRUST."

For the Guide.

LIZZIE S. CLARK.

"Bind this motto to thy breast,"
Let it soothe thy vain unrest,
God will prove His promise just—
Only let us fully trust.

Jesus bore our sin and care,
He would still the burden bear—
Trust, and yield the stubborn will,
He will whisper, "Peace be still."

All the discord, all the strife,
Of this changing, fleeting life,
By this sacred trust shall be
Tuned to sweetest harmony.

When "the loved ones gone before,"
Gain, by faith, the better shore,
Breathe, above the coffined dust,
Sweetest words of hope and trust.

Lord, their rest we long to share,
By Thy grace our hearts prepare;
Thine in life and death to be—
Sweetly trusting all to Thee.

PLAINFIELD, MASS.

For the Guide.

FLOWERS AFTER STORMS.

CARRIE.

Last Sabbath morning, after the terrible storm of Saturday night, we went into our garden to look for a flower. A dear one remarked, as we passed out, "You will find no flowers this morning, the storm was too heavy last night." We made no reply, but this thought was ours, *we have found rare flowers after HEAVY storms*—flowers of joy have come after nights of sorrow. "*Weeping* may endure for a *night*, but *joy* cometh in the morning." "Now no chastening for the *present* seemeth to be joyous, nevertheless *afterward*, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

With these thoughts and suggestions, we went for *earth's* flowers, and almost hidden with the leaves that had blown down from neighboring trees, we found a rare piece of "*heliotrope*." Oh! how beautiful it was! And with some fragrant leaves did God make it a blessing all day. After the storms we gather the flowers! Peace cometh after the strife.

"No storm but the tainted air needed it,
No storm but the sunshine succeeded it."

In spiritual things it is pre-eminently so, and we are learning to look upon trial and disappointment, and all the dark dispensations of Providence as only the dark frame-work which is to show the picture to a greater advantage. He knows best, how sweetly comes to our mind the beautiful lines:

"All as God wills who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold;
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told."

And Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." THROUGH ALL IN ALL—*sunny or cloudy* weather and it's all right—wait awhile and you'll find the flowers. We bless God to-day. We are learning while passing through the valley to make it a well. If these lines, written for Jesus, are read by one who feels the rod, who is to-day saying, "Is this the way?" we would say, wait a while, "behind the cloud is the sun still shining;" after

the storm look for flowers, you will see them, you will find them, and unlike earth's flowers, will live forever. White flowers of purity we've found, flowers picked by Christ's own hand and given to us. Oh! how good storms have been for us—misunderstanding little unpleasantnesses—they keep the soul humble before its Redeemer, by so much are we *ready* and able to help helpless ones into the arms of the all helpful Father. The world if full of tired people—full of sad little ones, come then, sister, let us *forget ourselves* in remembering others—let us lead them to find, after storms, flowers!

BROOKLYN, Oct. 1869.

For the Guide.

REDEMPTION THROUGH CHRIST.

S. A.

As the cleansed leper returned to give thanks to the Immortal Physician, so would I return thanks to you for the rich mine of religious literature that I find in the "Guide." As my physical strength is increased by meats, so is my spiritual nature nourished by this full salvation you teach. I have read it for a number of years, and feel justified in recommending it to all who are panting after the energizing power of the Holy Ghost, after the dainties, as Bunyan calls it, which Prince Immanuel sends from his own table to those who sup with him. Who that has ever partaken of this bread of life, can be satisfied with the viands of earth.

I was converted when but a child. For a time I was inexpressibly happy, but the subtle foe soon led me to doubt. And though I was a member of the M. E. Church, yet there were long periods that I did not enjoy the witness of the Spirit—this troubled me. The "Guide" taught me it was the privilege of every one to be fully saved. The Troy Praying Band taught me this full salvation too; I heard a number of them refer to the place and hour when they received the witness of entire sanctification, I had perfect confidence in their integrity, consequently their testimony was unquestionable.

My desire for the blessing became the one consuming yearning of my soul. I could neither sleep or eat. I attended a prayer-meeting where some of the band were; I there entered into a new covenant with God, that henceforth his honor should be my only choice. It then seemed, and now, as I recall that hour, as though the wheels of life stood still, while the eager soul stretched her every power to grasp a perfect Saviour. The arch fiend seemed to rally all his powers to defeat my faith; he whispered terrible things in my ear. This made me cry more earnestly to the Mighty God to help me make the consecration. The Spirit showed me the cost, showed me that I must go forth without the camp, bearing the reproach. For a moment my feelings were like two contending armies, each counting victory. But the soul had reached a point where she would not listen to the flesh, and by one simple act of faith she touched the blood. Glory be to God for the virtue there is in the blood of the Lamb. Diabolus, with his well-drilled army, cannot take the soul that is sprinkled with Christ's precious blood.

Sweet peace now filled my soul. I could then appropriate this divine assurance, "I, even I, am He that comforteth you." Surely the saved of the Lord need not "Fear the reproaches of men, neither be afraid of their revilings." I now feel that the greatest honor that can be conferred upon mortals is to testify from experience that the blood washes them from all unrighteousness. My soul is filled with holy delight, while my faith grasps the immortal joys of my Father's kingdom.

At times Jesus reveals Himself gloriously to my soul. I feel that I am unreservedly the Lord's, indeed, grafted into Christ. I realize the presence of Jesus as that of a friend. I hear Him saying, Have I not washed thee? Again I hear Him calling me by name, saying, "Thou shalt walk with me in white." Jesus is my abiding guest.

At present I have not the privilege of prayer-meeting or class; yet Jesus meets me in my room and teaches me

such beautiful lessons of love and trust. I bless the name of the Lord that He has raised up a people that teach a full salvation. Surely Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Blessed be God for this religion that has life and power in it, that satisfies the yearnings of our immortal nature. "All things are yours, and we are Christ's." Glory be to the Lamb! Could I immortalize my name and choose by what means to do it, it would be by saying, "Glory to God for redemption through Christ!"

For the Guide.

BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.

MRS. S. J. STODDARD.

Brighter and brighter shines
The pathway of the just,
As on in duty's path
He walks with gladsome trust.

As on with patient step,
'Mid toil and heat and pain,
He bears his daily cross,
A crown of life to gain.

He leaves the mists of night—
He leaves the land of fears,
And walks in heaven's own light,
E'en in this vale of tears!

His sun no more goes down,
But shines with brighter ray,
For lo! each onward step
Brings near the perfect day!

O blessed, blessed path—
May I be found therein,
And never from it turn
'Till I life's crown shall win

'Till heaven's own splendor bursts
Upon my longing eyes,
And my glad spirit rests
In groves of paradise.

For the Guide.

NO SORROW IN HEAVEN.

MRS. N. A. HOLT.

"There is no sorrow in heaven," said a poor toil-worn wanderer, as her feet had strayed down by the river of death. Her frail bark had long been tossed by moaning winds, upon the

rough billows of life, for she had drank of affliction's cup to the very dregs, yet the patient, trusting one, remembered not the unkindness of the world—thought not of the fierce pains that racked the mortal frame, for her eyes had caught a glimpse of the beautiful city of our God. The mists that had settled so closely down upon the "dark river," could not hide the glowing hill-tops of the holy spirit land. Its solemn flow could not drown the sweet "angel whispers" that came to the listening ear, nor could the sufferings of long years rob the lowly Christian of her faith in Jesus.

Oh this had been a cheering, inspiring thought to her, through those long years of pain, that there will be "no sorrow in heaven," and then as her soul drew near the blissful goal, the beautiful brightness of the morning land flashed out in glory over the valley of death. Calmly the glorified soul passed over the mystic river, and at last gained the quiet shore, where there is no sorrow. The thought that had cheered and sustained the suffering one, when tried in affliction's furnace, still shed its hallowed brightness upon the waning moments of life.

"No sorrow in heaven." Oh, how that thought cheers and inspires our fainting souls, when toiling in the Master's vineyard. We grow so weary of the toils and conflicts of life, that we long to gain that beautiful land, where never more our heart-strings shall quiver with agony—where never more our aching feet shall tread upon briars and thorns.

Toil on then, weary Christian, and faint not by the wayside, for you "are nearing the shining ranks," and the hosts of the redeemed, upon whose brow no shadow ever falls. The soul that dwelt in the frail casket of mortality, shall be forever freed from the sorrows of life. The bright spirit eyes shall never look again upon scenes of pain and sorrow, and the enraptured ears shall hear no more the wild tumult of the world. A few more toils, a few more sorrows, and you shall rest forever from life's conflicts.

Oh, a happy day it will be, when we plant our feet upon the angel shore, where no sorrow ever dwells. A blissful moment it will be, when we greet the white robed band that are waiting and watching for us upon the beautiful hills of light. With them we shall walk the streets of the eternal city forevermore—with them share the happiness that awaits the redeemed.

No sorrows in heaven, no pains, no bitter tears, but one eternal day of glory—one unbroken dream of rest and an unfading crown of life.

SOUTH EDMESTON, N. Y.

For the Guide.

WASTE PLACES IN ZION.

Q. Q.

We have greatly rejoiced in the showers of blessings which have been poured upon the various camp-meetings this season. Many thus met together are "sundered far," and some before such seasons in another year, will be joining the anthems of the forever saved. Enjoyment in Christian fellowship is indeed a precious boon to stay up the soul amid the trials of faith and patience.

But this year we felt as if there was a great concentration of strength and labor, and perhaps more than was necessary, and we felt peculiarly for the waste places of Zion—the burden-bearers in secret places who could not leave their homes and their duties—and the multitude who are in blindness as bad as heathenism.

And we thought of the advantage of strangers seeking the lost, and the words of encouragement to the weary, falling from the lips of those who came to their rescue from afar. There is so much blessing in hearing, "God sent you to us—He alone knew our need of help."

In the midst of these musings we received letters from those who were struggling with barren meetings, and careless lives, and who would have rejoiced to have heard the fervid exhortation, the earnest prayer, and the old routine broken up.

Then, there are places within a circuit of fifty or one hundred miles, where a sermon is heard only once a month—this is common in some of our Western States, and in bye places in the older States. One who was travelling in the West says: "Such a string of backsliders I find everywhere—so many on the cars who expect to go to heaven if they live in outward honesty, and do as well as they can—they have no Jesus, no salvation. How wonderful it was that my way was opened for traveling so much and speaking to so many. May God give the increase."

As you say, no Board of Foreign Missions sent out the laborer. I do not wonder that ministers desire to see some one in despair in these days. Oh this terrible luke-warmness—this smooth sliding to perdition with a name on the church book. May God raise up men to go into the small towns and farming districts in the West, to pull down and destroy, and then build upon the Rock Christ. The mental and moral culture of the people is not behind other places, but everything that goes to save the soul is so dead and lifeless. Years ago in this place there was a flourishing church—but the spoiler came in and bickerings scattered and wasted the flock. As I rode to church last Sabbath I saw men, women and children sitting in their porches, or walking in their gardens, and there was not more than forty people in the house of God. I long for the waste places in Zion to be built up, then sinners will be converted to God.

The heavenly-minded Hamline used to yearn over desolate spots, and whenever possible by a great effort he would rush into the gap and lift up the banner of the cross—and oh how many jewels are in his crown, thus saved by *effort* and *sacrifice*. We have no doubt but as much strength will be received in laboring for the lost and wandering, as in the society of the choicest spirits of the land, if we prayerfully seek our spot of labor and duty. And there may be some beautiful gems hidden away in the rubbish of earth *for us to uncover* and

bring out into the light—some flowers now wasting their sweetness on the desert air, which will perfume the church of God.

Quite a theme for prayer—Lord, where shall I go for recreation and duty?

For the Guide.

PERFECT VICTORY.

VOICE FROM THE SICK ROOM.

MARY S. MALITTE.

I was converted to God in my childhood, and in three months after conversion experienced the blessing of holiness of heart. I never had a doubt of this, but have not always retained the evidence. Had I done this, I should not have to mourn over past unfaithfulness. But I have always loved the theme of holiness, and at times pressed after the fullness there is in Jesus, and have some times enjoyed it.

My father used to preach and live it, too. Thank God for Christian parents.

About two years ago I was enabled to trust Jesus fully—it was on a sacramental occasion. During the sermon I was so overwhelmed with the glory of God, I could not hold my peace, but praised God aloud, and since that time I have been striving to submit my will to His, and as a test of this, He has permitted me to be laid on a sick bed, and I have lain here for over seven months, and during that time I have been, as I thought, near to the gates of death. I made every preparation to leave my family, expecting every day would be the last. O, such *perfect victory* as my soul enjoyed—it seemed easy to die.

But my heart clung to my Christian friends, I wanted to meet as many of them as I could and partake again of the emblems of the broken body and the shed blood of our dear Redeemer, and such a precious season as we had will be remembered in heaven. I believe, in answer to the prayers of the church, I am spared, though not permitted to walk about.

There came a change in the disease, and I found that I was not to die, but

live on and suffer for months and perhaps years. But thanks be to God, He gave me the victory, though my faith was severely tried, and I can cheerfully say, "Thy will be done." All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come; any way that He sees best for me, so that he can use me for His glory. What a blessing the precious "Guide" has been to me. It is lent me by kind friends, and I do love its teachings. Glory to God for the fullness there is in Christ. My physician enjoys the blessing of holiness, and my soul is blessed and comforted under his prayers. God's children come in and pray and sing with me, and

"Heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat."

God is very good to me. He supplies all my needs, and whether I live or die, I am the Lord's. I have learned a lesson of trust in Jesus and submission to His will I never knew before. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. It is good to trust in the Lord our God.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and an eternal weight of glory. God never makes a mistake. He doeth all things well.

CHATHAM, N. Y.

For the Guide.

A QUIET MIND.

E. R. STERLING.

"I have a treasure which I prize;
Its like I cannot find:
There's nothing like it on the earth;
'Tis this, a quiet mind.

But 'tis not that I'm stupefied,
Or senseless, dull or blind;
'Tis God's own peace within my heart,
Which forms my quiet mind.

I found this treasure at the cross;
And there, to every kind
Of weary, heavy-laden souls,
Christ gives a quiet mind."

Oh the blessedness of this gift from God—a quiet mind. Truly, "he shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is

stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." What a privilege to put all our interests into the hands of the Great Dispenser of all events, and there rest. This state of heart is that in which there is no fear. "'Tis perfect love which casts out all fear." We live and move in Him whose peace is reigning within our hearts, and our language is,

"The love of God within my breast,
My heart to Him doth bind;
This is the peace of heaven on earth—
This is my quiet mind."

And when trials come, and crosses present themselves, our language still is:

And what may be to-morrow's cross,
I never seek to find;
My Saviour says: "Leave that to Me,"
And keep a quiet mind.

I love to think that this heart, which I called mine, is now the Lord's. I love to think that I have asked Him to reign in it without a rival—have asked Him to take this poor heart and let it be forever closed to all but Him. I love to feel His moulding, fashioning hand. I love to think that what He ordains for me or mine, is best for me. I love day by day to have my will running parallel with His will, and watch the indications of His hand.

This is peace which passeth all understanding. The world cannot give it, and blessed be God, it cannot take it away. Come sickness for health; come poverty for riches; come adversity for prosperity; come enemies for friends—we may quaff at this perennial spring and drink in unfailing health. We may apply to this storehouse and receive the true riches. We may meet the adverse circumstances of life, and yet not walk in darkness. Friends may fail us, but the "one Friend" fails never. Glory to God for the Christian's hope—"a promise of the life which now is, and of that which is to come."

Brethren and sisters in Christ, let us be stimulated to greater diligence in the Master's service. Let us fight a good fight. Let us be faithful in that part of

the vineyard in which the providence of God has placed us, remembering to walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work and increasing in the knowledge of God.

PO'KEEPSIE.

For the Guide.

TEACH ME THY WAY, OH GOD.

FLORA. L. COOK.

Oh God! to whom my inmost heart,
Is open as the day,
Teach me to choose that better part,
To love Thee and obey.

I feel thy mercy and thy love,
To me so freely given,
The Holy Ghost sent from above,
To guide the soul to Heaven.

I know thou hast for all mankind,
A pardon full and free.
Impress it on my opening mind,
Thou hast it still for me.

A sinner under bonds of sin,
And longing for release,
Open thy arm to take me in,
And give me perfect peace.

That peace which only those can know,
Who give up all for thee,
Which through all trials still shall grow,
And satisfying be.

For the Guide.

IN ME YE SHALL HAVE PEACE.

MARY.

Sweetly on the ears of the disciples fell these words from the lips of the dying Saviour. Eagerly they are gathered about him knowing that he was soon to leave them, yet scarcely understanding why he was going. They had forsaken all to follow him and could not comprehend how they were to live without him. Calling them together he spoke of the glory the Father should give him, bidding them ask what they would in his name and it should be given them, and ended by saying, "These things have I spoken unto you that in me ye might have peace."

Though spoken more than eighteen hundred years ago, to day they

come to us with deeper meaning. Amid the surging tide of skepticism, surrounded by false prophets and almost deafened with cries of lo! here or lo! there, the Saviour gently whispers, "In me ye shall have peace." When, asks the doubting one, shall we have peace? Perfect peace cannot be found in this world. We must wait to be glorified with Christ, before we can have this greatest of blessings. Not so. Christ was in the world when he overcame, and he will overcome for us, if we will let Him. O, ye weary ones, ye who have sought rest in vain, listen, can ye not hear the sweet voice whisper, "My peace I leave with you." Will ye not accept it, and give yourselves to one who is able to comfort in every hour of trouble. O, I beseech you, let Christ live for you. Then if you are beset by trials, hand them over to him, and see how his strong right arm gets to himself the victory.

To the soul stayed on Christ, there comes no trial but that he is able to bear. Walking hand in hand with Jesus, looking trustingly in his face, he fears no evil, for his peace floweth like a river. With calm serenity he journeys on, striving to live again the life of the Master. Looking forward to the great day of redemption, when we shall be crowned kings and priests of God. When the great joy and peace, such as the redeemed only can know, shall more than compensate for the trials of life; when with the Saviour we shall sit down at the right hand of God to go no more out forever.

HARTFORD, Conn., 1869.

For the Guide.

FINAL TRIUMPH.

I. N. KANAGA.

We live in a dying world. Everything is changing, fading and full of dissolution. Wherever we turn, mutation, with its withering touch, meets our gaze! Death reigns, and mortality becomes the inevitable lot. The sentence of death has passed upon all men.

But the time is coming when this scene shall change. The Christian has

many triumphs—many signal, wonderful triumphs! But finally he shall triumph over death and the sad dominion of the grave. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory!"

Then mortality shall be swallowed up of life. No more forever will the pale horse and his rider shoot his fatal shafts at the bosom of the redeemed. "For there shall be no death there," but final eternal triumph over it. Hallelujah! Amen.

NEWARK. N. J.

SMALL THINGS.

"It is of small things that great life is made up."

Little words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds, not miracles nor battles, nor one great act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloah, "that go softly" on their meek mission of refreshment; not the waters of the river "great and mighty," rushing down in torrent, noise, and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence, of indecision, slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little bits of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper and crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.

And then, attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to the little words and tones, little benevolences, or forbearances, or tenderesses; little self denials, self-restraints, and self-thoughtfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; punctuality and method and true aim in the ordering each day—these are the active developments of holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.

For the Guide.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

V. B.

July 10th.—I think we often lose a great deal by holding the Saviour so far from us, at arms length as it were, and regarding Him as a stern and exacting Master, instead of taking Him to our hearts as the tender and compassionate Redeemer He is. And even after we hear Him say, "Come unto Me," we go tremblingly, as though we feared He would receive us coldly, instead of running to meet us, eager to throw his arms about us, to put the ring on our finger and the best robe upon us. O, to feel that

"The Saviour's melting mercies yearn
To clasp thee to His breast."

I never realized so much of the depth and tenderness of the Saviour's love as for a few weeks past. I have been so conscious that *He loved me* with an infinite and everlasting love, a tender, all sympathizing love, that I have not feared at any time to go to Him "just as I am;" even when burdened with a sense of my own unworthiness and shortcoming. I would turn to Him. He would look so heavenly upon me, I would fly, not with bowed head, but with confident heart to His open arms, and the "Lover of sinners adore." Blessed be God for this perfect love that casteth out all fear.

July 21st.—We pray earnestly and sincerely at times, "Let me be crucified to the world," forgetting that perhaps the discipline necessary thereto may be unpleasant. And the blessed Father, desiring more the purity of

our hearts than our happiness in this world, lays upon us some crucifying burden, some humbling cross, and startled we cry, O no! not that, not that. But if the soul is intensely earnest in seeking deadness to the world and the image of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, it will lie still beneath the pruning knife, and whisper, "Even so, Father." O how thankful we ought to be for any lesson from our blessed Master that shows us more of our hidden selves.

Aug. 3d.—My heart has been full of praises all the day, that Jesus does so preciousl^y keep me from sinning against Him. When seeking the blessing of a pure heart, after I was conscious of the entire consecration, and believed that Jesus was not only able but yearning to write His new best name upon me, I could not trust Him to keep me. I shall certainly fail. In some unguarded moment, I shall look away from the cross and shall lose the blessing; thus my heart reasoned. Only God knows how agonizing my emotions. But as days passed on, the deep, unutterable love of Jesus pressed me. I felt His yearning sympathy, His mighty power so great, I could endure no more. I cried, "If but for one moment, Lord, I will realize Thy power to save. Come in, O blessed Christ."

"I yield! I yield!

I can hold out no more.

I sink by dying love compelled,

And own Thee Conqueror."

And oh, how I sank down, down into unknown depths of quietness and meekness, plunged into the Godhead's deepest sea, while I felt the waves of heavenly love enveloping me, around, above, beneath.

"Now rest, my long divided heart,
On this thy blissful centre rest."

I ceased to think so much about retaining this perfect love of Jesus in my heart, for I seemed to be so taken up by it, that it was heaven to lean on His bosom, to trust Him fully, and to turn to Him every moment—"I cannot doubt Thou wilt save me." And oh,

how blessedly He has kept me hid in His wounded side. Blessed be God! for his wondrous salvation. O that those who are seeking purity of heart, and are kept back by this fear of losing it, would but venture on the mighty Lord and they would prove that He can save us *abundantly above* what we are able to ask or even think.

Aug. 10th.—Had a season of most precious communion with the Father to-night. How I love to feel this nearness of access, this union of soul with the Holy Jesus. Above all joyous emotion, all transport or rapture, I prize this consciousness of oneness with God, this sinking out of self, this holy, heavenly calm. Surely, "the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever.

I realize, in a clearer sense than ever before, the tenderness of the Holy Spirit. It is so easily grieved. A vain thought cherished, a careless spirit indulged, needless self-indulgence, will so soon dim its blessed light, and bring deadness into the soul. O for the searching Spirit! that we may examine our hearts and seek if there is no cross we avoid, no doubtful thing we indulge in, for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." "All things are lawful, but all things are not *expedient*."

Sept. 1st.—What a blessed way to live—this living to Jesus every moment and receiving all things as from our Father. How it exalts the lowliest service, and keeps the heart patient and quiet.

"'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To Him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give,
Such bliss as crowns me at His side."

And then He talks to us so sweetly along the way, "Be of good cheer, "Ye shall walk with me in white." Blessed, Blessed be God for this highway of holiness cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in.

"Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above."

Editorial.

LETTERS FROM EDITORS.

We came here on Saturday evening last, having left New York on Thursday evening. Impelled by much weariness, we were induced to pause one night at Galion, O., at a hotel. Who of Jesus' little ones, but love to trace the guidance of our Father's loving, mighty hand, in matters that to the less observing may seem trivial. We are cheered with the thought, that the light of eternity may reveal, that it was the guiding hand of the great Shepherd who keepeth Israel, that detained us amid a drenching rain at Galion.

Just before leaving the hotel, in the morning, our attention was directed to an interesting young man, the son of the hotel-keeper. Being in feeble health, he desired medical advice, which Dr. P. freely tendered. We afterward ascertained, that though his bodily ailments were formidable, his soul ailments were far more serious. He was a wanderer from the fold of the great Shepherd. And now, by the arrestings of disease, we saw it was the will of his all-loving-soul-Father that he should be brought back into the fold. We told him so. The Lord gave him tenderness of heart, and with eyes brimming with tears, he promised that he would endeavor at once to return to his Father's house. We left, feeling that the Master had need we should spend the night in that place.

In the railroad depot, as we were leaving Galion, we met several of the friends of our Saviour, among whom were the presiding Elder, also the resident minister of the M. E. Church, and Mr. C., Esq., an earnest class leader, to whose affectionate vigilance we commended the prodigal, with whom we had become interested at the hotel. A little after entering the train, we observed a little group, looking wishfully toward us. Presently one of the company came, and introducing herself said, that she had long in spirit enjoyed converse with us through the "Guide to Holiness." Though strangers in the flesh, we soon felt that we were one. Thus it is that those who are begotten in the bowels of Christ, are united by ties of divine relationship, though mountains rise or

billows roll. Hundreds or thousands of miles may intervene. In the flesh they may never have met. It is

Jesus the corner-stone
That doth His own unite,
And still He keeps the Spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

When within a few miles of Indianapolis we were signally preserved by doubtless a special providence from what might have been instant death. The train was progressing with rapid speed, when some fiends incarnate threw a heavy missile, dashing in the window and breaking in splinters the blind and casing. It was near the spot where we sat. But He who is rich in mercy, preserved ourselves and others from harm.

We arrived at Indianapolis about 7 o'clock, on Saturday evening. We were met at the cars by Rev. Dr. Gillett, the devoted pastor of Asbury M. E. Church. A meeting had been appointed for the evening, in anticipation of our arrival, and the voice of prevailing prayer was ascending as we entered the church. On Sabbath morning we had a season of remarkable power. We addressed the dear people in regard to the privileges of the present dispensation. Urged upon them the duty of bringing at once all the tithes, time, talents, influence and estate into God's storehouse, if they would ensure an outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

From one to two hundred at least, solemnly rose and stood before the Lord, pledging themselves, not only in the presence of the Great All-seeing, but before all the hierarchy of the upper and lower world, that they would at once bring all the tithes into God's storehouse, to be used, only, and wholly in the service of Him, to whom our more than all is due.

A Divine recorder was present. In memorable accents it was said, "Stand long enough for the recording angel to write your name!" How solemn are such engagements! Surely not one of the number that then stood before the Lord, and entered upon the important solemnities of that hour, but will remember it with the utmost vividness in the day of final reckoning.

And yet what more was done than every redeemed creature ought to do? Is it not ever sounding out through the written Word,

"Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and spirit which *are* God's!" Nothing more was implied in the solemn and eternal obligations of that eventful hour, than in this passage of sacred writ. O, if all remain true to the weighty obligations of that hour, what a revenue of holy service and praise will redound to God, and if not, what regrets in the day of final adjustment! God is ever mindful of his covenant. Not a vow of consecration has ever been made, but has been written in the book of Divine remembrance. Men may forget, but God does not. The men of Israel might have forgotten the pledge given to the men of Gibeon. But the Divine recorder took note of it. Years intervened. And there was a famine in the land, three years, year after year. David did as all who are in authority in Church or State ought to do when mysterious and afflictive dispensations occur. He inquired of the Lord. And the Lord in answer told him, that it was because of the covenant that had been made with the Gibeonites, which had not been inviolably kept. What an affliction! The whole land called to suffer a famine of three years, because of an unredeemed pledge, made on the part of the leading men in Israel, about four hundred years previous.

And yet how unmindful are many of God's professed Israel of their covenant engagements, with the High and Holy One. How many from time to time pledge themselves that they will bring *all* the tithes into the Lord's store house, the manifestations of whose life, show that their consecration is far from being entire! But the God of the Old Testament Scriptures, is the God of the New, and the day of final reckoning will reveal, that not *less* exacting are the Divine claims, requiring entire rectitude in speech and practice, than under the old dispensation. God is unchangeable. With him there is neither variableness or shadow of turning. Christ is God. Jesus Christ the same, yesterday, to-day and forever. If we would bear the image of the heavenly, we must be without variableness, in our vows, our faith, and our purposes.

Indianapolis is a pleasant town of between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants. It is neatly laid out, somewhat after the fashion

of Washington, D. C. It has wide, airy avenues, named after the principal States in the Union. Religiously it furnishes the usual representation of churches of various sects. We may be mistaken, but as far as we have had occasion to observe, the tone of religious sentiment is not as high, as in most Northern cities we have visited. Fairs, festivals, and suppers, have been going on at the various churches since the commencement of our services here. Unlike anything that has occurred in any place we have ever before visited, the minds of the people have been divided. Of course, many do not understand holiness, and a doctrine that in the M. E. Church particularly ought to be beyond controversy, is a subject for doubtful disputation. Never have we been called to endure such trials of faith in our endeavors to plant the standard "**HOLINESS TO THE LORD**," as since we have been here. Yet even here Truth has triumphed, and the banner has been raised. The *Indianapolis Journal*, has daily given favorable reports of the rising cause. Omitting some complimentary remarks, which we must be excused from giving, the report of some recent meetings read thus:

"The series of revival meetings now being held at Asbury Chapel, are assuming a very interesting character. At the Sabbath meetings a very deep religious feeling was manifested, while the meeting yesterday afternoon was one of great power."

Under another date the *Journal* says: "The Revival Meetings continue to be attended with more than ordinary interest. On Saturday evening, nearly all the audience covenanted to seek a larger measure of the Holy Spirit, to enable them to labor efficiently for the salvation of the people. To some it was the best meeting ever enjoyed. Yesterday a deep religious feeling marked the exercises of the whole day. In the morning Dr. P., read and explained John xii., impressing the necessity of walking in the light while we have it. Many of the chief rulers believed on Christ, but loving the praise of men, more than the praise of God, they did not confess him, and so losing the light, they fell back into darkness, and were found among those who sought his crucifixion.

"Mrs. P. followed with very impressive remarks on the Divinity of the Word, showing

that by this, we are to be judged at the last day. The reasonableness, and the simplicity of faith, and the sinfulness of unbelief, the dishonor it throws on God, and the *divinity* of the *written* Word, the necessity of entire consecration as a pre-requisite of faith, were made prominent. At the conclusion Dr. P., called on all who *had*, and all who *desired* now to consecrate themselves fully to the service of God, to rise, and four-fifths of all present arose. In the afternoon the usual exercises of the Sunday School were suspended, and after feeling addresses from Rev. Mr. Jones of Illinois, and Dr. Palmer, over fifty scholars presented themselves at the altar for prayer, several of whom left the house rejoicing in the Lord. At night the services were very impressive and profitable."

Of yesterdays services, the Indianapolis *Journal* says: "The Revival still continues. The service yesterday afternoon was considered by some the most memorable of all that has been held. It cannot be denied that the views of a large portion of the community are undergoing a serious change in reference to the doctrine of Christian perfection or holiness. Formal Christianity must give place to heart purity, mere sound to reality. Men instinctively look to see re-enacted the scenes of Pentecost, and to realize again those wonderful baptisms of the Holy Ghost."

From such recordings we are graciously encouraged in the belief that our visit to this city may be fruitful in results for many days to come. But we have been called to labor in faith beyond former precedent. Never has the Word of the Lord as recorded Isaiah lv. 10-13, been so impressively inspooken to our inmost soul as during our days of labor for Jesus in this place. This morning service was held for the organization of a meeting for the Promotion of Holiness. The first meeting is appointed to be held in Asbury Church next Tuesday afternoon. May this and every succeeding meeting be greatly honored with the presence of the Sanctifier. Rev. Dr. S. T. Gillet, is the excellent pastor of this dear people. He now gives in a clear testimony of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost. Many of his beloved people are now following the faith of their pastor. May grace, mercy and peace abide with them. Our time during our short sojourn has been

divided between two precious families, whom we love in the truth, Rev. Dr. Gillet and G. Tousey, Esq.

News Along the Line.

For the Guide.

BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH.

At the Home Camp Meeting, held in the city of Bloomington, Ill., in June last, among the first that knelt at the altar as a candidate for the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, was a minister and honored member of the Faculty of the Illinois Wesleyan University. Several of the students hastened to follow his example and ere the close of the services over a score of the young men connected with the University, had with the beloved Professor,—received the baptism of fire.

The following letter "from along the line," is from the pen of that honored member of the Faculty of the University, who humbly and definitely sought and obtained the baptism of fire.

As we perused the letter, we could not but exclaim, Behold! how great a matter a little fire kindleth. The letter was not written for publication entire, but as a friendly epistle to the Editors of the "GUIDE." Yet we dare not withhold these inspiring graphic recordings from our readers, believing that God demands that we give Him the glory due to His name.

I returned from an extended tour yesterday and was happy to find a letter from you.

First, in humility and gratitude, I am glad to be able to say, that my experience of entire sanctification, has been growing clearer, with each passing month, week and day. I had never thought it possible that I could be so sweetly and completely saved. But as my consecration was

ABSOLUTE AND UNIVERSAL,

so my salvation has been complete. I have been astonished at the triumphant grace which has enabled me, calmly to stand, and tell of a present and full salvation before neighbors, ministers, learned men, bishops and members of other churches—at camp-meetings, conferences—in the churches of Chicago—and privately to the most intimate friends, as well as to strangers.

I will take the earliest opportunity to speak of my experience in an article for the "GUIDE." In the meantime, let me add a word, which may not be useless to you in your labor of love.

You will not be surprised to learn, that my usefulness has been enlarged by the baptism of fire which I recently received.

I had been in former years so filled with Divine love as to be impelled to labor "in season—out of season." But never in my life have I been moved by such a consuming fire as of late. My labors have been scattered over a large portion of the State during our vacation of three months.

I attended three camp-meetings, one Sunday School Convention, (of Central Ill. Conf.), two conference sessions—college convention at Evanston—Chicago camp-meeting and Chicago churches, etc. But my special aim has been to work among the ministers of the Central Ill., Conf., of which I am a member. For this purpose, I went to the Conf. Sunday School Convention at Keroance in June, of which Bro. Bailly wrote to you, and of which I gave to you some account. My willingness to bear the cross before the fifty or sixty ministers of that convention—and my constant work and talk in behalf of holiness of heart—were crowned with Divine blessing. I went to that convention, determined to take and make opportunities for exhortation, prayer and labor. The opportunity was providentially given.

DEVOTIONAL MEETING.

The devotional meeting in the afternoon, was placed under my charge. I gladly accepted the open door—and after a season of prayer, told my experience of full salvation, and entreated all to seek the same blessing. God gave me favor with the people and ministers, and access to their hearts. I was encouraged to invite seekers to rise. Fifty or sixty ministers and laymen rose, and so the work progressed and triumphed as you afterwards learned. Now my way was open. Numerous invitations to labor FOR THE PROMOTION OF HOLINESS poured in upon me. I was invited to attend four of the District camp meetings. Three I attended. First the

PEORIA DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING

at Oak-hill, claimed my labor. I immediately opened my mission, and on invitation, scores of seekers presented themselves for prayer at the altar. Many were gloriously saved. This was an extraordinary camp-meeting. "Holiness to the Lord" was the universal theme in public and private. Indeed, it was not only as large a camp-meeting, as the Illinois State camp-meeting, but it was just as much devoted to holiness of heart. There

was not a discordant note. Many ministers were present. I conversed with all closely and lovingly, and saw their prejudices melt into holy sympathy. On Sunday morning, Sept. 5, I addressed five or six thousand, and felt the hallowing fire of the Holy Spirit, while I spoke of the wondrous provisions of grace.

Next, I attended the

MONMOUTH DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING,

at Gilson, and after preaching and exhortation, the church members destitute of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost, were invited to come to the altar. Scores came without urging, and among them ministers of the gospel. This was a meeting of great interest and power, *holiness* being the all-engrossing theme, in private conversation, and in public addresses. Many were fully saved at the camp-meeting.

Next, I was called to the

ONARGA DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING,

at Forrest, beginning Sept. 14, 1869. Here there was a more signal triumph than I had before witnessed. Forty, fifty, or more, at a time, would present themselves at the altar, seeking purity of heart. Some cases were of peculiar interest. I may take another opportunity to communicate an account of some of these incidents of surpassing interest for the "GUIDE." Here there were about thirty-five preachers traveling and local, and scarcely one failed to receive a sweet baptism. The very ground was hallowed, and the trees seemed redolent of love and praise.

Now you will see that by this time, I had seen most of the ministers before the conference session, which was to begin September 29.

On every appropriate occasion, I endeavored in private interviews to beg the ministers to pray for a great out-pouring of the Spirit, at our conference session. Already I "saw the triumph afar." It was manifest that the conference was already committed to holiness.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS CONFERENCE.

The morning of the session came, (it was held in Canton.) Providentially I was placed on no committees of importance. I gave the whole session to private and public work for holiness. On the second morning, I was put in charge of a prayer-meeting—and in-

vited seekers to rise for prayers—many rose. In the meantime, I was busily engaged in canvassing the entire conference—and

MARKING THE NAMES

of all who were fully saved. By Friday afternoon—the third day—*nearly ninety names were marked*—more than HALF THE CONFERENCE.

I had begged the committee on public worship to give us some meetings for holiness, but was agreeably surprised, and deeply thankful to hear, that in the evening, instead of the usual anniversary exercises, etc., *a meeting for holiness* was appointed to be held in the large audience room of the church in which the session was held, and it was announced that Bro. Brooks and I would address the people. The hour came, and I was put in charge of the meeting. Nearly all the members of the conference were present, even the presiding elders, as there was no meeting of the Cabinet.

I proceeded to deliver an address, taking the "Episcopal Address" in the Discipline as my text. I had scarcely commenced, when Bishop Thomson came in and took his place on the platform. For a moment, I saw with an overwhelming sense of my weakness, the responsibility of the hour. But one trusting look at the crucified one, nerved me for the solemn task, and my soul was as "calm as summer evenings be."

I spoke nearly an hour—closing with an account of my experience. The ever-adorable Spirit made the truth pungent, powerful and victorious. After I sat down, Bishop Thomson was invited to speak. He, in a few well chosen words, endorsed what had been said, and added some wise counsels. Bro. Brooks then spoke briefly, after which I added some words of exhortation, and invited those fully saved to rise. Perhaps nearly

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY

arose, ministers and laymen. Seekers were then invited to rise. *Nearly one hundred rose.*

It was a meeting of remarkable interest, and many with, I hope, thank God forever for the hallowing influence of that hour.

The next morning, when, at the prayer-meeting, I just hinted, that, instead of *rising*, it might be better to come to the altar, a score or more came *without invitation* and filled the seats.

But I must close. The last session of the Central Ill. Conference was a crisis of most solemn interest—and settled the question of loyalty to Methodism and to God.

RUBICON PASSED

The Rubicon is passed. The ministers, as they gathered in groups on the lawn about the church, were continually talking of religious experience—and the whole session was socially, a precious love-feast. How glorious a triumph!

All through the session, *as usual*, my heart was filled with praise—and praise was continually on my lips. "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing my Great Redeemer's praise!"

I visited the

CHICAGO CAMP-MEETING

in August—and was called upon to preach. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to tell of our "precious faith,"—and of my "precious" Saviour.

A deep undercurrent of holiness was manifest—and many were fully saved. Meetings for holiness were held in one of the largest tents—indeed a *church* of no mean proportions. Some meetings for holiness were held before the public platform, and some precious testimonies were given in honor of Him who is "mighty to save." I cannot soon forget the hallowed words and works of the EVANSTON DELEGATION at the Chicago camp meeting.

ILLINOIS CONFERENCE.

I attended the session of the Illinois Conference at the city of Lincoln—beginning September 22.

Though having no official relation to the Conference, I was put in charge of public devotional meetings which I immediately converted into meetings for holiness,—and on one occasion, when most of the Conference were present, on inviting seekers to rise, I saw nearly fifty ministers and laymen rise. In private, I approached scores of the ministers, and found some rejoicing in "glorious rest," and others seeking and "groaning" for full deliverance while a *very few* coolly turned from me, caring for none of these things.

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINIOS.

In Bloomington, our work advances. All the students are faithful so far as I can learn.

Our Tuesday evening meetings continue to be a power in our community. Last Tuesday evening six new seekers of the great salvation presented themselves.

And thus in all directions, in this great State, I see the most auspicious signs of a Revival of "*Religion* pure and undefiled before God." This revolution will never go backward, I trust.

I have been going continually borne on the wings of love—preaching, praying, praising, toiling yet resting—sorrowful in view of men's sins and follies, yet rejoicing in the wondrous salvation provided.

Now you may easily glean from this letter materials for the place in your blessed magazine in which you propose to give news from the battle-field.

For the Guide.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

REV. JOHN THOMPSON.

The work of Holiness is being greatly revived in Philadelphia. The evidence of this is clearly seen in the following facts.

1. The Ministers are more active and earnest in their efforts to promote the work of holiness than ever before. They preach holiness. They pray for the sanctification of their members. In their Pastoral visitation they converse on the subject of heart purity—and they *live* holiness.

2. We have more meetings for the promotion of holiness than usual. For many years we had but one weekly meeting in Philadelphia of this special character. Now such meetings are numerous. I do not know their number, but they seemed to be scattered all over the city. Some are held in the afternoon and some at night. Most of these meetings are crowded, and these meetings are increasing in number almost every week.

3. The witnesses who testify that they have obtained this precious experience are numerous. And they are rapidly increasing in number. Their testimony is no new thing in the class room. I have attended some large love feast of late, where I think more than half of the speakers testified that the precious blood of Jesus had cleansed their hearts from all unrighteousness.

4. Our people love to read on the subject of sanctification. Books on this subject are sought for. Periodicals and papers advocat-

ing this definite experience are taking the place of a light literature, that has heretofore greatly damaged the church.

5. Old prejudices are giving way. And many who were sincerely fearful of fanaticism, and Church schism, are now satisfied that all this stir on the subject of holiness is in answer to the many prayers offered up for the prosperity of the church during the centenary year. The first century of our history was glorious, but the first years of the second century indicate, that greater glory and power still awaits the church.

We solicit all who read these lines to join us in earnest prayer for a still greater revival of the work of holiness in this city of brotherly love. There is yet much land to be possessed.

For the Guide.

NORWALK, CONN.

REV. I. S.

Since the National Camp-meeting at Round Lake, our church has been steadily rising in religious attainments. We hold a meeting for the promotion of holiness every Saturday evening, and at that meeting the blessed Holy Spirit is doing a precious work. Several new voices are heard in testimony on the blessing of entire sanctification, and others are honestly and anxiously seeking light on the subject. God enables me, by experience and profession, to bear full witness for Him, and as my experience grows daily more rich and sweet, the profession becomes more and more disencumbered of its embarrassments.

It was my privilege and pleasure to preach at our District Camp-meeting, with distinctness, from the text, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" and to conduct meetings on the subject of holiness in my church tent, through the entire week. These meetings were visited with the refreshings of the Holy Ghost, and some of my members entered into the rest of faith, while sinners were converted to God. The preaching and public prayer-meetings at the stand mainly had reference to the awakening and conversion of sinners, but the result was not what we might hope for, or as the gospel warrants. The sermons were spirited and logical; some passages in them, appealing to sinners' fears seemed almost irresistible, but only a few were converted. I thought of the

baptism of power, and Peter's first sermon, and of David's prayer, as the grand logic of success; "Create in me a *clean heart*, Oh God. . . Then shall I teach transgressors thy ways and sinners shall be converted unto thee." The law of cause and effect is imperial. Apostolic success demands apostolic experience.

"Penuel" is greeted on every hand as a book for the times. A young sister has secured thirteen subscribers besides the volumes, already distributed, of the first edition. It does us good, who were at Round Lake, to look upon the faces of the national committee. The picture greatly enhances the value of the book. As I read those sermons and experiences, I seem transported again into the same glory, that in successive waves swept over my soul, during those ten days of "face to face with God."

An article in the "Parish Visitor" for August, on "How to live on Christ," has greatly encouraged my faith, not so much for anything new there set forth on the subject, but because it is the utterance of a thoughtful mind, outside of our denominational biases. Thus the writer says, "Some may say, 'Truly this is a very delightful state of feeling, but how shall we obtain it? How shall we begin?' We answer, just in the same way that a sinner begins the Christian life—by coming to the Saviour, and making a full, free and hearty surrender of his body, soul and spirit, fully resolved in future to resign the whole to the Redeemer's direction. And having made this general surrender, make it also in particular, in reference to every circumstance of every day."

What the Christian *may* be if he will, the writer says: "Christ is willing to make *you* just as meek, just as patient, just as lovely as He is, and if you desire it earnestly, if you desire it more than everything else, if you are willing to give up all besides for it, He will explain to you practically what is meant by 'abiding in him,' and by his coming to make his abode with you. Then your Christian race will be full of love, of joy; more like the free flight of a bird than the struggles of a captive. You will run with patience the race that is set before you, and know by blessed experience that the 'joy of the Lord is your strength.'"

These voices from beyond, amid the hosts of God in other divisions of the great army of faith, are growing more and more frequent and distinct. Hallelujah, this is the "eye to eye" of the watchmen long looked and hoped for! The only real unity is the perfect love of the soul toward God and man.

A short time since, eminent speakers from your city and Springfield, Mass., were announced to address the Christians of this place on "Christian usefulness." The meeting was well attended and the speeches were excellent. God was in the word, and when they related some thrilling incidents of wonderful conversions through very feeble instrumentalities, it seemed surprisingly easy to face every foe, and go up at once and possess the land for God, now so fearfully ruled by the "Prince of the power of the air."

The speech of one, a Congregational minister, was specially significant. It was on *coming into contact with God in his word*. Had he been in the Tuesday meeting at St. Mark's place, he could not have more plainly set forth the Christian's duty and privilege of entire consecration and present acceptance of Christ as a complete Saviour from all sin. So the good work goes on. The waves of holiness are washing across all creeds, and its sublime experiences are being attested by representatives all along the line of the Christian host. All glory be to God! My heart is, at this writing, a witness of his all-cleansing power. A precious peace spreads over my whole circuit of thoughts, studies and duties. I could tell you of some trials, but they are so few and small, I am ashamed to call them trials. The blessed Jesus catches all the blows, and carries all my burdens, and receives all the arrows meant for me; and He leaves me nothing but to wait under the love-droppings of his cross, and sing, "I am more than conqueror through Him that loved me." Amen, Lord, for this is thy way!

Since the letter from the editors was received, the Indianapolis *Journal*, of November 12th, has come to hand from which we take the following:

"The revival at the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church still continues. Yesterday morning a meeting was organized for the

promotion of holiness. It is to be held every Tuesday at 2:15 P. M. in the Asbury Church. The meeting in the afternoon was deeply interesting. The doctrine of Sanctification by Faith is received enthusiastically. Holiness has taken deep root in this city and promises important results. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer will hold their farewell meetings this afternoon at 2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7:15. They leave the city on Saturday morning. They will bear with them the prayers and sympathies of a very large number who have been much edified and profited under their ministrations. Before returning home they will spend a few days at Fort Wayne."

W. C. P., Jr.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

A HALLOWED SPOT.

MARY D. JAMES.

A youth, who was a student in a Latin school in the city of Boston, recently visited Palestine. While his feet were pressing the soil upon which the Saviour trod, and his eyes looked upon Olivet and Gethsemane and Calvary, the solemn truths which he had often heard and read of the life and sufferings and death of the great Redeemer, came vividly before his mind; he thought—here in this very spot, Jesus fulfilled the object of His mission to earth! Here, He suffered and died to save sinners—to save me! His heart was melted; he said, I will here, on this hallowed ground, dedicate my soul and body to the service of God. He did so, was truly converted, and was baptized in the river Jordan!

For the Guide.

RESULTS OF THE SUNDAY MORNING MEETINGS.

E. G. W. HALL.

DEAR EDITORS:—Since you had the kindness to publish my article relating to the six o'clock Sunday morning meeting (held in Cazenovia, N. Y.), in the August number of the "Guide," and wishing to tell the effect of those meetings for holiness upon my own life, therefore I transmit the following, if you think it will encourage any one to seek a holy life, that you will publish it in the "Guide."

When I went to Cazenovia three years

ago this fall, I did Christian duty much of the time, because I was ashamed to have it known that I was backslidden, or that I had no religion. At the time I had a license to preach—yet I was ashamed to have it known, and but a short time before had refused to assemble with the ministry around the Lord's table.

I was uneasy and unhappy till one Sunday afternoon in December—in my little room all alone—I gave myself entirely to the Lord, and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. My cup of joy was more than full for several weeks. The meetings for holiness were established in the following spring, and are by the grace of God kept up to the present time, imparting Holy Ghost power to all who regularly attend them.

Last March, fresh from those meetings, I became a standard-bearer in a little Baptist church in West Danby, N. Y., where in about two weeks, nearly fifty sought a hope in Christ. I returned to my duties in the Seminary at Cazenovia. The last of June I took my farewell as leader of those sacred meetings,—the responsibility hereafter to rest upon Brother A. J. Griswold. For him I ask the prayers of all who read this.

The fourth of July week I spent in West Danby, and almost a score more came over on the Lord's side. The last four days I spent in that latter day Pentecost, at Round Lake Camp-meeting. Glory to God. I was ready and did drink deep of the holy streams given there to my soul.

Vacation was to be spent at my home—not a Christian home. Only one sister had a hope, and she was but a babe in Christ, having experienced religion in March at West Danby. But the "Spirit of the Lord was upon me." I began to preach, and now more than forty precious souls are on their way to glory. Among that number were three more of our family. To God be all the glory forever. Eight of this number I induced to take the "Guide," commencing with the July number. May it be a blessing to that neighborhood.

They need the prayers of the whole church, for one school-house, the one in which the meetings begun was locked against them. But, thank God, locks and keys do not stop the work of our Lord.

I am now commencing a new field of labor as pastor of my first charge. I ask the prayers of those who believe in the fervent effectual prayer. Yesterday, my first pleasant Sabbath here, was a blessed day to my soul. There was "joy in the presence of the angels of God," for one sinner repented, and I believe was converted. Glory to God for salvation. The experience I received in those Sunday morning meetings has given me such a faith, as seems to laugh at impossibilities, and cries it shall be done. Let me exhort all to be "true and earnest," trusting alone in God.

WEST DANBY, N. Y., October, 1869.

For the Guide.

ONE RESULT OF ROUND LAKE CAMP-MEETING.

E. W. VIRGIN.

Stirred and warmed by the fire of Round Lake camp-meeting, our heart's cry has constantly been, "Nearer my God to Thee." During some weeks of labor for souls, assisted by Sister Van Cott, of New York, the Lord has graciously added to His church in this place over sixty persons, many of them heads of families, six of them Catholics. To God be all the glory.

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., October, 1869.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Sister P. said, within the last two or three days, we received a letter from a dear minister, whose life, since he received the gift of power about three months since, has been an extraordinary manifestation of power. If I should speak true to my convictions, from information received, I would say, that, beside scores of the laity, I do not doubt but at least fifty ministers have been brought into the rest of faith through his instrumentality.

In the letter just received he refers, in much humility and great gratitude, to the manner in which the Lord had condescended to use him; and says, I think, one reason is, the completeness of my consecration. When I made the surrender it was UNIVERSAL and ABSOLUTE.

This beloved is just what is needed on the part of all who would be wholly sanctified. The consecration must be UNIVERSAL and ETERNAL. Nothing less than this can, in truth, be termed *entire sanctification*.

Through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I can say, that it was thus in an absolute, universal, and eternal surrender I gave my all to Jesus over thirty-two years ago. The tempter then said, perhaps there was something I did not know of that I had not given up. In reply to this I said, I give up all, whether known or unknown; I make no provision for future emergencies, but hereafter, as Thou dost reveal Thy Will, I will say, "Behold Thy willing servant!" I then presented a prayer to the Father in the name of the Son, that I might not be permitted to see the day when I should knowingly take the offering from off the altar. I have ever since felt that that prayer stands recorded before the Throne as *answered*. Praise the Lord, I would rather die to-day than to live till tomorrow, and remove the offering from the altar. But I do not wish to die before my time. This keeps me ever watchful. Heaven will be long and glorious.

Brother B. said, in coming to the Lord for entire sanctification he made a full and entire dedication of all to Christ; and this he did at first; when he received the blessing of justification he had to make an absolute surrender of all to God, and he was gloriously saved; his conversion was clear and satisfactory, but in seeking for entire sanctification he had more light, for as we draw nigh to God clearer light shines into the soul—for *God is light*. It penetrated his whole being, searching him through and through, and when he made the absolute and entire surrender then a clearer, brighter, and steadier light, a deeper, fuller joy filled his soul. But it was not all at once: there first came peace—deep, abiding peace—then the fullness. All along through life since that time he had felt he had a claim on God—you will understand me when I say this, not that I am deserving anything, for each day I feel a deep and deeper sense that I am undeserving of anything at the hand of God, and yet through Christ I can claim all I need.

Sister B. said, she was feeling deeply the solemnity of life. How solemn a thing it was to live. It was said to me this morning, your letters are coming back; she was startled at first, but she remembered the letters spoken of were

pretty full of Christ, and thus it is not only our letters, but our thoughts and our actions are all coming back to be reviewed. Oh, how solemn the thought. She wrote a letter to her son Willie, who is away at school, and she told him that He was painting his portrait, every day he was drawing fresh lines, and filling up the picture; and then she thought of her own drawing, and that there could be no erasure—it was painted for eternity; and then it came to her relief, as a writer observes, that Christ comes out on the canvas, and hides the defects in His loved ones.

Sister L. said,

Salvation in His name there is;
Salvation from sin, death, and hell;
Salvation into glorious bliss;
How *great* salvation who can tell,
But all He hath for mine I claim,
I dare believe in Jesus' name!

For more than thirty years the language of the poet has been the language of this heart. Yes! *all* He hath for *mine* I claim. I do believe in Jesus' name. All! even full salvation is mine. I would not slight the precious gift by refusing to accept it. If a friend at a great price procures for us a present, how can we slight it more than by refusing to accept it. Dear brother, dear sister, let me urge you to accept Christ now, just *now*, as a full Saviour, *give* all and *take* all.

My soul was quickened by the reading of the lesson at the opening of the meeting, specially that verse, "*Receiving* the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul." Not shall receive, but *receiving*. I remember the marginal reference from that text says, "Being made *free from sin*, ye become servants to God." We must be made "free from sin" to serve God. I was reading to-day, if a man purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work. O, let us be prepared that the Master *can use* us.

Coming down the river this morning a brother was telling me about the happy deaths of some of his friends. I remarked I had but little anxiety about the hour of death, but the responsibility of living was fearful—the thought is terrible—a soul may be lost through my unfaithfulness. Dear brother, dear sister, let us be always filled, so filled with the Spirit as to be ready for the Master's use.

Rev. Brother H. said, the presence of God is

with me continually. O, how delightful! I thank God that I am not afraid of Him. Once I was afraid, but it is a most delightful thought now, that I may be filled with all the fullness of God, not that I can contain all the fullness, but I can be *filled* with all the fullness of God as much as I can contain of Him. The prayer of the Apostle to the Gentiles is so full, and may be the experience of all of God's children, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be *filled* with all the fullness of God."

God is seen in all things. I bless God, for that blue sky, for the beautiful coral reef, for every thing. It can't be illustrated. The Spirit lies down satisfied.

Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain
The wounds of Jesus for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with the other, and the blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all sin. I find it so much easier to converse with persons as to their eternal interests, riding in the cars or walking along the streets. It is conscious purity.

A Sister said, the text of Scripture "If children then heirs" covered fully the ground of claim that Brother Belden spoke of—heirs to all the blessed promises—and that this entire sanctification was for all the children, as God was no respecter of persons.

Sister W. said, she was enabled to lay in the hands of Jesus as clay in the hands of the potter, and it did not give her any uneasiness as to what sort of a vessel the Lord would make of her, as He doeth all things well, and had begotten her unto a lively hope, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth, and she thanked the Lord for all the way He had led her. She would not, if she could, have altered it in any case. He doeth all things well.

Brother D. said, he had visited the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. The persons whom he addressed were females of the lowest order of society—their very countenances revealed

their degradation. He took as the foundation of his remarks the text, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and this led him to speak of their fathers and mothers, of the blighted hopes of their loved ones—and he had not seen such weeping. It appeared that all, or nearly all, were in tears; and then he kneeled down among them, and prayed; and on going out he gave each a tract; and others, that were with him, said, that the tears appeared to be really repentant tears, and that they thought, in some cases, it would end in conversion.

Children's Corner.

LITTLE MARY.

One day little Mary addressed her ma in an earnest and decided tone, such as she was not accustomed to use, and demanded to know where Johnny was, and asked if he was not up stairs. She was told that he was not—that he was in heaven. She looked doubtful, paused for some time, and then, with a countenance expressive of the deepest solicitude, mingled with impatience, repeated her questions. She asked if he was not down stairs, and mentioned other places where she thought he might be: to all which she was assured that he was not there. "O ma, do tell me where my little Johnny is."

Her ma endeavored to explain to her something of the nature of heaven. It was like a new subject to her, as it had never been brought to bear upon her feelings before; and although her young mind was now alive, and every affection of her heart in full exercise, yet any other than the present state of existence she could form no conception of, and remained as much dissatisfied as ever. At another time she addressed her ma in a similar manner, asking questions of the same kind. But when told that her little brother was in heaven, with a reproving voice and look she repeated, "In heaven, ma! in heaven! and in the ground too! They have put my little Johnny in the ground."

Her ma immediately replied, "But, my dear, it is only his little body that is in the ground, and it is his spirit that is in heaven." She then repeated what her ma had said, His little spirit in heaven, and his body in

the ground. Her ma watched the expression of her anxious countenance, and will never forget the deep gloom that rested upon it. She remained silent for some time, evidently striving to solve the mystery. At last her ma, wishing to relieve her, said, "My dear, there is a day coming when his little body will be raised again."

Never, perhaps, did the human mind seize upon a new thought with greater eagerness than did little Mary's upon the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. She did not give her ma time to say more, but sprang to her feet, clapped her little hands in ecstasy and repeated what her ma had said, "And will it be so, ma? and will my little Johnny's body be raised again?" Her ma will never forget the sudden brightening of her little face, and her triumphant manner of repeating the question. She was permitted to give vent to the fullness of her heart, and then her ma spent some time in explaining the subject still farther. What were the precise ideas she then formed it would perhaps be impossible to determine. They were such, however, as to remove from her mind the gloom that hung over it, and such as to make a deep and lasting impression; for she frequently asked questions, by which it was plainly seen that such thoughts dwelt upon her heart.

One day little Mary suddenly left her play, as though something new had forcibly presented itself to her mind. She hastily called her ma. "Ma, will all the people that have died be raised from the grave, and will my pa and my ma, if they die? and will every one some day be raised up?" She was assured that this would all be, and she returned to her play in evident delight. She appeared satisfied with regard to the restoration of the body. But it was more difficult to explain to her the nature of the spirit, or of an invisible world: and yet her little mind was constantly and earnestly reaching after that which she could not comprehend.

(To be continued.)

THAT was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl, who, on beholding a rose-bush, on the topmost stem of which a rose was fading, while below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once and earnestly exclaimed to her brother: "See, William, these little buds have awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."—*Methodist Home Journal.*

Book Notices.

HISTORY OF ROMANISM from the earliest corruptions of Christianity to the present time, with full Chronological Table, Indexes, Glossary, and Fifty Illustrative Engravings. By REV. JOHN DOWLING, D.D. New-York: Published by Edward Walker, 114 Fulton street.

This is a new edition with a supplement containing the history from the accession of Pope Pius Ninth to the year 1857. This is a royal octavo volume of 815 pages. About 20,000 copies are already before the public, and it would give us pleasure to bespeak for it a speedy sale of at least 20,000 more. It is just a book needed for the times, particularly for those who are looking tamely on the rapid encroachments of Popery. Who but has observed the recent arrogant assumptions of Romanism, and its open boastful anticipations of supremacy in our favored America. It is to this point that Father Hecker and other noted propagandists of Popery are boldly educating the tens of thousands of the deluded adherents of Romanism all over the land. This book gives a truthful expose of what Romanism has been in former ages, when tens of thousands of Christ's faithful confessors were victims of the horrid Inquisition—the burning stake, or the bloody sword. What Romanism then was in spirit she is now. All she lacks is power. This she is again assuming with an audacity that ought to alarm Protestants in every region. Surely the deadly wound of the beast is being healed. He has once made war with the saints, and have we not reason to fear from the voice of prophecy, (see Rev. 13, 1-8. Dan. 12 : 1.) that he may ere long do it again. The signs of the times are indeed portentous. To those who do not look upon Romanism as a formidable terrible power, we would earnestly commend this volume.

LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D. By REV. C. ADAMS, D. D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 345. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

This is an interesting abridgement of the life of the great moralist. It is intended principally for the young, but will, we think, be alike welcome to those of mature age, whose time may be too circumscribed to allow them the privilege of perusing the elaborate biographies written by Boswell and others.

TOPICS FOR TEACHERS. A Manual for Ministers, Bible-Class Leaders, and Sunday-School Teachers. By JAMES COWPER GRAY. pp. 289, 12mo.

This admirable and useful volume is a reprint from an English edition. The Rev. J. H. Vincent, in an excellent preface to this American edition, says: "The volume is the fruit of an endeavor to throw the substance of the Bible Encyclopedia, Concordance, and Text-Book into the form of lessons adapted to the Bible-Class and the Sunday-School, &c." This book will supply a want which has been felt by many.

FACTS ABOUT WIVES AND MOTHERS. FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS. Being a selection of Anecdotes having a bearing upon the most important relations sustained by women. By REV. R. DONKERSELEY. Author of "Facts about Boys," "Facts about Girls," &c. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

An entertaining and useful volume of 307 pages, 12mo. While wives and mothers cannot fail to be interested and profited in reading this excellent volume, we are quite sure that its pleasant instructive pages will also captivate the eye and heart of the general reader, irrespective of sex. Husband, would you love to make a nice little present to your beloved, we can advise you safely to make a favorable estimate of this book. To young men or maidens we would say, do you want to present a holiday gift to "Mother dear," you may find but few works that will interest her more.

HE THAT OVERCOMETH; OR, A CONQUERING GOSPEL. By REV. W. E. BOARDMAN, author of the "Higher Christian Life."

This is a precious, instructive volume, in which Christ is prominently set forth as the Alpha and Omega of the Christian life, and the all-conquering Saviour. The author takes a right view of the world's spiritual wants. He says, "The great thing required in the world to meet the enemies of truth, and to satisfy its friends, is a development of the life and power of the gospel in Christian experience and Christian progress that shall demonstrate its divinity." "The book abounds in interesting incidents illustrative of truths most important in soul culture, and in vital connection with human salvation. It is very neatly got up, 12mo, and contains 303 pages. Published by Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston.

THOUGHTS ON HOLY SCRIPTURE. By FRANCIS BACON, Lord Chancellor of England. Compiled by REV. JOHN G. HALL. American Tract Society.

Gems of purest, richest, rarest thought are scattered all over this volume. Open its pages where you will and some sparkling, heaven-illuminated sentiment burns its way into the soul. May it make its impress on the life of all who read it. Lord Bacon, though the great pioneer of modern science and modern philosophy, was an humble devoted Christian. Writing to the Duke of Buckingham he says: "I know that I have clean hands and a clean heart, etc." This work everywhere abounds in eulogistic comments on the blessed Word, as though the author's heart were ever disposed to repeat with David, "In God will I praise His Word! In God will I praise His Word!" Over four hundred texts are in this volume referred to, and more or less commented on by Lord Bacon. The volume contains a brief sketch of Lord Bacon's life.

BERTIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT; OR, PATIENCE REWARDED. American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, N. Y.

A volume of 197 pages, with illustrative engravings. A nice useful present, particularly for boys, on Birthday or holiday occasions. Girls, who need lessons on the blessed art of patience, may also read it with interest and pleasure.

POPERY AND PROTESTANTISM, Brought to the Test of God's Holy Word. By REV. THOMAS PHILLIPS, author of the "Welsh Revival." American Tract Society.

This is a very timely pamphlet of 64 pages. In glancing over it we observe the DEATH-BED PRAYER of King Edward the Sixth, uttered July 6th, 1553. We transcribe it for the people of this realm, believing that there never was a day when such a petition was more called for on the part of all true Christians, in every portion of our Lord's inheritance. We substitute the word "America" and "the world over" for England.

THE PRAYER.

"O my Lord God, bless thy people and save thine inheritance. O Lord God save thy chosen people of America, and the world at large. O my Lord God defend these realms from Papistry; and maintain thy true religion, that we may praise thy holy name for thy Son Jesus Christ's sake." Amen!

The work is written in catechetical form. We heartily bespeak for it a wide circulation. The anti-scriptural tendencies of Popery are too little known.

PLANCHETT'S BIOGRAPHY, a complete history of its origin, with a statement of the various theories respecting it, compiled from many authors by Mrs. M. D. Welcome.

We have always thought this vagary as among the most nousensical of all the more than foolish vagaries of Spiritualism. In fact, rather too much like child-play to demand much serious notice. But in case any of our readers are in danger of being ensnared by the little mesmerized board called Planchette, we advise them to send for this pamphlet.

METHODIST ALMANAC, 1870. Carlton & Lanahan, &c. Full of good matter as usual.

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